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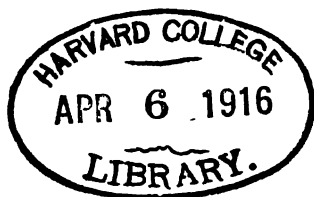
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# THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

## Book the Second.

### XIV.

#### THE MILL AT SAINT-SIMPHORIEN.

COMPELLED to avoid the public roads, the fugitives, on reaching the valley, traversed an extensive marshy plain, which would have been impassable without a guide, forded the Loire about half a league above Montrond, and after a toilsome journey through a wild and mountainous district, drew near Saint-Symphorien about an hour before midnight. As they could not put up at an auberge, Hugues proposed that they should seek a lodging at a mill which he pointed out on an eminence a short distance from the road.

"I think Maître Benoit, the miller, will take us in," he said. "He is kind hearted and hospitable, and his daughter Madelon is the prettiest girl in Saint-Symphorien, and as good as she is pretty."

"You know her?" said Bourbon.

"I persuade myself I do," replied Hugues. "I have given my heart to her keeping, and hope one day to make her my wife—that is, if we can obtain Benoit's consent to the marriage."

"In that case we will go to the mill," said Bourbon. "You can answer for the miller's daughter, if not for the miller and his wife."

"I can answer for all three," replied Hugues. "I will stake my life that your highness shall be safe at the mill—provided we can only get in; and what is more, we shall have a good stable for the horses."

They then rode towards the mill. Close beside it was Benoit's dwelling—a substantial-looking tenement, which showed he must have thriven in his trade. A little to the rear of the house were a large barn and stable.

As the party approached the miller's abode, the alarm was given by the barking of a couple of fierce dogs in the stable-yard, and just as Hugues, who had dismounted for the purpose, was about to knock against the door with his whip, a chamber window was

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opened, and Benoit, thrusting forth his head, which was adorned with a tall bonnet de nuit, called out in a gruff voice:

"Holla! my masters, what do you mean by disturbing honest folk at this time of night? Go about your business."

"Our business is to procure a lodging beneath your roof, père Benoit," rejoined Hugues. "Don't you know me, my good friend?"

"What! is it Hugues?" cried the miller. "What brings you here, boy, and who have you got with you?"

At this juncture, Pomperant thought proper to interpose, declaring he was a captain of the royal guard of archers, on the way to Vienne, to intercept the flight of the Constable de Bourbon.

The explanation did not appear very satisfactory to honest Benoit, for he rejoined in a sullen tone:

"Pardieu! I shan't disturb myself for you, captain. You must go to the auberge. Good night!"

And he was about to shut the casement, when Hugues called out to him:

"Hold! père Benoit. You are mistaken. We are all friends of the Duke de Bourbon."

"Since you give me that assurance, Hugues, I am content," said the miller. "But no enemy of Bourbon shall set foot in my dwelling, if I can prevent it."

"By Saint Louis! I am glad to hear you say so, good Benoit," cried the Constable. "Admit us without fear. Bourbon has no better friend than myself."

"That voice!" exclaimed Benoit. "Oh, if it should turn out to be the Constable in person!"

"You have not made a bad guess, père Benoit," rejoined Hugues. "Come down as quickly as you can, and, meantime, let me have the key of the stable."

"Here it is," replied the miller, throwing him the key from the window. "But wait till Madelon can go with you, for the dogs are loose."

"Oh, I'll wait. I don't want to be torn in pieces," said Hugues, laughing, as he picked up the key.

Benoit then disappeared, and his voice was subsequently heard from within calling to his wife and daughter to get up immediately. Madelon was already astir, having recognised her lover's voice, and ere many minutes opened the door, and as she held a light in her hand, it could be seen that Hugues had not overrated her beauty. Nothing daunted by the presence in which he stood, her lover clasped her in his arms, and snatched a few hasty kisses. Disengaging herself as quickly as she could from his embrace, the blushing damsel turned to the others, both of whom had dismounted and fastened their horses to a rail, and begging them to enter, ushered them into a large plainly-furnished but

comfortable-looking room. At the same moment, the miller and his wife, each carrying a light, came down an oak staircase which communicated with the rooms above.

Feeling that disguise was unnecessary, and that he could safely trust the worthy miller, Bourbon had removed his hood, and no sooner did Benoit look upon him than he exclaimed:

"Ay, there stands the Duke de Bourbon. I knew his voice the moment I heard it. Look, wife, 'tis he!—'tis his highness!"

So saying, he threw himself at the Constable's feet, and his dame followed his example. So demonstrative were they in their devotion, that Bourbon could scarcely persuade them to rise. When they regained their feet, Madelon came forward to pay him like homage.

"No, no, that must not be, my pretty damsel," said Bourbon, checking her. And he added, with a smile, "Go with Hugues to the stable. He needs your protection from the dogs."

"Ay, take a lantern and go with him, Madelon," said her father. "Show him where to find food for the horses."

As the young couple departed, the miller's wife, Margot, a comely, middle-aged woman, threw a heap of wood on the hearth, and in a few minutes a blazing fire cast a cheerful glow around. While she was thus employed, an active-looking female servant, about Madelon's age, and not without some pretension to good looks, tripped down the staircase, and hastened to spread a snow-white cloth upon the table, and make other preparations for supper. Babet, for so she was named, took Bourbon for a serving-man, and would have assigned him a place at the lower end of the table, but her mistress soon set this matter right, and ere long the two fugitives were seated opposite each other, discussing a very substantial repast.

By this time Madelon and Hugues had returned from the stables, and the young man took his seat at a respectful distance from his superiors. Before he had finished his supper, Babet, who had gone up-stairs with her mistress, came down again, and made the satisfactory announcement that chambers were ready for the guests, whereupon Bourbon and Pomperant immediately arose, and prepared to retire, intimating their intention of departing an hour before dawn.

The females having likewise retired, Benoit and Hugues drew near the fire, and fell fast asleep, but they were speedily roused from their slumbers by the fierce barking of the dogs. Both started their feet in great alarm, as the trampling of horses, mingled with the clank of arms, was heard outside, and left no doubt that a troop of cavalry was at hand.

Without a moment's delay, Benoit extinguished the lamp which luckily had been left burning on the table, and rushed up the aircase to warn the fugitives.

In another minute a loud knocking was heard at the door, and an authoritative voice demanded immediate admittance. Hugues, however, made no reply, but reconnoitring the party through the window, perceived that it consisted of some twenty mounted men at arms, whose leader was knocking against the door with the handle of his sword.

"Unfasten the door instantly, I say," cried this personage, "or my men shall burst it open. Some one must be astir, for a light has just been extinguished."

"I knew that cursed light had betrayed us," groaned Hugues. "If the saints do not help us now, Bourbon will certainly be captured!"

Just then the creaking of a window on the upper floor was heard, and a voice, which Hugues recognised as that of the miller, called out, "Who are you, and what is the meaning of this disturbance?"

"I am the Seigneur Perot de Warthy," returned the officer. "I am in quest of the traitor and rebel, Charles de Bourbon. I have tracked him to this neighbourhood, and shall search the house to see if he is concealed within it."

"Mercy on us! what is to be done?" ejaculated Hugues.

"You must look for the Constable de Bourbon elsewhere," replied Benoit, in a surly tone. "You won't find him here."

"I am by no means sure of that," rejoined Warthy. "Are you the miller?"

"I am Benoit, the miller, at your service."

"Then listen to me, Maître Benoit," continued Warthy; "and give heed to what I say. By harbouring Bourbon you incur the punishment of death, and if he is concealed within your house, and you do not at once deliver him up, I will hang you at your own threshold."

"I have nothing to fear on that score," returned the miller, resolutely.

"Bravely answered!" exclaimed Hugues. "My father-in-law that is to be is a true man. But I am afraid his courage will be severely tried anon."

"Are you going to open the door, rascal, or must I break it down?" roared Warthy. "I have been trifled with long enough."

"Have a moment's patience and I will let you in," returned Benoit.

"Be speedy, then," said Warthy. "Surround the house," he added to his men, "and see that no one gets out at the back."

The trampling of horses, accompanied by the clanking of arms, proved that this order was promptly obeyed.

"Bourbon's only chance is gone," ejaculated Hugues.

As the exclamation was made, the miller, followed by Bourbon

and Pomperant, both with their swords drawn, descended to the room. Madelon came down quickly after them.

"Pass out at this window, monseigneur," said Benoit, in a low voice to the Constable, moving towards the back of the room. "You may gain the wood at the foot of the hill."

"Have a care," whispered Hugues. "The house is surrounded by soldiers."

"Open the window at once," said Bourbon. "I will cut my way through them."

"Give me a sword, père Benoit," said Hugues.

"Here is one," rejoined Madelon, unhooking a weapon from the wall, and presenting it to him.

"Stay a moment, monseigneur," said Benoit. "A plan occurs to me. I should have thought of it before, but I am so bewildered. Underneath this room there is a vault where I store my corn before grinding it. Will it please you to hide there?"

"If the retreat should be discovered, we shall be caught like rats in a trap, and can offer no defence," objected Bourbon.

"My father has not explained that there is a communication between the vault and the mill," interposed Madelon. "Your highness can get out that way, should it be necessary."

"The entrance to the vault is there—under the staircase," urged the miller. "Madelon will conduct your highness. Lift the trap, girl—lift it quickly," he added to his daughter.

The trap-door was soon opened by Madelon, who descended by means of a ladder into the vault, and was instantly followed by the fugitives, the trap-door being shut by Hugues, who went down last.

Scarcely had they disappeared, when the outer door was burst open with a tremendous crash, and Warthy, sword in hand, and followed by four men-at-arms, rushed into the house. Alarmed by the noise, Margot and Babet hurried down the staircase, bearing lights, both screaming loudly as they perceived Benoit upon his knees before Warthy, who held a sword to his throat. Flying towards them, and kneeling to Warthy, Margot besought him, in piteous terms, to spare her husband's life.

"Harm him not, and I will tell all," she cried, almost frightened out of her wits.

"Speak out then at once, woman," said Warthy. "Where is the traitor Bourbon hidden?"

"Hold your tongue, wife, I command you," said the stout-hearted miller.

But I can't stand by and see your throat cut, Benoit," she replied. "I must speak."

"Certainly you must, unless you desire to become a widow," Warthy. "You may as well confess that Bourbon is here."

Your looks betray you. He cannot escape, for the house is surrounded, and I don't mean to leave a hole or corner unvisited. Where is the traitor, I say?"

"Where is he, Benoit?" she cried, appealing to her husband. "For my sake don't sacrifice yourself."

"Woman, you have lost your senses," said the miller, angrily. "What do I know about the Duke de Bourbon?"

"You know a great deal more than you appear inclined to tell, rascal," rejoined Warthy. "But I will have the truth from you. I give you five minutes for consideration," he added, releasing him, "and if at the end of that time Bourbon be not forthcoming, I will execute my threat, and hang you at your own door."

Without another word, he took the light which Margot had set down upon the table, and, signing to two of his men to follow him, ascended the staircase. In less than five minutes he came down again, his countenance betraying anger and disappointment.

"Well, have you found him?" inquired Benoit, who had not been allowed to exchange a word with his wife during Warthy's absence.

"Not yet, but I soon shall," replied Warthy. "He has only just left his couch. Now, madame," he continued, in a stern tone, to Margot, "do you desire to see your husband hanged?"

"Oh no, monseigneur! I would rather you hanged me than Benoit."

"Nonsense! I don't hang women. Speak! or my men will take your husband forth. Where is Bourbon hidden?"

"I can't tell," she sobbed. "But if he is hidden anywhere, it must be in—in—the vault."

"A plague upon your mischievous tongue!" cried her husband, reproachfully.

"Don't blame me, Benoit," she cried. "I couldn't bear to see you hanged."

"At last we have got the truth," muttered Warthy. "I knew the woman wouldn't hold out. Show me the way to the vault, madame."

"I forbid you," said Benoit, authoritatively.

"Take care what you are about, sirrah," cried Warthy; "you will only make your own position worse. Now, madame!"

At this moment the trap-door, which had been elevated a few inches so as to allow the person beneath it to overhear what was going on in the room, suddenly fell with a clap, that attracted the attention of Warthy.

Snatching up the light, he flew in the direction of the noise, and instantly detected the trap-door. "Soh! I have found it!" he exclaimed. "Here is the entrance to the vault. Open this trap-door," he added to his men.

The order being promptly obeyed, Madelon was discovered standing on the upper steps of the ladder.

"A woman!" exclaimed Warthy, surprised. "And, by my faith, a very pretty one, too! Take care, mademoiselle! My men are coming down into the vault to look for your companions."

"Let me come up first," she rejoined, placing herself in the mouth of the trap, so as to obstruct the descent of the soldiers. "It will be useless for you to search the vault. You will find no one there."

"I shan't take your word for that, mademoiselle," rejoined Warthy. "Make way. My men *must* go down."

Madelon was obliged to obey, and the four soldiers instantly descended.

In another minute, Warthy, who was listening anxiously, heard shouts and the noise of a struggle within the vault, and he called to know whether Bourbon had been captured.

"Yes, we've caught him," replied a soldier from below.

"Well done, my brave fellows!" cried Warthy. "You shall be handsomely rewarded. Bring him up at once."

"Fear nothing, father," said Madelon, noticing the miller's consternation. "It is not the Constable."

"Heaven be praised for that!" exclaimed Benoit.

A man-at-arms now ascended from the vault. After him came the captive, and then the three other soldiers.

"Why, this is not Bourbon!" cried Warthy, regarding the prisoner.

"I told your men so, captain," replied Hugues—for it was he—"but they wouldn't believe me."

"Go down again instantly, and make further search," roared Warthy. "He is there."

"There was no one in the vault but this man, whom we took to be Bourbon in disguise," replied one of the soldiers.

"Has the vault an outlet?" demanded Warthy.

"Oh yes," returned the soldier, "there is a door at the farther end, but it is locked."

"Then I have lost my prize," cried Warthy. "He has escaped. You shall be hanged, rascal, for assisting the traitor," he added, furiously, to Hugues.

"Give me my life, captain, and I'll tell you where to find him," rejoined the prisoner.

"If you utter a word, you need think no more of me, Hugues," said Madelon.

"Heed her not, fellow," said Warthy. "Better lose your mistress than your life."

"I am quite of your opinion, captain," rejoined Hugues. "I don't like the thought of a halter. On the understanding, then, that I am to be spared——"

"Recollect what the consequences will be," interrupted Madelon.

"Avoid the rope, if you are wise," said Warthy.

"I mean to do so, captain," replied Hugues. "His highness the Constable and his companion have taken refuge in the mill."

"Miserable craven!" exclaimed Madelon, scornfully. "Hanging is too good for you."

"If you have misinformed me, you know the fate that awaits you," said Warthy to Hugues. "To the mill!"

Just as he was about to quit the house, a sudden glare filled the room, rendering every object as visible as it would have been in broad day. No doubt could exist as to the cause of this illumination.

"Gracious Heavens! the mill is on fire!" exclaimed Benoit.

The shouts of the men-at-arms outside confirmed the truth of the ejaculation, and the guard stationed at the door vociferated,

"The mill is on fire, captain!"

"Take care no one escapes from it," roared Warthy, in reply.

"Powers of mercy! what an accident!" exclaimed Hugues, his countenance reflecting the horror depicted on the faces of all around. "The Constable de Bourbon will be burnt to death!"

"No, no, he won't," cried Warthy, who remained perfectly calm even at this exciting moment. "But he will be forced out of his hiding-place."

On this he quitted the house with his men, leaving a guard outside the door.

No sooner was he gone than Hugues went up to the miller, who looked almost stupefied, and clapping him on the shoulder, said, with a grin,

"I set the mill on fire, père Benoit."

"You did!" exclaimed the miller; "a nice piece of work you've done. And you make a joke of it, rascal—you laugh."

"Laugh! to be sure. And so will you, père Benoit, when you know why I set it on fire."

"Mother of Heaven! how it burns!" exclaimed Margot, as the glare momentarily increased in brilliancy, and the roaring of the flames and the crackling of the timber could be distinctly heard.

"My poor old mill!" cried Benoit, in a despairing voice. "I shall never behold it again!"

"Cheer up, father," said Madelon. "I told Hugues to set fire to it—indeed, I helped him."

"What! you have assisted to make me a beggar, and then bid me cheer up!" cried the miller.

"The loss of the mill won't make you a beggar, father. I know better than that," she rejoined. "I felt sure you wouldn't mind any sacrifice to save the Duke de Bourbon."

"That I shouldn't!" exclaimed Benoit. "But how will the



burning of my mill save him? Mercy on us! how the flames roar!"

"I like to hear them roar," said Madelon. "And I'm glad the fire burns so furiously. It will distract the soldiers, and enable the Constable and the Seigneur Pomperant to get off unobserved."

"Heavens! they are not in the mill?" exclaimed Margot.

"No, they are at the stable, I hope, by this time," rejoined Madelon. "How lucky it was, Hugues, that I shut up the dogs."

"If we can only get out the horses, all will be well," he replied.

"I must be off to the stable. Good night, père Benoit! I hope soon to bring you good tidings."

"You can get away safely now," said Madelon, cautiously opening the back window. "There is no one here now, and the smoke will hide you."

Despite the danger, Hugues snatched a parting kiss from his charmer's lips, and then sprang through the window.

The burning mill formed a magnificent spectacle, being now wrapped in flames from top to bottom, while blazing flakes fell from the sails. Having highly combustible material to deal with, the fire had made rapid progress. Fortunately the dense volume of smoke that arose from the blazing structure was carried by the wind in the direction of the stable, and the vapour served to screen Hugues from the observation of the men-at-arms, who were all collected round the mill. Amongst them Hugues descried Warthy, and heard him exclaim, in a loud and angry voice, that he was certain Bourbon was not in the mill.

"Had he and his companion been there, they must have come forth," he said. "They would never submit to be roasted alive."

Not a moment was to be lost. Hugues hurried off to the stable, and was rejoiced to find, on reaching it, that Bourbon and Pomperant were already mounted. His own horse was also in readiness, and he was no sooner in the saddle than the party galloped off.

They had not ridden far, however, when a loud shout, proceeding from the scene of the conflagration, proclaimed that their flight was discovered. Warthy and his men were starting in pursuit.

Sounds also arose from the little town of Saint-Symphorien, proving that its inhabitants had been roused from their slumbers by the alarm of fire, while the loud clangour of a church bell, violently rung, broke the stillness of the night.

"Poor Benoit will have plenty of help in case his house should catch fire," remarked Hugues. "All the good folks of Saint-Symphorien will be with him presently."

"Fail not to tell him I will rebuild his mill," said Bourbon.

"Your highness need not trouble yourself on that score," rejoined Hugues. "Benoit is rich enough to rebuild the mill

himself. He will think nothing of the loss, provided your highness escapes."

"We must spur our horses sharply, if we would escape," cried Pomperant, looking back. "Warthy and his men are better mounted than we are, and are gaining upon us."

"But they won't catch us," rejoined Hugues. "We shall reach yonder thicket before them, and then we are safe."

"By Saint Denis, it galls me to the quick to fly thus before such caitiffs!" cried Bourbon. "Let us wait for them. That villain Warthy shall pay for his temerity."

"He *shall* pay for it, but not now," rejoined Pomperant. "On—on—for Heaven's sake! I implore your highness not to risk your life in a miserable encounter. Consider that a kingdom is at stake."

"Right," rejoined the Constable. "En avant!"

And dashing his spurs rowel-deep into his horse, he galloped swiftly on, the others keeping close beside him.

In a few minutes more the party reached the thicket in safety, and, guided by Hugues, plunged unhesitatingly into its depths.

## XV.

### VIENNE.

ALL Warthy's efforts to discover the fugitives were fruitless, though he sent half his men into the thicket, and continued himself to skirt it with the others till some hours after daybreak, when he gave up the quest.

He did not return to the mill, deeming that Benoit had been sufficiently punished by the destruction of his property, but shaped his course towards Vienne, under the impression that Bourbon would attempt to cross the bridge over the Rhône at that town, and, if so, he might still be able to intercept him.

In this expectation he rode on to Rive de Gier, where he halted for a while to recruit both men and horses, and at the same time instituted inquiries as to the fugitives, but could learn nothing of them. Then, crossing a mountainous ridge, in the midst of which towered Mont Pilas, he descended, towards evening, through vine-clad slopes to the lovely valley, through which rushes the broad and impetuous Rhône, hurrying on its way to the Mediterranean.

On the farther bank of the river stood the ancient and picturesque town of Vienne—ancient indeed it may well be termed, since it existed long before Lyons, and was a flourishing city in the time of the Romans, of whose occupation it still boasts many monuments.

Facing the river, which almost washed the steps leading to its grand portal, stood the Cathedral of Saint Maurice—a vast and stately pile. Behind it was grouped a multitude of buildings, remarkable for their quaint and fantastic architecture, in the midst of which rose many a lofty tower, while here and there could be discerned a Roman arch or temple, proclaiming the great antiquity of the place.

The background of the picture was formed by precipitous hills. On the summit of one of them, known as Mont Salomon, stood a strong fortress, which from its position completely commanded the valley and this part of the river. The castle was of Roman origin, the donjon being built by the first Cæsar, and, according to tradition, Pilate was imprisoned within it.

All was picturesque about Vienne—its fortified walls, its cathedral, its churches, towers, Roman monuments, and overhanging castle. But not the least striking feature was its antique stone bridge, with crenellated parapets and lofty towers. From one of the latter, called the Tour de Mauconseil, it was said that Pilate threw himself into the river, which rushed with overwhelming force through the narrow arches of the bridge. Unluckily for the truth of the legend, the tower was built some centuries later than the event supposed to be connected with it could possibly have occurred. Notwithstanding this, the Tour de Mauconseil had an ill repute. More than once it had been struck by lightning, and no sentinel would remain on its summit during a storm. ;

Towards this evil tower Warthy proceeded on arriving at Saint-Colombe—as the little suburb on the right bank of the Rhône is designated. Questioning the guard stationed at the gate, he ascertained that no persons answering to the description of the fugitives had crossed the bridge on that day. Ever since the king's proclamation in regard to Bourbon's treason, strict watch had been kept, and no one allowed to pass without examination—a precautionary measure which Warthy felt certain would prevent the fugitives from attempting to cross the bridge.

On further inquiry, he learnt that lower down the river, at Ampuis, there was a ferry, which might not be guarded, and he determined to proceed thither without loss of time. Accordingly, despatching half his men across the bridge, with orders to proceed along the left bank of the river, until they arrived opposite Ampuis, he set off with the others towards the ferry in question.

Animated by the hope of intercepting Bourbon, and dreading lest he should cross the river before his arrival, Warthy hurried on, regardless of the fatigue he had previously endured. His spirit communicated itself to his men, and they followed him without a murmur; no doubt anticipating a share in the reward.

The road pursued by Warthy was singularly beautiful, and carried him past vine-clad slopes, backed by the chain of moun-

tains which he had just crossed. But he was insensible to the charms of the scenery, and did not even notice a lofty Roman obelisk on the opposite bank of the river. He looked only for his men, and when he saw them issue from the gates of Vienne he was content.

Now and then he watched the turbid waters of the Rhône as they swept past him, and envied the rapidity of the current, wishing he could speed on as swiftly. But the shades of night had fallen, the mountains were shrouded, and the beauties of the banks were obscured before he approached Ampuis. Still, any object on the darkling river was discernible.

For some little time he had lost sight of the detachment on the opposite bank—the men having been forced to go inland on account of rocks and other obstacles which they encountered in their course—and he looked anxiously for their reappearance.

## XVI.

### THE ROCK IN THE RHÔNE.

HAVING conducted Warthy thus far, we will now see what had become of the fugitives.

Aided by Hugues, whose intimate acquaintance with the country was of the utmost service, Bourbon and his companion had managed to steal out of the thicket in which they had secreted themselves, and passing through a long ravine, had crossed the chain of mountains lying between them and the valley of the Rhône, and had descended the vine-clad slopes bordering the noble river.

They did not, however, make for Vienne—Hugues having ascertained from a peasant that the bridge was strictly guarded—but proceeded at once to Ampuis, where they hoped to cross by the ferry. Bourbon now proposed that Hugues should leave him, but the faithful fellow begged so earnestly to be allowed to go on, that at last the Constable assented.

At Ampuis, which was then, as now, renowned for its delicious wine, known as Côte Rotie, they alighted at an auberge close by the river, and obtained some refreshment, of which they stood greatly in need, together with a flask or two of generous wine. Here they left the horses, the poor brutes being too jaded to proceed farther, and renovated by the repast, hastened to the ferry, which was at no great distance from the inn. The ferry-boat, it may be mentioned, was not rowed across the river, but being fastened by a rope to a rock in the middle of the stream, swung to and fro, like a flying-bridge. At this juncture it was chained to a post on the river-side—no passengers just then requiring to cross.

When the party approached the ferryman, it was so dark that he could not distinguish them very clearly. But he looked hard at Bourbon, and showed by his manner that his suspicions were awakened.

"We want to cross the river instantly, friend," said Pomperant.

"What am I to have?" inquired the ferryman.

"A gold crown," replied Pomperant, without hesitation.

"That's not enough," said the ferryman. "I ought to have ten gold crowns at the least."

"Well, you shall have them—but be quick," said Pomperant.

"A moment, and I'll be with you," said the ferryman, running towards the inn.

"We are discovered!" cried Bourbon. "The villain has gone for assistance. Ha! what is that?" he added, as the trampling of horses was heard.

As he looked anxiously in the direction, Warthy and his men came in sight.

"Our pursuers are at hand!" exclaimed Pomperant. "Jump into the boat at once."

In another moment all three had embarked.

The boat was large, heavy, and flat-bottomed, built to transport horses and cattle, as well as passengers, across the river. A minute or so elapsed before Hugues could unchain it, and the delay was sufficient to bring Warthy near enough to distinguish the fugitives, and at once comprehending their designs, he redoubled his speed.

"'Tis Bourbon! I see him!" he vociferated.

No sooner did the ferryman become aware of the approach of the troop, than he turned back to prevent the departure of the fugitives. But he was too late. The boat had been pushed from the strand by means of a pole which Pomperant had seized, and was swinging slowly towards the centre of the stream. But there was another boat of lighter construction and smaller size fastened to a post close by, and the ferryman busied himself in preparing it, and by the time Warthy and his men came up it was ready.

"'Tis he you seek, captain!" he cried—" 'tis the Constable de Bourbon. A hundred crowns, and you shall have him."

"Thou art an extortionate knave; but I agree," replied Warthy.

Dismounting, and commanding six of his men to follow him, he sprang into the boat, which was pushed off by the ferryman. Its load, however, was too great to allow it to move expeditiously, and thus a minute or two was lost. However, there seemed little chance of escape for the fugitives, since at this moment the soldiers, tracking the left bank of the river, made their appearance, and hastened towards the landing-place of the ferry.

Nothing now remained to the fugitives, who were, of course,

alive to the imminence of their peril, but to cut the rope and drop down the river. This was done, but not so quickly as could have been desired. The rope was stout, and resisted Pomperant's efforts to sever it with his poniard. While he was thus employed, several shots were fired by the soldiers, who as we have said, were riding up to the landing-place, but without effect.

As soon as it was set free the boat was carried rapidly down the river, and other shots fired at its occupants fell short of their mark. Warthy instantly followed in pursuit, and now began to regret that his boat was overloaded, her quickness being much impeded from this cause. Nevertheless, he felt confident that his prey could not escape him. His men had their arquebuses with them, but he would not allow them to fire.

"I must take the traitor alive," he said.

Notwithstanding all the ferryman's efforts, he gained very slightly, if at all, upon the fugitives, who were swept on by the impetuous current, and for nearly half a league they kept well ahead. Any attempt to land would have been dangerous, as soldiers were riding after them on either bank, and an occasional shot warned them of their risk. It was an exciting chase, both to pursuers and pursued, and promised to become more so before it was terminated.

Hitherto, the boat containing Bourbon and his fortunes had pursued its course without encountering any obstacle, though the course of the Rhône is beset by numerous sand-banks; and Warthy had been equally lucky. But the channel was now narrowed by high rocks on either side, and thus confined, the river rushed on with the swiftness of a mill-race.

The pass was considered dangerous even by experienced boatmen, as there were many sunken rocks within it. But if the fugitives were here exposed to a fresh peril, they escaped one to which they had hitherto been subjected, for the precipices kept the soldiers away from the river, and the firing of arquebuses ceased.

Another circumstance seemed favourable to the fugitives. Even in daytime the pass was sombre, but now it was buried in gloom. In places where the rocks overhung the river it was almost pitch-dark. Owing to this obscurity, the fugitives could no longer be distinguished, and Warthy becoming apprehensive lest they might contrive to catch at some projecting ledge of rock or overhanging tree, and allow him to shoot past them, stood up in the boat, trying to peer through the gloom, but could discern nothing save the reflexion of the stars on the darkling current. Though he listened intently, no sound met his ear except the rushing of the impetuous river.

He then ordered two of his men to discharge their arquebuses,

and, by the momentary illumination thus afforded, found that his fears were not wholly groundless. But for the precaution he had taken he might have passed the fugitives unobserved. They had struck, it appeared, against a rock, which reared itself above the stream about twenty yards from the left bank, and were now vainly endeavouring to get the boat free.

Warthy instantly directed the ferryman to make for the rock, and at the same time ordered another discharge of arquebuses to guide him, reiterating his injunctions to his men that Bourbon must be taken alive.

The ferryman performed his part of the business successfully. In another moment the boat struck against the rock, and with a violence that shook her from head to stern. Both parties were now close together, and the soldiers immediately attempted to board the ferry-boat, but were beaten back with the loss of one of their number, who was wounded and thrown into the river.

In a second attempt, however, they were more successful, and the ferry-boat became the scene of a desperate conflict, in which personal strength was displayed rather than skill. Indeed, the space was so confined that swords could scarcely be used.

After a furious struggle, which endured for a few minutes, both Pomperant and Hugues were thrown down, and a general attack was made upon Bourbon, who was standing near the head of the boat.

Warthy summoned him to surrender, saying that resistance was useless, but he replied by striking down the foremost of his opponents, and the man fell overboard. Bourbon, being then hard pressed by Warthy and two others, who turned their swords against him, sprang backwards upon the rock, which rose about a couple of feet above the water, presenting a rugged summit, on which not more than two or three persons could find standing room.

"Hold back!" cried Warthy to his men. "If we advance we shall drive him into the river, and I shall lose my prize, and you your reward. Listen to me, Charles de Bourbon," he added to the Constable. "For the last time, I summon you to surrender."

"Not while I can defend myself," rejoined Bourbon. "Come and take me. You dare not come alone."

"You are mistaken, traitor," cried Warthy, courageously. "I can capture you without assistance."

"Make good your vaunt, then," said Bourbon. "Drag me from this rock, and I will yield."

"I accept the challenge," rejoined Warthy, resolutely. "I have no fear of the issue of a conflict with a traitor. Guilt will unnerve your arm—justice will strengthen mine. Move not,

"I charge you," he added to his men. "Leave me to fight it out alone."

So saying, he leaped upon the rock.

Bourbon did not oppose him, but drew back slightly to give him room.

They now stood face to face, eyeing each other fiercely—the one thirsting for vengeance, the other animated with the hope of achieving a feat which would ensure him a great reward and endless renown.

"Swords are useless here," said Warthy.

"Use your poniard, then," replied Bourbon, sheathing his sword.

His example was followed by Warthy, and in another moment each held a poniard in his right hand, while with his left he grasped the corresponding hand of his adversary.

"You are a brave man, Warthy," said Bourbon, "and I am loth to kill you, but you have sought your own destruction. You will never leave this rock alive."

"I will leave it alive, and take you with me, traitor," rejoined the other.

No more was said. Each released the hand he had till that moment tightly clutched, and a terrible struggle commenced, either combatant striving, with all his force, to prevent his antagonist from using his weapon. Notwithstanding their leader's injunctions, his men would have come to his assistance, if they could have done so, but Warthy himself was in the way, his back being towards the boat, and Bourbon could not be reached save through him.

For more than a minute the combatants remained locked in each other's embrace, unable to strike a blow. Warthy exerted all his strength to drag the Constable into the boat, but he might as well have striven to uproot an oak, or move the solid rock beneath his feet. At last, exhausted by futile efforts, he sought to extricate himself from the crushing gripe in which he was held, and partially succeeding, tried to use his poinard. But Bourbon caught his wrist as he raised the weapon, and thus had him completely at his mercy.

"Swear to take off your men and trouble me no further," said the Constable, "and I will grant you your life."

"Never!" exclaimed Warthy, again vainly struggling to get free, and calling on his men to succour him.

But, ere assistance could be rendered, Bourbon's poniard pierced his heart, and his body was flung into the rushing Rhône.

Scared by their leader's fate, the two soldiers held back for a moment, and this allowed Bourbon time to draw his sword, and successfully repel the attack made upon him.



One of his assailants was speedily sent to join Warthy, and was swept off by the greedy current. The other retreated towards the farther end of the boat, whither he was pursued by Bourbon. His comrades, who had been occupied in guarding Pomperant and Hugues, instantly joined him, and all three attacked the Constable. But the captives being now free, the soldiers were soon overpowered. Two were slain by Bourbon, and the last was thrown overboard by Pomperant.

All Bourbon's enemies were now disposed of except the ferryman, who had taken no part in the conflict, anticipating a very different result. The man now endeavoured to push off his boat, but was prevented by Hugues, who seized the oars.

Half paralysed by terror, the miserable wretch begged his life in piteous terms, calling upon all the saints to witness that he had been an involuntary agent in the attempt at capturing the Constable, and affirming that he was delighted at its failure. His quavering tones belied his words, and, disgusted by his mendacity, Hugues would have thrown him into the river, but Bourbon interposed, offering the caitiff his life, provided he landed them safely.

All the party having embarked in the boat, it was soon set free, and in another minute the stony mass, which had been the scene of so terrible a conflict, and which was afterwards known as "Bourbon's Rock," was left far behind.

The current bore them swiftly through the narrow pass, the river widened, the precipices disappeared, and gave way to vine-clad slopes.

Bourbon would have now landed, but he was deterred by perceiving some of Warthy's men on the left bank. Luckily, the boat escaped their notice, but mistrusting the ferryman, Hugues threatened to stab him if he made the slightest signal.

This danger avoided, they went on for two leagues farther. In passing Condrieu, then a small village, but now an important town, boasting a suspension-bridge, besides being celebrated for its wine, Hugues again enforced silence upon the ferryman, and the boat swept by unnoticed.

At length a point was reached between Le Roches and Saint-Alban, where Bourbon thought he might safely land, and he accordingly disembarked with his companions.

On leaping ashore, his first impulse was to thank Heaven for a great deliverance.

## XVII.

## THE INN AT SAINT-ANDRÉ.

AFTER his narrow escape from capture by Warthy, Bourbon made his way, as well as he could, across Dauphiné, his intention being either to proceed to Italy, or shape his course to Saint Claude, in the Franche-Comté, as circumstances might dictate. The journey had to be performed entirely on foot, since he found it impossible to procure horses, and besides undergoing great fatigue, and running constant risks, he had to submit to extraordinary hardships.

On quitting the banks of the Rhône, the fugitives, fearing they might be followed—it being certain the ferryman would give information of their route—did not dare to enter any village where there was an inn, or even seek shelter in a cottage, but avoiding all frequented roads, after a toilsome walk of more than three hours, gained a thick forest, and entering it, passed the rest of the night beneath the trees.

Next morning they quitted the forest, and feeling faint and exhausted from want of food, they were compelled to halt at an auberge, kept by an old woman, in the outskirts of the little town of Saint-André. Astonished at the appetites of her guests, who ate with the voracity of famished wolves, the hostess did not trouble them with any questions, feeling sure she would get no response until they had satisfied their hunger. She then broached the topic on which the whole country was interested, and inquired whether the Constable de Bourbon had been taken.

"I hope not," replied Pomperant, regarding her fixedly.

"Then you are a partisan of the Constable?" rejoined the old woman.

"I won't deny it. I am Bourbon's partisan—his staunch partisan," returned Pomperant. "I hope he may give his enemies the slip—and I think he will, for I hear he is making his way through Languedoc to Narbonne, and if so, he will soon be safe across the Pyrenees."

"You have been misinformed," rejoined the hostess. "Some soldiers who were here late last night declared that Bourbon had crossed the Rhône below Ampuis."

"Diable! this is news!" exclaimed Pomperant, glancing uneasily at the Constable. "Can you tell us which way the soldiers went, dame?"

"Yes, I can satisfy you on that point," she replied. "They divided into two parties—one taking the road to Roussillon, the

other to Beaurepaire. It may not please you, who have declared yourself a partisan of the Constable, to hear what I have got to say. But I believe he will soon be taken."

"Before you give a reason for that opinion, let us have some more wine, dame," said Pomperant. "Your wine is sound and wholesome."

"Better wine cannot be had in all Dauphiné," she replied, filling their cups. "Now, then, I'll tell you why I think Bourbon will be caught."

"Ay, tell us that," said the Constable, emptying his flagon.

"I think he will be taken, because he is rash, and exposes himself to needless risk," said the old woman, looking hard at Bourbon as she spoke. "He is beset with dangers on all sides. The roads are guarded, and there are soldiers in every town in Dauphiné on the look-out for him. Where is he to go?"

"If he reaches the mountains, he will be safe," said Bourbon.

"Ah! but he won't reach the mountains if he comes this way," remarked the hostess.

"Why not?—they are close at hand," asked Bourbon.

"Because the provost of Vienne, with a powerful guard, is in the neighbourhood, making active search for him," said the old woman, in a significant tone; "that is why I think he will be captured."

"She warns me of my danger," thought Bourbon.

"The provost is coming hither from Eclose," pursued the hostess. "I wouldn't advise Bourbon to take that road."

"I don't think it likely he will take it, my good dame," said the Constable. "Depend upon it, he will go in quite another direction."

"In which direction can he go?" said the hostess. "I tell you, there are soldiers on every road."

"But there is a cross-road to the mountains," remarked Hugues.

"True, if he could only find it," she rejoined.

"I know it," said Hugues. "Have you any horses, hostess?"

"I have, but I cannot spare them."

"You mean, you dare not let us have them."

"As you will. But you won't get horses in Saint-André, and I advise you not to stay longer than you can help in the neighbourhood."

"We will follow your counsel, good dame," said Pomperant, as he and Bourbon rose from the table, and prepared for immediate departure. "Thanks for our entertainment," he added, giving her a gold crown.

"This is too much," she said.

"Keep it, it will bring you luck," said the Constable. "If Bourbon comes back, show it to him."

"Ah! I dread his coming back!" she exclaimed. "They say if Bourbon escapes, he will return at the head of an army of English and Spaniards, and slaughter us all, like so many sheep."

"His enemies say that of him," rejoined the Constable. "Hear me. If Bourbon comes back, it will be to liberate the people from oppression, and bring them peace and happiness. He loves France better than the king loves it."

"In that case, I hope he may get away safely, and come back speedily," said the old woman.

"Amen!" cried Bourbon. "Heaven has already delivered him from many dangers, and will not desert him now! Farewell, good dame!"

"A good journey to you, messieurs," she rejoined. "Stay," she added to Hugues; "though I can't furnish you with horses, I can supply you with provisions, and you will need them in the mountains."

So saying, she hastily filled a basket with bread and cold meat, and did not neglect to add a couple of flasks of wine.

Armed with this supply, Hugues followed his leaders out of the house, and the party took their way along a rarely-trodden foot-path towards the mountains.

They had not proceeded more than a league, when they found they were pursued by the provost of Vienne and his guard, and again sought shelter in a wood. Nor did they venture forth till nightfall, when they marched on vigorously, and reached the mountains without further interruption.

Nearly four days, marked by incessant toil and exposure to hardship, difficulties and dangers of many kinds, elapsed before Bourbon and his companions reached Chambery.

Often, in the course of the wearisome journey, they lost their way among the mountains, for they did not dare to employ a guide, and only when compelled by absolute necessity did they approach a chalet.

Nevertheless, through all this fatigue and danger, Bourbon never lost heart—never for a moment doubted his ultimate escape. Both he and Pomperant had too often known a soldier's couch to heed sleeping amid the mountains with only the skies above them; and Hugues was not less hardy. Had it not been for the risk to which he was exposed, this kind of life would not have been without a charm to the fugitive prince. Magnificent scenery was presented to him. Mountains, sometimes bare and craggy, sometimes rounded and clothed with trees almost to their summit—while from these heights lovely views were obtained of broad and fertile valleys, watered by rapid streams, and peopled with villages—or a vast plain, spreading out for leagues, giving glimpses here and there of the rushing Rhône, and bounded in the distance by the snowy

peaks of the Alps. Such were some of the prospects which cheered Bourbon during his detention amid the Jura mountains.

At last he approached Chambery, but neither he nor Pomperant ventured into the town, but, tarrying in the environs, sent on Hugues to reconnoitre. Some time elapsed before their emissary returned. He had managed to replenish his basket with wine and provisions, but brought word that the town was full of soldiers, the Comte de Saint-Pol being there with a large force, on his way to Italy to join Bonnivét.

This intelligence caused Bourbon at once to abandon the design he had formed of crossing the Alps and proceeding to Genoa, and decided him, at whatever risk, to prosecute his original design, and make for the Franche-Comté. There was danger in the latter course, but far greater danger from Saint-Pol and his troops.

Without entering the town, Bourbon therefore turned aside from Chambery, and took the way towards Aix. They walked for a couple of hours, when, worn out almost by fatigue, they approached a *châlet*, and obtained accommodation for the night. The account they gave of themselves satisfied the master of the *châlet*, and they left early next morning without exciting his suspicion. On reaching the Lac de Bourget, they hired a boat, and were rowed to the farther end of that beautiful lake.

Having reached Seyssel in safety, they crossed the Rhône, and sought shelter in a *châlet* for the night. Next morning they again began to ascend the Jura, and after crossing several peaks, and tracking more than one gloomy gorge, they came in sight of the ancient town of Nantua, seated on the borders of a lake. Not daring, however, to enter the town, they again sought the shelter of a *châlet*. A mountainous ridge now only separated them from the Franche-Comté. This ridge crossed, Bourbon's danger would be over.

At break of day the fugitives again started on their journey. It was a lovely morning, and the beauty of the scenery might have tempted them to linger on their way; but they hurried on, eager to cross the frontier.

On attaining the summit of a mountain commanding the beautiful valley, in which lay the old town of Nantua and its lake, Bourbon paused for a moment to survey the lovely prospect, and then became aware that a small troop of cavalry was ascending the heights. Pointing out the danger to his companions they all three started off, and, after crossing the summit of the mountain, hed down the opposite side. Near the foot of the acclivity there was a thick dark wood, and into this they plunged, though not unperceived by their pursuers, who by this time had gained the top of the mountain.

At the sight, the soldiers dashed down the hill, a portion of the

troop entering the wood, while the others rode round it. By this manœuvre they hoped to secure their prey; but they were foiled. Three of the men-at-arms, who had penetrated into the thicket, were suddenly set upon by Bourbon and his companions, and compelled to give up their horses. Being thus provided with steeds, the fugitives suddenly burst out of the wood and galloped towards the frontier, which was marked by the river Ain, now only half a league off.

On a mount on the farther side of the river stood a fort garrisoned by the soldiers of the Emperor, and it was towards this point that the fugitives now shaped their course. But they were hotly pursued by their enemies, while another small band of cavalry, sallying from a fort on the French side of the river, sought to cut off their retreat. Before the latter could come up, however, Bourbon and his companions had reached the river, and dashing into it without hesitation, swam their horses safely across.

When they landed on the opposite bank they were welcomed by a company of German reiters, to whom the Constable immediately announced himself, and on learning his quality the men shook their lances, and set up a loud shout of "Vive Bourbon!"

## XVIII.

### SAINT-CLAUDE.

AT the Constable's request he was conducted by the reiters to the fort, where he was received with all the honour due to his rank by the governor, who congratulated him most heartily on his escape, and gave him the very satisfactory intelligence that all his adherents whom he had quitted at the Château d'Herment—including the Seigneurs Tansannes, Du Peloux, Espinat, and Desguières—together with Lurcy, had already succeeded in reaching the Franche-Comté.

"Your highness will find them at Saint-Claude, where they are anxiously awaiting your arrival," said the governor. "They are guests of Cardinal Labaume, Sovereign Bishop of Geneva, and are sojourning at the episcopal palace. Most of them arrived nearly a week ago, but the Seigneur Lurcy only crossed the frontier yesterday."

"I am rejoiced to learn that Lurcy has escaped," said Bourbon. "I have heard nothing of him, and feared he might have fallen into the hands of the king, who would have shown him no mercy."

"That is quite certain," replied the governor. "Your highness

is no doubt aware that the Comte de Saint-Vallier, the Bishops of Autun and Puy, the Seigneurs Aimard de Prie, Pierre de Popillon, Chancellor of the Bourbonnois, Gilbert Baudemanche, and others of your partisans, have been arrested and lodged in the Conciergerie at Paris. It is said, but I know not with what truth, that the Comte de Saint-Vallier has been tortured, to wring confession from him."

"Alas!" exclaimed Bourbon, "he is most unjustly dealt with. Of all my partisans, Saint-Vallier is the last who ought to be punished, for he endeavoured to dissuade me from my design, and yet it is on his devoted head that the tyrant seems bent on wreaking his direst vengeance. But a day of retribution is at hand. For every life sacrificed by François, I will have ten."

"I am sorry to mar your highness's satisfaction at a moment like the present," said the governor, "but I could not withhold this painful news from you."

"I thank you for giving it me, sir," rejoined Bourbon. "The information steels my breast. As I have just said, if I cannot deliver my friends, I can avenge them. But what of the ten thousand lanz-knechts that were to be raised for me by the Comtes Furstenberg?"

"On hearing of your highness's flight," returned the governor, "the Comtes Furstenberg marched with their men towards the west, to join the Anglo-Flemish army in Picardy. They took several castles by the way, but I fear they have encountered serious obstacles. The last tidings received of them were, that they were retreating to Neufchâteau on the Meuse, after heavy losses."

"Would I had been with them!" cried Bourbon. "But where are the four thousand Vaudois promised me?"

"They have returned to their own country, fearing they would get no pay," replied the governor.

"Then I have no army in the Franche-Comté?"

"Your highness will soon raise one. When your escape is known, thousands will flock round your standard."

With this assurance Bourbon was forced to be content. He tarried for a few hours at the fort to rest and refresh himself, and during this time both he and Pomperant were enabled, by the governor's aid, to make some change in their habiliments, of which they stood greatly in need.

Thus newly equipped, and attended by Hugues, who had likewise obtained fresh habiliments, they started for Saint-Claude, accompanied by an escort of twenty reiters.

As he rode along, Bourbon could not help contrasting his present position with that in which he had been so lately placed. A few hours ago, he was environed by enemies, and in danger of his life. Now he was free, and would soon be able to requite the in-

juries he had sustained. His exultation was damped by the thought that so many of his partisans were in the king's hands, but this reflection only served to intensify his desire for vengeance.

On arriving at Saint-Claude, he repaired at once to the episcopal palace, and presenting himself to Cardinal Labaume, received a cordial welcome from the prelate, who was a zealous partisan of the Emperor.

After listening with great interest to Bourbon's account of his flight, and the perils he had encountered, the Cardinal sent for Lurcy and the rest of the Constable's adherents, and was much touched by the meeting that took place between them and their fugitive lord.

Bourbon himself was profoundly affected on beholding his devoted friends, and embraced each individually.

"This rewards me for all my suffering," he said. "You must forgive me, my good friends, for quitting you. The step was absolutely necessary for the safety of us all. Had I not taken it, we might not be here now."

"Your highness's escape from so many perils is truly providential," observed Cardinal Labaume. "Thanks should be offered to the Great Power who has so marvellously preserved you. Let us now repair to my chapel, where you can perform your devotions."

Though a stern soldier, Bourbon was devout, and religiously believing that the hand of Heaven had been manifested in his behalf, it was with unwonted fervour that he offered up his grateful prayers at the altar of the small chapel to which he was led by the cardinal.

## XIX.

### IN WHAT MANNER BOURBON ENTERED BESANÇON.

BOURBON remained for three days at Saint-Claude, the guest of Cardinal Labaume, by whom he was entertained with princely hospitality. On the fourth day, he departed for Besançon, accompanied by all his adherents, and attended by a numerous escort of retires, furnished for him by the cardinal. Among his suite was Hugues, who was now enrolled in his service.

Harbingers had been sent on to announce Bourbon's visit to the ancient capital of the Franche-Comté. Preparations, therefore, for his reception had been made by the municipal authorities, who, in order to please the Emperor and mortify the King of France, had determined to treat Bourbon as a sovereign prince.



The city of Besançon, which existed in the time of the Romans, and which has been described by Cæsar himself, was a place of great strength, built on a hill, almost surrounded by the river Doubs, which here takes the form of a horse-shoe. On a rocky height, the base of which was washed by the Doubs, stood the castle, originally built by the Romans; and in later times, when Besançon was annexed to France after the peace of Nimeguen, was converted into a citadel by Vauban. From its position, this castle looked impregnable, and capable of protecting the city, but it was besieged and taken by Louis XIV. in 1660. On a plain between two branches of the Doubs, where the Roman legions had once been encamped, and which is still known as the *Campus Martius*, could be seen the tents of a small force of German lanz-knechts, reserved by the Emperor for the defence of the province.

On his arrival at Besançon, Bourbon was met at the foot of the old bridge across the Doubs by the burgomaster and all the civic authorities on horseback, and welcomed by them to the city. After listening to an address from the burgomaster, he was conducted across the bridge, which was lined by German lanz-knechts, into the city, amid the roar of ordnance, the braying of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the acclamations of the spectators. The picturesque old houses were decked with garlands of flowers, and hung with scrolls and banners, houses were decorated with carpets and rich stuffs, the fountains ran with wine, and the capital of the Franche-Comté had not been so festive since the time when the Emperor last visited it.

Bourbon was conducted by the burgomaster and the other magistrates to the cathedral of Saint-Jean, a noble Gothic pile, and as he dismounted at the porch, enthusiastic shouts were raised by the lanz-knechts crowding the enclosure—the interior of the sacred pile being so full that they could not obtain admittance. Thanksgivings were then offered for the deliverance of the fugitive prince from his enemies, and a *Te Deum* sung. At the close of these religious solemnities, Bourbon was taken to the Herrenhaus, where a grand banquet had been prepared.

All honours that could have been bestowed upon the Emperor himself was shown to the illustrious fugitive. A palatial mansion in the midst of the city, which Charles V. himself had occupied, was appropriated to him, and a numerous civic guard assigned him.

Notwithstanding this brilliant reception, Bourbon was greatly disheartened by the intelligence he received of the proceedings of his royal allies. To his mortification he learnt that the Spanish forces had been successfully held in check at Bayonne by Lautrec, while the Duke of Suffolk, who had made a descent upon the coast of Picardy, and had advanced almost within sight of Paris, had been recalled by the King of England. Moreover, a large force

had been placed by François upon the frontiers of Burgundy, under the joint command of the Duke d'Alençon and the Duke de Guise, while the king himself still remained at Lyons with the army.

Bourbon had now been more than a fortnight at Besançon, burning with impatience to avenge his injuries, when despatches arrived from Spain and England. Both monarchs attributed the failure of the design to him. Had he performed his promises, the joint invasion must have been successful. But when he fled, Henry recalled his forces, and the Emperor suspended the siege of Bayonne. The King of England refused the supplies of money and artillery which Bourbon had urgently demanded of him, and the Emperor professed himself unable to send him either money or succour. Both declared that the project must be for the present abandoned.

Bourbon's hopes of immediate revenge being thus at an end, he resolved to proceed without delay to Spain, in order to hold a personal interview with the Emperor, and, if possible, plan a campaign for the winter.

His design was to pass into Italy by way of Germany, Switzerland being then allied to France, and he proposed in the first instance to visit his cousin the Duke of Mantua. From Mantua he would proceed to Genoa, and thence embark for Spain.

While he was making preparations for his meditated journey, he was informed, one morning, that the Seigneur d'Imbaut, a gentleman belonging to the household of the King of France, furnished with a *sauf conduit*, had arrived at Besançon, and sought a private audience of him.

Bourbon refused a private audience, but consented to receive the envoy in the presence of his adherents. Accordingly, D'Imbaut was ushered into a great hall half filled with the civic guard, armed with halberds. At the upper end of the hall, on a chair of state, sat Bourbon, surrounded by his partisans.

After making a profound obeisance, the envoy said:

"I am the bearer of a message from my royal master the King of France. I am sent to offer to your highness a full and complete pardon for all your offences committed against his majesty and against the state, if you will engage to merit clemency by sincere repentance, and unshaken fidelity for the future."

Here D'Imbaut paused, but Bourbon making no reply, he went on:

"As an incitement to your highness to return to your duty, the king my master graciously offers you the immediate restitution of the whole of your possessions, which will otherwise be confiscated, the re-establishment of all the pensions of which you have been deprived, with full assurance that they shall hereafter be paid with exactitude." He then paused for a moment, and added, "What answer shall I take from your highness to his majesty?"

"Tell the king your master," rejoined Bourbon, sternly and haughtily, "that I have thrown off my allegiance to him, and consequently he has no power to pardon me. Tell him that he has already played me false, and that I would not trust his promise to restore me my possessions, or to continue my pensions. Tell him to confiscate my domains if he likes—I will soon have them back again."

"I will repeat word for word what your highness has told me," replied the envoy.

"You may depart, then," said Bourbon.

"I have not yet done," said D'Imbaut, assuming a different and more haughty manner; "since your highness has declared that you have thrown off your allegiance, I must, in the name of the king my master, demand your sword as Constable of France."

Bourbon's eyes blazed with anger at this demand, but he constrained himself.

"The king your master took that sword from me at Fontainebleau," he said. "But I have another sword, which he shall have—when he can take it."

"I have my answer," said D'Imbaut.

Then looking round at the group of gentlemen, he asked:

"Messeigneurs, do you all remain obstinate in rebellion? I am enabled to offer you the king's grace. Will none of you accept it?"

"None," they replied, with one voice.

"A moment, sir," said Bourbon to the envoy. "Tell the king your master, from me, his enemy, that when next we meet we shall have changed places. It will be for him to sue for pardon."

Charged with this defiant message D'Imbaut departed.

End of the Second Book.

## THE GERMAN ALMANACKS FOR 1866.

THE German Almanacks for this year are a very good type of the German people—heavy and prosaic; their wit is ponderous, not light and sparkling. However, it is not vulgar, like that of the Yankees, as evinced in the famous work, “Artemus Ward, his Book.”

The stories in these “Volks Kalender” are anything but sensational, though occasionally far-fetched. They are not exactly simple, for simplicity is sometimes pleasing, but they are generally dull, and dullness is never agreeable. Moreover, there is little variety in their subjects. Whether this arises from the limited imaginations of the writers, or from German literature being so enslaved, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide.

In Steffens's Almanack there are at least half a dozen long-winded pointless tales without many events. The opening story, by Friedrich Gerstäcker, entitled “The Ship Captain,” gives an account of a voyage from New York to Liverpool, in which a Captain Powell, the commander of the *Mary Burton*, being in love with a young lady passenger, and jealous of her engagement to a friend of his own, determines to carry her off to Greenland, regardless of the injury and inconvenience to his other passengers, and orders his men to steer the vessel's course to the north. He had nearly reached Greenland, when his design was frustrated by the crew and passengers suddenly discovering that they were approaching an iceberg! The captain was immediately put in irons, but not until he had attempted to murder the mate.

The vessel was then carried safely to Liverpool after a voyage of sixty-two days. The captain eventually escaped the punishment he deserved by being proved to have become a raving maniac.

This wild story occupies thirty-two closely-printed pages, and shows the author's ignorance of nautical matters.

A tale by Max Ring has for its heroine a girl belonging to the lower ranks of Berlin, who was engaged to a German in a station of life rather superior to her own. This person quarrels with the girl's father, and, on being dismissed by him, takes his revenge by getting a French soldier billeted upon them. The Frenchman unceremoniously takes possession of their best room, and, moreover, brings his horse into it, making up a bed for the animal there. The master of the house is furious. The daughter Marie, who speaks a little French, endeavours, without avail, to induce their new inmate to remove his horse into the stables. Finally, the old man's apprentice, who is in love with Marie, makes friends with the unwelcome intruder over a bottle of old wine, and all then goes well; the Frenchman sings “Partant pour la Syrie,” and the German shouts, in his Berlin dialect, “O Tanneboon—O Tanneboon! wie grün sind deine Blätter.” The story winds up with the wedding of the apprentice and Marie.

The other stories are even less fertile of ideas than the above “You and I.”

“We are surprised that in the self-laudation of the Prussians for their splendid victories at Düppel and Alsen, which quite threw into the shade

the victories of Austerlitz and Waterloo, and for which it is well known such numerous decorations were bestowed, there should be in these popular annuals no heroic poems or brilliant records relating to these deeds, by whose overwhelming grandeur the world ought to have been struck dumb with astonishment.

The following are extracts from the only article bearing at all upon politics which we have been able to discover in the Almanacks before us. It is also in the volume by Karl Steffens. Its inflation, pomposity, and vain-glory may possibly provoke a smile. It dives far, far back into the annals of ancient Germany, when it was mistress of the world (a period of which we confess, in our ignorance, we never heard before), and touches upon the more recent glory acquired in their naval defeat by the Danes off Heligoland.

Franz Maurer entitles his article

#### THE DAWN OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

Once upon a time, when only one emperor reigned in Europe—namely, the Emperor of the sacred Roman kingdom of the German nation—the circle of whose power extended from Flanders, on the English Channel, to Esthonia, on the Gulf of Finland, and from the stormy coasts of the Baltic and North Sea down to the sunny creeks of Sicily, proudly German ships, with the war-pennon flying, sailed, dreaded through all the seas then known, and no one dared, unpunished, to insult the German flag, to touch German property, to be insolent to German officers, or even to show them a shade of disrespect, far distant though they might have been from their native German shores; for the German hand weighed heavily, German swords were sharp, and quickly drawn from their scabbards. This was the period of German glory and greatness. While the whole was respected and feared, individual portions thrived; and *vice versa*, while these flourished and grew, the main trunk always retained fresh and vigorous vital power.

The North German maritime states, which, along with many other German and not German states, had joined the great Hanse Town Association, possessed in their men-of-war such tremendous power, that they chased mighty kings from their country and people; as, for instance, in the year 1367, the Danish King Waldemar III., although Denmark at that time, and long after it, was far more powerful than England, which the warriors and the united fleets of the states of Hamburg and Lubbeck conquered in the year 1473, when the English attempted to shake off the consuming and yet salutary yoke of the German merchants, who, with their swords at their sides, with their scales and yard-sticks ruled absolutely in Britain, as well as in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the Netherlands. In their own country, "The Emperor's People," as the Germans were then called, defeated the subjects of the British king,—but, three hundred years later, the mighty Emperor of the French, Napoleon I., was not able to effect.

With rapid strides Germany had advanced to the height of her power, from the moment, indeed, that she had proved her indomitable strength in unity. Discord made her fall off gradually, but even when long since single stones in the gigantic Gothic structure could no longer hold together, foreign countries still feared the tottering ruins, because in their

fall they were strong enough to crush the insolent assailants by the weight of their débris, and because the ancient German spirit was still dominant. Hence the Britons, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Russians, and Poles, to whom we had first taught navigation, commerce, and industry, while they were trembling before the German sword, and were paying tribute to German merchants, did not go so quickly ahead of us as our ancestors had done in surpassing the intelligence of Rome; not until a considerable time after did they succeed in wresting here and there a jewel from the German crown, such as Schleswig, Alsace, Lorraine, Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, which, with the exception of Schleswig, they have kept until the present day, while we have long since driven them from their other robber's spoil, namely Pomerania, Bremen, and Verden, whose splendid sailors, on board Swedish men-of-war, helped to win for Sweden glorious naval engagements. Hence it happened that the isolated town of Hamburg, deserted by the empire, ventured, on the 4th and 5th of September, in the year 1630, for the freedom of their German river, the Elbe, with their fleet to engage in a murderous action against the superior Danish naval force, which they would have won if the elements and luck [for *luck* we should read *pluck*] had not been against them. And yet the Danes were led by Denmark's greatest naval hero, King Christian IV., who deserved the name of the northern "Old Fritz."

Recognising the aptness of the German people for the sea, the great Elector of Brandenburg tried to form a new navy, and to make his country a flourishing maritime power, like wealthy Holland, which he took as his model. The undertaking was not without success as long as this daring, energetic man held the reins, for the Brandenburg men-of-war fought with effect against the Spaniards, then so mighty, and also against the Swedes, from whom they helped to snatch the island of Rugen; they defied the masters of the sea, the Dutch and the Britons, then growing into power; besides, they assisted the designs of the Brandenburg colonies in Transatlantic regions, helped to protect them, and watched over the rights and safety of their merchant ships entrusted to their care.

But the terrible Thirty Years' War cut off too closely to the roots the lofty character of our people; and noble roots, when too much crushed or cut away, as is well known, do not again so quickly put forth shoots—they need a long time to recover themselves, whereas bad roots recover themselves and propagate fast. . . .

King Frederick the Great, with the help of the Stettin merchant, Daniel Schulz, and Count Dohna, had a quantity of merchant ships equipped to defend the Stettin Haffs against the Swedes, and these frail barks, with a crew of about six hundred men, withstood four times as many Swedes, in real men-of-war, for nearly four weeks, until, on the 10th of September, 1759, they were almost entirely destroyed by the Swedes using grappling-irons, and bringing them to close quarters; however, by their unexampled courage they gained honour for the Prussian flag. The names of the Prussian captains who commanded in that battle have come down to us, therefore we are enabled to give them to our readers. The heroes were called Brun, Schwarz, Funk, Marquard, Braunschweig, Likfeld, Hanson, and Barkhahn. Three years after this glorious defeat, for which the Swedes paid dearly, with the loss of several

hundred men, and three vessels destroyed, the Prussians, again upon armed merchantmen, fought and won a splendid victory over the same foe, and captured a Swedish frigate of thirty-six guns [wonderful fact!] . . .

A dwarf among the states of Europe showed us that it was stronger than ourselves, because it possessed ships of war while we only had armies. It was worth while to make a beginning, and from 1849 Prussia fitted out ships in proportion as many as the Austrians, in other words not enough, but not so very few after all, for when Denmark declared the Prussian harbours blockaded, her fleet of two Prussian screw corvettes, *Arcona* and *Nymphé*, as well as the steamer *Loreley*, went boldly against them as far as the Rugen's peninsula Jasmund, and fought a bloody battle on the 17th of March, 1864, notwithstanding the force opposing them was four times their number, and taught the Danes a lesson which they took to heart, and thought it advisable after that to keep a respectable distance from the German shores; but, supported by the secret and open friendship of other powers, who longed intensely to see us injured and humiliated, contrary to international law, they detained single neutral ships from our harbours, which were not blockaded, and seized some Prussian merchantmen, which lawless piracy they called privateering. Their men-of-war, however, disappeared entirely from the North Sea, after an Austrian and Prussian squadron had fought a murderous battle with them, on the 10th of May, 1864, off Heligoland, though the issue of which remained undecided, the effects were the same as a German naval victory.

These two spring days, the 17th of March and the 10th of May, when the shades of evening separated the exasperated combatants, have become the spring and the dawn of the German fleet, for henceforth neither Prussia nor Austria will ever again think of giving up the young creation, or of allowing it to languish miserably. The monarchs of both countries have pledged their royal word that henceforth the navy shall take its proper place among the national defences; and the time will also come when the people will, without scruples, joyfully make those sacrifices which will be necessary to accomplish this promise. Then the German people will give; for though a strong Prussian and a mighty Austrian fleet is not wholly *German*, still one of the two, or perhaps both, will be the root of the future German fleet under the black-red-golden flag, and from the root will sprout out fresh branches, as formerly at the period of Germany's highest glory!

The engravings in Steffens's *Volks Kalender* are excellent, especially those which are prefixed to some short poems. These vignettes are charming, and give interest to the verses. The little poems themselves are unpretending and rather pretty, and quite free from affectation or striving after effect. We give a translation of three of them :

#### THE CHILD OF THE POOR.

You ne'er forbid the bird to break—  
The bird who watches in your woods—  
The branches green, wherewith to make  
The little nest in which he broods.  
What to the bird's warm nest you grant  
Grudge not to those in human form,  
Deny not to the child of want  
The dry twigs broken by the storm!

Secure within the sheltered nest,  
 Guarded well from every gale,  
 The young birds dwell in warmth and rest,  
 And their food can never fail.  
 Out in the wind, and in the rain,  
 The child of poverty must go,  
 Suffering hunger, thirst, or pain;  
 Ah, then, to him some pity show!

In summer joys you find delight,  
 And to the birds' sweet warblings list—  
 To sunny lands they take their flight  
 When o'er the woods hang gloom and mist.  
 Then through the forest glades resound,  
 Not songs, but sighs from many a breast,  
 From wand'ers o'er the snowy ground,  
 With cold and misery oppressed!

The Lord forgets not the poor bird,  
 Nor the poor children in the wood;  
 By Him their wailing cries are heard,  
 And all their sorrows understood.  
 Ah, then, be merciful! and know,  
 The twig now withered, dried, and old,  
 Green in eternity shall grow,  
 And bear you fruit a thousand-fold!

#### HANS, SANS CULOTTE.

Where are you hiding, Hans? It has long since struck four;  
 We're waiting here for you—  
 That into the thick wood the robber-band may pour,  
 And the gensd'armes pursue.  
 A merry romp, Hans, we will have to-night,  
 And you shall be the captain of the fight!

Children! ye may laugh at Hans right heartily—  
 He sits at home to-day;  
 Poor Hans! He can't come down from yon old dresser, see!  
 With you to go and play.  
 His naked legs Hans sadly gazes on—  
 How very strange! Where have his trousers gone?

Upon his master's trees some rosy apples hung.  
 Hans thought he would like one,  
 So up he climbed, high, high the topmost leaves among,  
 But Hans—what have you done?  
 An awkward branch, as Hans the apple stole,  
 Caught him, and in his garments tore a hole!  
 Hans sat with dangling legs, and making a wry face,  
 Untouched the apple stood.  
 His mother sewed a large patch into the torn place,  
 His father in cross mood  
 Came home, and, upon hearing Hans's trick,  
 He beat him soundly with a baze! stick.

Ah, Hans! your master saw you on his apple-tree;  
 To increase your sorrow,  
 No doubt you guess, then, what your punishment will be  
 When you go back to-morrow.  
 Your dear-bought apple, why will you not bite?  
 Poor Hans! We wish you a good appetite!



## ACROSS THE RIVULET.

Herself as yet a child in years,  
 She guides with kind and tender care  
 Her little brother, full of fears,  
 Who stops in hesitation there.

Timid and trembling how he stands!  
 His eyes are fixed upon the brook;  
 And now he stretches forth his hands  
 To her, with a beseeching look.

Encircled by his sister's arm,  
 While her sweet smiles upon him beam,  
 Her soft words soothing his alarm,  
 He wades into the chilly stream.

Pleased by the water's sportive play,  
 He goes—his sister still his guide;  
 His joyous smiles her care repay,  
 When they have reached the other side.

Oh, wondrous blossom, planted by  
 Omnipotence in female hearts,  
 Wherein the germs of pure love lie,  
 In need, which tenderness impart!

The unconscious impulse from above,  
 Prompting what now the sister feels,  
 May ripen to maternal love,  
 As, in his course, Time quickly steals.

We observe in a list of all the potentates of Europe, given at the commencement of one of the Almanacks before us—we shall not be so inhuman as to mention which—this sentence or paragraph:

“Holstein. Herzog Friedrich, born 6th July, 1829, married the Duchess Adelheid of Hohenl. Langenb., born July, 1835. Children, Auguste Victoria, Karoline Mathilde, and Ernst Günther.” Is the editor not afraid of sharing the doom of Dr. May, and being imprisoned, with or without hard labour, for naming, in the year of grace 1866, the now discarded and obnoxious Frederick of Augustenburg as Duke of Holstein? What will Count—it ought to be King—Bismark say to this, if his Argus eye should light upon the story-telling announcement? The poor puppet duke! For whom the monarch of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the heir-apparent of the Prussian throne, were so exceedingly interested, before the invasion of Denmark was commenced, to establish *his* rights; but who has been made what, in common parlance, is called a catspaw of, since his pretended claims were only put forth as an excuse for robbing Denmark of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenberg, in order that Prussia might get possession of Kiel, and some of the best Baltic ports, enable her to become a maritime as well as a military nation. The heir-apparent, who blustered so much for “justice” to the duke, ought to feel rather sore at Prussia’s and her vassal, Austria’s, desertion of his cause. But probably he will resign himself gracefully to a disaster which is to increase his own future kingdom, and forget, or in German fashion deny, his whilom partisanship of him now so appropriately styled in Germany FREDERICK LACKLAND!

The Almanack edited by Gubitz is by no means attractive; it contains a number of short tales, of about a page and a half each, besides several longer ones. Among these may be named "The Fate of a Ring," "The Umbrella," "Gabriel Sedlich's Adventure on a Journey," Gabriel Sedlich being a bankrupt hairdresser at a theatre, and a third or fourth-rate actor. We hailed this last effort of genius, imagining by the name that the adventure might be somewhat comical, but soon perceived it was as heavy as a dancing bear. There is one sketch, however, which is amusing. It is entitled "Self-Conceited," by Bertha Alrebi. Notwithstanding the Germans' dislike to the overbearing English, they give themselves some trouble to imitate them. The following extract from the above-mentioned sketch—though, to do the authoress justice, she is laughing at the heroine—will give an idea of what German young ladies imagine to be the most *recherché* mode of tea-drinking among the much-misrepresented "Engländer."

Rosalie placed herself before the mirror, and, with great satisfaction, contemplated her over-dressed figure. She smoothed her hair: her ringlets had got rather out of curl. "Ah!" she said to herself, "even this looks interesting, just like the die-away English ladies with their long, long locks. I might pass for one; there is a great deal of the English type about me. I will have some fun about it, to while away my time in this stupid country-place, and by-and-by, in society in town, I can relate what happens as an anecdote. The little goose of a parson's daughter, who doubtless has never gone far from her churn, I could make believe anything. How shall I begin? When first I beheld the girl her manners were very assured—not at all as if she were impressed with the difference between her poverty and our wealth. I shall make her feel it, however; external advantages would be less sure of effecting this with her, probably, than mental weapons. She shall recognise what opportunities for cultivation and superior enjoyment those in affluent circumstances have at their command. To astonish her, and amuse myself, I will play the Englishwoman to-day. The English language, customs, and comforts are all Greek to Miss Minna. I will go to work at once!" Rosalie rang, Marianne, the parlour-maid, entered, and received the following orders for the housekeeper: "Tell Mrs. Wolter, instead of coffee, she is to send us up exceedingly strong tea in the Britannia-metal service, with some pieces of toast and an English cake. Then bring me those red-bound books of English poetry which are in my room."

Marianne did as she was bid, and also brought the volumes. Rosalie, who, meanwhile, had put on a large shawl before the glass, and arranged it so that it fell a little off the shoulders, and thus drew out her curls still longer, threw herself languidly upon a sofa, and was absorbed in Byron, when suddenly the idea struck her that it might be advisable and proper to consign a part also to Marianne in the intended comedy, so she said, "Mary, you are to pass for an English girl to-day; you are not to speak a syllable of German before my guests this afternoon."

"But, miss, it is my mother-tongue, and I understand no other."

"That is of no consequence! To everything that I say, answer, alternately, 'Yes, my lady!' or 'All right!' Surely you will be able to impress these two sentences upon your memory."

Marianne was forced to repeat the words like a parrot until she could say them fluently. If she performed her part well as an Englishwoman, Rosalie promised her a thaler; and Marianne, absurd as she knew she must appear, consented to obey. In secret, it is true, she thought, "What do not rich people expect of us? To all their caprices we must lend ourselves!"

Some one knocked at the door, and in came Mrs. Wolter, an elderly individual, who had been on the property for many years. With her arms stuck akimbo, and with difficulty keeping down her anger, she said: "Miss, do you really mean that to-day, the second afternoon of the holy Whitsuntide holidays, should be taken up baking English cakes, while my beautiful Königs-cakes, which are ready, are to be despised?"

Energy, good sense, and justice can exercise power even over the most determined characters, and Rosalie felt she dared not draw the strings too tightly here; besides, it was only the name she wanted, so she determined to call Mrs. Wolter's cakes "queen's-cakes," and replied:

"If you have such an objection to baking afresh, let it be as it is."

"And," Mrs. Wolter again exclaimed, "is it true that you wish to drink tea now, the usual hour for coffee?"

"Certainly! I particularly wish it. Also, along with the slices of toast, I want sent up both fried and raw bacon, for that is the English custom."

"English 'plump-pudding' I know, of course; it burns into big flames, like when one boils over with anger. I have heard also of English 'race-horses,' that run away when they get too much of the spur. There are English 'bulldoggs' also. But English customs—here, here with us in the country? Well, I had better put an English plaister upon my mouth!"

And off marched Mrs. Wolter, while Marianne had a hard task to prevent herself from laughing aloud.

Rosalie's brother coming in just then, she confided to him her plans for chasing away the tediousness of the afternoon. He reproves her:

"Nonsense, affectation, only to mystify the people! Take care! They are more sensible than you fancy, and the consequences may prove disagreeable to you. The clergyman is a learned man, and his wife decidedly not without education. Very probably they have taught their daughter more than you young ladies from the town acquire, or have had drummed into your heads at your much-lauded schools."

Still Rosalie was obstinate as well as conceited, and would not give way to her brother. Presently the expected guests appeared at the garden gate. Miss Minna was well wrapped up, and had overshoes and an umbrella. Rosalie received them politely, but not cordially, expressing her surprise that they did not prefer to drive in such bad weather.

"Our father wanted the horses for something else, and there was no conveyance, therefore, at our command," replied Minna.

"Do you not ride, then?" asked Rosalie.

"No; the idea of mounting a horse never entered my brain."

"Oh, in England all the ladies ride even more than they drive. I intend to ride a great deal here in the country."

"Then I advise you to get a safe animal," said Paul, Minna's brother, young agriculturist.

"Ah, I am very courageous! Shall we one day ride 'a steeple-chase' together? Are you a keen 'sportsman'?" asked Rosalie.

"I am very fond of riding," replied Paul.

"Every 'man of fashion' must be devoted to such pursuits, or he is no 'dandy.'"

They took seats, and Marianne brought the tea.

"May I offer you some of these 'queen's-cakes'?" asked Rosalie, endeavouring as often as possible to stuff in English words. Minna took a slice of the cake, and Rosalie rattled on: "We are very badly provided with such things here in the country. I miss many of my domestic 'comforts.' I would like to carry my English customs everywhere with me. I must beg you to put up with these queen's-cakes."

"They taste exactly like our common Königs-cakes, a recipe for which I lately gave Mrs. Wolter," replied Minna. "They are very well made, however."

Rosalie cast a smiling, triumphant glance at her brother, and then answered:

"Ah, you know 'Miss Wolter;' she is one of your circle, I suppose? She is rather an antiquated, obstinate individual. She almost refused to let me have bacon for tea, which is decidedly the English custom."

"A rural fashion!" remarked Paul. "Moreover, a peculiar taste, which I do not believe even the English people themselves could tolerate except at breakfast. For men who are going to hunt, for instance, bacon would be a very solid foundation for a meal, and I myself, when occupied out in the fields, find nothing nicer than a piece of bacon and bread."

Rosalie again smiled significantly to her brother.

"But here, at the table of people from the capital, you naturally expected greater delicacies, more ethereal dishes," said Rosalie's brother.

"De gustu non est disputandum," answered Paul, Minna's brother.

"You are a good Latin scholar, I perceive," said Alfred.

"During the long quiet winter evenings in the country one is glad of anything for amusement. Besides, an agriculturist can learn much from Virgil's 'Georgics.'"

"Before such studies and classical pastimes I must lower my colours."

"My brother was at a mercantile school," Rosalie hastened to say. "In them the dead languages are less taught than the living. But in society such great advantage is to be derived from the knowledge of modern languages, that I never let a day pass without exercising myself in them. I have also an English maid, and read many English and French newspapers. Miss Minna, are you fond of English literature?"

"I am only acquainted with it through translations, therefore my knowledge is, of course, extremely limited."

"We Germans," said Paul, "have a long-established saying, 'Nothing pleases the husband so much as when the wife can cook well.'"

"Horrible! Yes, yes, 'comfort' is to be learned only from 'Englishman.' The domestic arrangements in England are far superior to our own. How badly we are furnished with everything here; take the female servants, for instance; good cooks and good ladies'-maids are not to be had among the Germans. A delicate taste is so much wanting in kitchens; 'the culinary science' should be studied; and in the toilette, taste and fancy and invention are all needed to render it elegant!"

Paul laughed, and declared the ladies would do better to trust to themselves more, and less to their servants.

"That is not always practicable, and besides, what is the use of having servants then? There's Mrs. Wolter, for example, for weeks she has been informed of our intended visit here, and yet she seems to have got nothing ready. What is the use of her, if she does not fulfil her duties?"

"But," said Minna, in a conciliating tone, "I thought the worthy woman kept the larder and cellar well filled; she is indefatigable in her industry."

"You shall judge for yourself. I may ask for what I will, she has nothing ready. Perhaps the gentlemen would rather take beer instead of tea. I will ask for it; but as my maid does not understand German, I must write down everything which I order through her."

Rosalie wrote a few words upon a piece of paper, and rang. Marianne made her appearance, and received the slip, with the command, "*For Miss Wolter.*" A significant glance gave the girl to understand that she must answer. Blushing deeply, Marianne stammered, "*Jees, my lady!*" Alfred struggled hard not to laugh, and Paul and Minna looked at each other in astonishment. Very soon Marianne returned, but stood standing there, silent and embarrassed.

"What is the matter?" asked Rosalie, forgetting her English. "*All's ritisch!*" was the girl's answer, provoking suppressed laughter on all sides. Rosalie was in the act of explaining that she had ordered English beer, ale, or porter, when suddenly Mrs. Wolter herself entered, bowed politely, but said in a decided tone:

"I beg pardon for disturbing you, but as I knew that only the pastor's children, with whom I am so well acquainted, are your guests to-day, I thought it best to ascertain myself what was required. I can read written orders, of course; but such dishes as are asked for, in this slip of paper, are new to me. I don't know *Aleporter*. Pray, Miss Rosalie, what do you *really* want?"

The young lady addressed, with her wounded and irritated feelings, thought it wisest to answer nothing, but turned her back upon the speaker. Minna, wishing to smoothe matters, said:

"Ah, Mrs. Wolter, these are only words of a foreign language, which are differently pronounced, and mean quite another thing."

"Nonsensical talk, then! Just look at this cookery-book, which Marianne lent me; it contains all the dishes in the world, but not a word is mentioned of *Aleporter*."

Minna glanced at the title-page of the book handed to her, and was astonished to find in it the signature of her mother, who had given it to a friend; she asked, hurriedly, "How did this girl, the English maid, get this book?"

"It was an heirloom from her mother," said Mrs. Wolter.

"It is very strange," continued Minna. "My mother often longed to now the fate of a friend of her youth. How did this find its way to England?"

"The person to whom your mother gave it must have migrated," replied Rosalie, hastily; but Marianne interrupted her:

"No, Miss Rosalie; this is carrying the joke too far. My parents were, and remained, honest Germans. I am so, too, and your farce must come to an end. My departed mother spoke to me so often of her

dear friend, that I cannot lose the opportunity of becoming known to her. It may be a comfort and help to me in my loneliness."

The best portions of this Almanack are some pages on natural history and botany; but as they throw no new light upon these sciences, there is no need to translate them.

In the *Volks Kalender*, by Gustav Nieritz, there is a pleasant article on the German Christmas and New Year festivities, from which we give a short extract, relating to the fête entitled "The Three Holy Kings," which is especially observed in the south of Germany.

The Epiphany fête commences on the 6th of January, and is celebrated in most of the German country places with more or less solemnity, and in different ways. One of the principal features of the Three Kings fête consists in processions of fantastically dressed children, or sometimes even of grown-up people, as was lately the case in Southern Germany, chiefly in Catholic districts, but seldom or never in North Germany. They carry a symbolical representation in plaster of the search for the infant Jesus, in Bethlehem, by the three wise men, or Kings of the East (Melchior, Kaspar, and Balthasar). The three children who represent this mythical personification, go from house to house singing some well-known popular melody, for which they receive little gifts of money, cakes, fruit, &c. In the south-west of Germany, namely in Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden, these representations are given by orphan and other poor children, to gain some small support for the winter months, to which good-hearted people willingly contribute, especially as these exhibitions are particularly interesting to the rising generation. Immediately after New Year's-day these little actors commence their wanderings over their neighbourhood, often extending their rambles for many miles around. During the nights the compassionate inhabitants of the villages grant them shelter in barns, ox-stalls, and sheds, and provide them with necessary food. The company consists generally of three, sometimes of four children, either boys or girls, between the ages of nine and fourteen, whose fantastic clothing is suited to the design of the representation; the royal garment consists of a white sheet, confined round the waist by either a cord, band, or handkerchief, the front of which is adorned with stars cut out of gold paper; a crown on the head, also decorated with gold paper, is indispensable; but, however different the form may be, a pointed rim must not be wanting. The tallest of the three kings carries a long pilgrim's staff in his hand, at the point of which a silver star is fixed, that, through some simple mechanical process, is made to shake about during the ceremony. The other two carry, one a sceptre, the other a shepherd's crook. The performers have their faces blackened, to show that they come from the East; and this is also alluded to in the following lines, which they sing:

We, Kaspar, Melcher, and Baltzer by name,  
Are the Three Holy Kings from Moorish-land that came;

or,

The Three Holy Kings from Moorish-land we be,  
The sun has burn'd us black, good folks, you see.

Before going into a cottage, or entering the gates of a country-seat, the wandering company give intimation to the owners of their arrival, and beg for admission. The whole family then assemble, together with

the servants, in one room, to witness the spectacle. The three performers are admitted, and, amidst profound silence, recite in the most serious manner their legends in verse, or sing about the birth of the infant Christ. At the conclusion of this performance they receive the gifts destined for them, bow their thanks, and withdraw, to pay a visit to the next respectable farm-house.

More curious still was the way in which the Three Kings-day was formerly celebrated in Bavaria. Here the three kings from Africa were represented by three old women, dressed grotesquely in men's clothes, with their heads enveloped in a kind of bag, in which holes were made for their eyes and mouths. Thus disguised they wandered about. The first carried a broom, the second a rake, and the third had a chain round her waist; with these they brushed, raked, and rattled away before every door, until the inmates of the house chose to bestow something on them.

There is a paper called "Christmas Pictures," by the editor, which is composed of short sketches from scenes in the lives of the lower classes; but our space will not permit of our quoting any of them. The volume is principally devoted to a tale which bears the name of "Meister Wöllers and his Cutter the *Seal*," an Elbe novel of Hamburg Life." By C. Reinhardt. And with some extracts from which *sea-novel* we shall close our notices of the German Almanacks for 1866:

Wherever water abounds there will be found people who delight in sailing about upon it. In Hamburg, especially, there are many amateur seamen, who, principally on Sunday, infest the good old Elbe, and who, after working away for hours, return home with blistered hands, and tumble into bed vowing that "they'll be hanged if they ever go upon the water again"—where, however, they are to be found punctually at four o'clock the very next Sunday morning.

Meister Wöllers belonged to this class of persons; he was a tailor by trade, and had risen from the lowest grade of his craft, and had also, as he thought, perfected himself in seamanship. It must not, however, be supposed from this that Meister Wöllers had made any long voyages, although, from the knowing way in which he examined the rigging of a ship, and talked about "the water," this might have been imagined. He had only beheld the sea twice, and on these two occasions it was merely when crossing to Heligoland. Whether these trips had afforded him much enjoyment is, however, doubtful; for, on reaching Heligoland, his first act was to clamber up one of the highest hills to take a survey of the surrounding country, in the hopes of discovering a footpath to Cuxhaven, for he was very anxious to take back to Hamburg with him some of the few internal arrangements of his frame which sea-sickness had left him. But Heligoland is an awful place to visit for those who cannot bear the shaking and rolling of a ship. Search where they will for a easier way of getting back, nothing is to be desiered all around but a fast sea-green emetic; our poor friend was, therefore, forced to submit to the miseries of returning to *terra firma* the same way as he had come from it, and arrived as hollow as a bass viol, but somewhat out of tune, and much in the form of a French horn. One would have thought after this that his longing for the sea might have entirely disappeared; but, wonderful to relate, this was not the case, Meister Wöllers had not only

quite forgotten his sea-sickness, which he ascribed to the engine of the steam-boat, but he even thought that he had become, by these two rather stormy voyages, a perfect sailor; and he spoke of boisterous seas, breakers, shoals, scudding before the wind, and going up the shrouds, as if he had spent half his life on the ocean, and frequented the most dangerous coasts. As his business brought him very much in contact with seafaring people, he was constantly knocking about the harbour in company with captains and mates, where he was eternally studying the accounts of the weather along the northern coasts, observing the wind, and striving to initiate himself into the mysteries of nautical matters by indirect questions, pretending all the while to be quite *au fait* upon the subject. . . .

Our friend the tailor was at that time the proud owner of a boat entitled the *Emma*; but having found out that she was not at all seaworthy, he sold her, and purchased a cutter of greater pretensions. In his excitement he had quite forgotten that he had a wife who totally disapproved of his penchant for the sea, and dreading her tongue, he besought his godfather, Schünnemann, to pass off his new boat, the *Seal*, as belonging to him, and to invite his wife and himself to go out in her for a sail the following Sunday.

It was as good as a piece at the play to see the way the godfather Schünnemann came and imparted to Meister Wöllers that he had bought a cutter, the surprise expressed by the latter, and how Schünnemann, regretting that he did not understand the management of a boat, requested his friend to take charge of it.

These two worthies played their parts so well, that Mrs. Wöllers had not the smallest suspicion of the truth, and even undertook to provide the provisions necessary for the whole day, when Wöllers whispered to her that they had better act generously towards Schünnemann. As Meister Wöllers was experienced in such matters, he took upon himself the gathering together of the necessary cooking-utensils, which he himself packed up in a large basket. Besides knives, forks, plates, glasses, jugs, and cups, which filled a basket by themselves, Wöllers put a supply of black bread and rolls into a large hamper, on the top of which he placed a round of beef, as big as a child of two years of age, which would perfectly well have sufficed for a voyage to America. Notwithstanding this, the beef received as companions a pickled eel about two yards long, and a sausage one yard in length and proportionately thick, for people can never decide beforehand how long a sea-voyage is going to last. Besides this, Wöllers did not forget to add a Dutch cheese, a keg of butter, a bottle of anchovy, and salt, pepper, mustard, and a few mixed pickles as a matter of course. He was also provident in the drinking line, having provided three bottles of rum, two of port wine, and half a dozen of St. Julien.

As they proposed during this trip to keep within reach of civilised countries, there was very little possibility of their being famished; and as the *Seal* possessed two cabins, Mrs. Wöllers and her two sisters-in-law, who were to be of the party, were enabled to put on their Sunday finery without fear of rainy weather, or of their dresses being crushed upon a narrow bench, as is the case in "common rowing-boats," into which Mrs. Wöllers never would have consented to have gone. But a cutter



was quite another thing. This was in her eyes like an elegant carriage and pair, in which she did not mind being seen. She never for a moment dreamed that she was in her own conveyance. Had any one divulged this secret to her during the sail, she would certainly have jumped overboard in horror, even if it had been in the middle of the Elbe; for ever since yesterday she had begun to think Mr. Schünemann, although a widower, an extremely flighty, silly, and dangerous person, against whom she must warn her husband. How easily it might also enter into *his* head to buy himself a cutter like his godfather's! Ha! that would be a climax, thought Mrs. Wöllers.

On the next Sunday morning the clock had just struck four, or "eight bells," as Wöllers murmured half awake, when he sprang out of bed, scrambled into his dressing-gown, and ran to the house door to see what the wind and weather were like. He shook his head as he looked up at the sky. It seemed ominous; not a cloud was to be seen driven by the wind across the blue expanse, not a breath of air was stirring. Our friend put his finger into his mouth, and then held it up, so as to feel the current of air; but there was none! The smoke even from the fire, where the cook was preparing coffee for the early breakfast, ascended from the neighbouring chimney straight up in the air, so there remained only one more method to be tried, to which despairing seamen have recourse when the wind will not rise, and that was to whistle for it. This is done by the person looking in the direction in which the wind ought to come, and whistling the ascending chromatic scale, a method that is infallible if it be only properly executed and people do not lose patience, for there is no example known of any one having to whistle in vain longer than three days. So Wöllers whistled for the wind. Whilst thousands were, perhaps, delighted at the calmness of the morning, and whilst the owners of rowing-boats looked with pleasure at the smooth, mirror-like stream, there stood this egotist, whistling his scales for wind, nay, even for storm, for he was determined to have a good sail that day.

It is really a great misfortune in this world that people never have exactly what they want. Meister Wöllers comforted himself in the mean time with the hope that the wind would, perhaps, be so obliging as to rise with the turn of the tide, and so he drank his coffee, urging the ladies all the while to make haste, as they were to be on board by six o'clock. Chrischan, cabin-boy for the day, had to superintend the transport of the provisions, and at last the passengers of the *Seal* set out to join her, and to commence their excursion on the Elbe, under Captain Wöllers. They were met at the Millerntor by the godfather Schünemann and his two cousins, who were accompanied by their future wives. The cousins were to be pressed into the service as sailors, and the ladies were expected to admire their beloved ones in their new capacity.

The cutter lay a little below St. Pauli, close to a wharf, where the sails were kept. Wöllers could scarcely conceal his delight when he came in sight of his little vessel. In time both her passengers and provisions were conveyed on board, with the help of the owner of the wharf the sails were set, which certainly without his assistance would never have been achieved, the tide had flowed in, and with it a slight breeze had sprung up. Everything seemed favourable for the voyage, and Captain Wöllers stood at the helm ready to start. But however bent upon a sail

the captain and passengers might have been, in one quarter there was evidently no intention to move, and that was on the part of the *Seal* herself. The *Seal* was one of those thick-headed, stubborn boats which play a hundred different tricks, and like to go their own way. She would not obey the helmsman, who, in his endeavours to master her, was nearly pitched over the shrouds; but what she most disliked was to sail against the current and a slight storm, and all her canvas was necessary to get her on at all. She was also fond, like all seals, of sunning herself on sand-banks, and she often succeeded in doing this by disobeying the helm.

Her possession of these virtues her former owner had naturally not imparted to Meister Wöllers, so we now find our captain standing at the helm, having the highest opinion of the qualifications of the *Seal*; the rope which had fastened her to the wharf had been hauled in, and the two cousins shoved the boat from the shore with long poles, whilst Schünemann and Chrischan stood in readiness to hoist the sails. The first thing to be done was to steer through the numerous colliers crowding this place in order to reach the open river, a manoeuvre rather difficult of accomplishment with so clumsy a vessel, and one not easy to be achieved without a collision, which, at the very least, would bring down upon them a volley of abusive language. The cousins pushed with all their might, so as to reach another opening in order to get into clear water, while Wöllers gave the order to hoist the foresail, the mainsail, and the topsail. In the hope of finding the right ropes, Schünemann and Chrischan tugged at every one that came to hand, the consequence of which was that all the loose tackle got entangled into such an extraordinary manner, that even the most experienced seaman would have had difficulty in finding the right one.

In the mean time, they had arrived at the passage, and while Wöllers swore and shouted, and Schünemann and his cousins followed his example, tugging in vain at the rigging, the *Seal* seized the opportunity to squeeze herself between the fore-parts of two colliers, where she quietly lay, whilst the crews of the two vessels amused themselves by looking down upon her and her passengers, and sneering and laughing at them. Mrs. Wöllers, at that moment glancing up, beheld, to her intense horror, two enormous rusty anchors hanging immediately over her head, which she pictured to herself might at every instant fall down and crush her like a fly. Captain Wöllers stood in despair at the helm, and agitated it frantically backwards and forwards, without having an idea how to extricate himself from this terrible dilemma. As they had neither a long rope, nor a boat, with which they might have worked themselves out of this corner towards the stream, our charming pleasure-seeking party had the pleasant prospect before them of remaining where they were for the following eight hours, and then, perhaps, with the next tide of being carried on between the two sterns of the neighbouring boats. A friendly appeal for assistance to the crews of the two colliers only called forth from these redoubled grins and laughter, without their moving a finger to help them. Meister Wöllers knew with whom he had to deal, and he suddenly dived into the cabin, from which he shortly afterwards emerged with two bottles of rum: these he offered to the crews of the two colliers. The whole scene suddenly changed, and the sailors became

wonderfully anxious and willing to help the cutter out of her difficulty, and to bring her into open water; for a sailor will do anything in the world for a bottle of rum.

They let down a boat, and took with them into it a long rope to fasten to the next ship going up the stream, which would tow the *Seal* out. As soon, however, as the sailors got to this ship, the crew of it demanded also a bottle of rum, and Wöllers was obliged to sacrifice his third and last bottle to get out of this confounded coal-hole. It was child's play to the sailors to set the cutter afloat, and in five minutes the *Seal* lay outside the colliers. The sailors, having untwisted her ropes, arranged her sails, and taken possession of their three bottles of rum, started the cutter with a loud cheer. Wöllers, meanwhile, with the helm in his hand, finding himself suddenly tacking against the wind and flying through the water. But, alas! there cannot be a worse place for sailing than near St. Pauli, for here there are always a host of small fishing-craft and turf-boats, called here Ewern, lying at anchor, and blocking up the passage. There is, of course, plenty of room to tow a boat along, or to sail before the wind; but those who wish to tack must understand what they are about, for, besides the above-named Ewern, to make the matter more complicated, every moment a small steamer comes paddling along. Can it be wondered at, therefore, that Captain Wöllers wished at Jericho the whole fleet of small craft straight towards which the *Seal* was running, and would have been thankful to have had the entire Elbe to himself. He would have liked with one dash to have reached the end of Stone Island, and still hoped to pass behind the clump of turf-boats; but as the *Seal* did not seem to be going close enough to the wind, he was obliged, just before he reached the last tack, to bring her in stays, in order to tack to the opposite side. He was utterly ignorant how he should set about to force the *Seal* to perform this manoeuvre, so he merely seized hold of the helm and pulled it round, the cutter, apparently good naturedly acquiescing with his plans, turned, flapped her sails, and then all at once fell back into her old tricks, running full tilt straight at the unfortunate *Ewer*!

Now there happened to be seated upon the deck of this turf-boat one of those fair-haired sausage-eaters, who come from the interior to supply the Hamburgers with turf, quietly peeling his potatoes, and absorbed in his occupation. Whether this irritated the *Seal*, or whether she considered the man a fit object to be aimed at, is doubtful; anyhow, she deliberately pointed her jib-boom at him, and rushed forward with such violence, that the potato-peeler would have been sent flying overboard like a billiard-ball if, just in the nick of time, he had not averted that catastrophe by taking a tremendous leap to one side, while his potatoes, of course, went rolling all over the deck. Having accomplished this spiteful little trick, the *Seal* calmly came to a stand-still by the *Ewer*, with her jib-boom stretched right across her victim, very much in the position of a horse with his head amicably placed over the neck of his companion. The sausage-eater had scarcely recovered from his surprise, when, regardless of its being Sunday morning, he broke out into a regular volley of curses against the crew of the cutter in the lowest possible German, making the ladies' hair stand on end, and Wöllers, in despair, fork out a bottle of port wine, to stop his mouth. Happily,

Wöllers succeeded so far in appeasing him, that the man even set the *Seal* again in her right course, enabling our captain, after having undergone intense agony of mind on account of the Harburg steamer and the Danish guardship, to reach at length the open navigable waters.

He drew a long breath of relief when he beheld a free expanse of water before him; still, on the Hanoverian side of the river, there were a quantity of ill-natured sand-banks just concealed beneath the surface, a danger with which Wöllers was only too well acquainted, for many a time he had stuck fast upon one in his boat, the *Emma*; therefore Schünemann was kept constantly sounding with a long pole whenever the *Seal* tacked in that direction, so as to enable them to turn about in good time. Upon the Neumühlner side it was better, for one can sail up to within twenty feet of the banks and turn without the smallest inconvenience. Here Wöllers fancied himself out of all danger, and began to feel himself more and more like a genuine captain. The spiteful *Seal*, however, soon showed him that he was not yet her master. There was a brig anchored in the stream to which Wöllers had not paid sufficient attention, expecting to clear her; the water, however, became so suddenly shallow, that there was hardly room to tack, and they were close on the brig. Wöllers then altered his steering to give the brig a wider berth. He did not, however, make allowances for the brig taking the wind out of his sails, nor yet for the current; consequently he ran bang up against the brig, whose jib-boom went through his rigging, and left the *Seal* hanging therefrom like an enormous reticule upon a lady's arm.

"This was the third misfortune," as Chrischan most indiscreetly ventured to express himself, and thereupon received such a sound box on the ear that he went rolling down to the cabin, and alighted with one leg into the butter-keg, which, of course, had to be sacrificed and thrown overboard. Nothing could have been more pleasant to the crew of the brig on this blessed Sunday morning than to see these land-rats, as they called them, hanging in such a predicament from their jib-boom: two or three of the sailors could not resist the pleasure of climbing along their bowsprit to take a bird's-eye view of the affair. Even the captain and mate came forward and asked if they wished to be conveyed to England, whither they were bound, in this fashion. Not a word had been lost upon the unhappy Wöllers, who once more vanished below, and appeared again shortly carrying a couple of bottles, which he offered to the sailors as a ransom if they would get the cutter off. . . .

In process of time the *Seal* was extricated from her precarious situation, and, after receiving sundry instructions from the good-natured mate, Wöllers started off again, now seriously believing himself quite up to managing the sails. The ladies, however, by this last mishap, had pretty nearly lost all confidence in their captain, and, whenever they drew near to the banks, wanted to land—a proposition to which he invariably turned a deaf ear.

Thus, without any further accident, they had passed Blankenese, when Wöllers, with horror, observed, notwithstanding his repeated tacking, and that the wind had risen, he was evidently going backwards, for the *Seal* was again opposite the last houses of the village of Blankenese, much to the amusement of the fishermen lounging about the banks, who were almost dying of laughter. He instantly suspected that the cutter was up

to some new diabolical prank, but on this occasion she was as innocent as a new-born babe, for the tide had turned, and there was no use tacking any longer. Wöllers soon discovered this by observing the ships at anchor turning round, so he made for a small sand-bank opposite Blankenese, and, dropping his anchor, ordered the sails to be taken in. The ladies would have preferred being on the other side, that they might have taken a walk on the shore, but Wöllers declared he would on no account trust himself in the hands of the Blankenese people, and told such startling stories of the extravagance of the inns there, that they were at last content to trust to their own resources, and desired Chrischan to light a fire and boil some water. Meanwhile, the larger hatchway was opened to allow fresh air to penetrate into the cabin, the table was laid, and the tea-things, &c., set out. Unfortunately, the rum had been sacrificed at the first mishap, the butter, too, was gone, still tea and red wine were not to be despised; besides, there were plenty of other good things left, and they hoped to enjoy a capital meal upon the water.

Gradually the river rose higher and higher, soon the sand-bank was covered with water, while the wind increased perceptibly, remembering evidently Wöllers's decoy whistle, for it blew so violently when Chrischan was bringing the kettle, that it was not far short of a storm, beginning to toss the water into waves, which set the *Seal* dancing up and down. It was not poor Chrischan's fault, therefore, that he stumbled with the kettle just as he arrived at the hatchway, and had very nearly scalded the godfather Schünemann as red as a lobster; happily the beef received the burning infusion, and Schünemann, the ladies, and the cousins, merely what ran over from the table. Wöllers swore in a thundering voice at his awkward cabin-boy, ordering him to fetch fresh water.

While the party was engaged sopping up the water from the table-cloth and wiping their dresses, the wind had become a perfect gale, blowing hard right up the river. The waves came rolling along, fringed with their dancing white foam, setting the *Seal*, that was riding at anchor, tossing and pitching to such an extent that tea-things, plates, glasses and all, went jumping about the table, and Schünemann had very nearly been shot across the table upon top of the ladies, who felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and again expressed a wish for tea. Wöllers, therefore, put his hands to his mouth, and roared, "Chrischan! water to make the tea!" Chrischan was seated in the fore-castle before the stove; plenty of warm water he had ready, it is true, but he felt so wretchedly ill and wobegone that he was perfectly indifferent to the wishes of the cabin passengers; he would have been most thankful for some tea himself had any been offered to him. He could not stand the pitching of the boat, and on putting his head out of the hatchway, and seeing the waves come swelling and rolling along, he wished himself at the top of Güllberg. Wöllers kept roaring so fearfully for boiling water, that at length the servant made his way on deck, and crawled on all-fours, bearing the kettle aloft, and laying himself upon his stomach, handed it down into the cabin; but there he remained staring at the company and the well-filled table beneath. Schünemann, who observed this proceeding, fancying that he had guessed what he wanted, cut off a large piece of the sausage, and smiling good-naturedly, held it up to his nose. Instead of seizing it, Chrischan's eyes seemed to start from his head, his mouth opened wide, and—an un-

expected and not savoury shower was poured out upon the viands on the table, and the company round it.

Mrs. Wöllers was furious at such behaviour; she opened her mouth to give vent to her wrath at the offender, when instead, she had to follow his example, thereby causing the two fiancées to join in the quartette; and in what a horrible state the cabin was now! The godfather Schünemann, who for some time past had felt rather queer, became at this stage of affairs as pale as a corpse, so he thought it best to make an effort to escape from the cabin, but just as he had climbed up the companion-way his stomach also began to turn, and the two wretched cousins following close upon his heels, received an unwelcome bath, which sent them, along with Schünemann, rolling back into the cabin, where they chimed in with the general lamentations, or, as an author poetically expresses it, "sacrificed themselves to Neptune." It was a terrible, undeniable fact—sea-sickness had broken out on board the *Seal*.

With horror Meister Wöllers had perceived this misfortune approaching; at first he had seized hold of Chrischan by the legs to drag him away from the opening, but as there was very soon nothing to be spoiled in the cabin, he left him lying where he was, but drew the large sail over the hatchway, so as to shut out the wailing and horrible sounds from below, for they were making him feel anything but comfortable; then he ran forward to heave up the anchor, and set the cutter going again, in the hope of stopping the fearful thumping and pitching. As, however, there was no windlass for the anchor, it would have required a small giant to have brought single-handed the heavy boat round against the wind and the current, and Wöllers was soon sensible of his powerless position, so he ran, and lifting up a corner of the sail, shouted to Schünemann and his cousins to come to his aid. If, however, he had offered them ten thousand dollars apiece to come up and go forward with him, they would not even have glanced round at him. Nor was Chrischan a bit more inclined to move, so Wöllers betook himself forward again, and sat down sorrowfully near the mast, so as to be out of hearing of the horrible groans issuing from the cabin, above all of which the imprecations and scoldings of his wife rose in shrill tones. He might have sat there about three hours, and began to wonder whether they were still alive in the cabin, when he beheld a fishing-boat bearing down to pass him. He hailed it, and waved his hat, until it hauled down its sails and came rowing towards him, when Wöllers flung a rope to the two fishermen who were in the boat, and entreated them to help him to raise his anchor. The fishermen, guessing that there was a chance of their getting something for their pains, jumped on board, and the two men and Wöllers pulled away at the anchor-chain, and at length got up the anchor, which had buried itself deep in the sand. As soon as the *Seal* was set at liberty she turned round, and dropping down the stream, left off her terrible pitching.

## FRENCH ARISTOCRACY AT THE SEA-SIDE.\*

M. FAFIAUX was the last to be reconciled to the marriage of his niece, Valentine Barbot, with Gontran, Count of Mably. Married, however, they were, as, after the public scandal with which the intended marriage with Lambert, Count of Saint-Genin, had been interrupted, there was no other alternative, and no sooner married than they started whither the aspirations of both most tended—to Paris—the centre of the Frank world. Valentine wrote to the old man three days after her arrival, on paper of the Hôtel Meurice. She protested her unalterable affection and respect, and declared that Gontran was the most affectionate and delicate of husbands, who, so far from turning her from her duty, had himself conducted her to the one o'clock mass, and waited for her on the steps of the Madeleine. One thing only made an impression on Père Fafiaux on reading this precious epistle, which was, that Valentine did not get up till noon. Of what use her convent education, and the salutary habits he had enjoined of being up every day by six o'clock? He, however, vouchsafed no reply to Valentine's letters. When she apprised him that the Hôtel of Mably had been entirely newly furnished and decorated, and that an apartment had been set aside solely for his own use, he only shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself, "A million gone already!" He had masses said at all the churches of Lyons—*pro anima aberrante*—for a soul gone astray. As to the husband, he was despatched without a sigh, in the company of the whole lot of Haut-Monts and Lanroses, to the darker regions. His niece had been taken from him against his will. With a scandalous explosion that had echoed all over Lyons, he, an old man of indomitable will, and the hoarder up of millions (everything in France is reckoned by millions—it saves trouble), had been treated as if he were nobody, and he vowed a deep and implacable revenge against the whole set. He began with the Saint-Genins. The failure of Lambert's marriage brought down the creditors. M. Fafiaux was cruel enough to indirectly fan their rapacity. When no alternative remained but to sell the estate of Grande Balme, and the Hôtel Bellecour at Lyons, he came forward with an ostensible party who were to purchase both. The party in question were two monks, who dwelt in the attic of his own house. One had been a schoolmaster, the other a bankrupt wine and spirit merchant at Bordeaux. They were now founders of a new order, called Thaborites, from Mount Thabor. The one was to convert the hôtel into an academy or collegiate school, the other was to appropriate the Grande Balme as a manufactory of liqueur du Mont Thabor, not only salutary to the stomach, but, like the "Chartreuse," beneficial to the soul, being distilled by holy hands. In return for these concessions, the dowager countess and the young count, her son, were to have 300,000 francs, or the interest of that sum at five per cent. for ten years, and all debts were to be paid. It was not without bitter regrets, as may be imagined, that the Genins felt themselves obliged to hand over their estates to two poor monks repre-

\* La Vielle Roche. Les Vacances de la Comtesse. Par Edmond About. Paris: L. Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.

sented by M. Fafiaux, and withdraw with a few family memorials to a modest apartment in the city of Lyons.

Gontran and his countess were in the mean time installed in a fashionable quarter of Paris, and lived in that style and after that fashion which, in that great centre of civilisation, is deemed to be essential to matrimonial felicity. M. About is at the trouble to inform us, for example, that upon the first evening of their arrival in Paris, the count "proved to his wife, by reasons redolent in exquisite delicacy, that he loved her too much, and held her in far too great a respect, to present himself to her under the brutalising aspect of sleep." They had accordingly their separate apartments. Valentine only remembered that it was not so with her father and mother, and for the first time she wept at what her instinct justly designated to her as a cold classical etiquette which tyrannised over the natural affections. She, unfortunately for herself, held the count, her husband, in too great respect to venture upon a discussion on so delicate a topic. Next morning, too, the count was out early to retake possession of his beloved pavé of Paris. The Boulevards have a fascination for every true Parisian, which is more powerful even than love. Gontran, like all other Parisians, was more at home in the streets than in his hôtel. There was only one drawback to his happiness; he remembered every now and then that he was no longer one, but two, and the reminiscence was not of the most agreeable character. But Gontran loved his young wife, and further reflections told him that it was to her that he was indebted for being able to return to Paris, reoccupy the home of his ancestors, and reassume through her fortune that position to which he considered himself entitled by rank, talent, and fashion. So he returned to breakfast with his young wife, happy and in good spirits.

The harmonious understanding thus established between the young couple, although not quite coming up to what the innocent and affectionate young countess had anticipated, was further diversified by the necessity both parties were in of setting themselves up in the world. Not only had the hôtel of the Mablys to be repurchased, repaired, newly decorated and furnished, but horses and equipages had to be procured, and, above all, new and proper toilettes had to be made. Mably, it will be remembered, at the epoch of his marriage, had just come out of Clichy, and Valentine, in her provincial garb, was like a Raphael without a frame. It was calculated by the count that 140,000 francs, taken out of their capital, would meet all exigencies, but by the time that a million had been paid for the hôtel, 100,000 francs for the repairs, decorations, and furniture, 100,000 for diamonds, 50,000 for horses and carriages, and 50,000 for indispensable sundries, the coloured papers that M. Fafiaux had been all his life accumulating represented an income of 85,000 francs only.

"We pay to ourselves," observed Gontran, "a house rent of upwards of 50,000 francs."

"We will economise in other things," Valentine replied.

The hôtel of the Mablys, repurchased and restored by Valentine, was opened with a festival, which was, however, far more brilliant than economical. During the three months that the house had been under repair, the count and countess had made their visits, and had taken their place in the best society. It was necessary that they should return the sand-



wiches and the trifles which they had received from others. Madame de Mably had a great success. She was declared to be pretty, genteel, and graceful. The staff of the crinoline-wearers bore her away in triumph to balls, suppers, theatres, and cavalcades; the "école de haute dévotion" and of transcendental charity, initiated her in its meetings, conferences, sermons, sales, and lotteries. The abundance and variety of Parisian pleasures carried away the young lady with a kind of intoxication. It was a whirlpool in which, once involved, there is no possible means of extrication save by bankruptcy, which is social and fashionable death. The scruples which lingered—reminiscences of a conventual education—were eradicated in less than three weeks. She imbibed, in their place, the idea that the world is the infallible arbiter in matters of conduct, and all that the world approves of is permissible. With an instinct that was natural, she made everybody at home at her hôtel, where she received one day a week and gave a dinner another. So exquisite was also her natural taste, that for two consecutive seasons she led the fashion in the Faubourg St. Germain. The Duchess of Haut-Mont said one evening to her brother, "That little one astonishes me; she can amuse four gentlemen by herself alone, whilst your wife, so brilliant and so Parisian, cannot even retain half a one!"

Valentine had declared at starting, to her husband, that an allowance of two hundred francs a month would suffice for her toilette. Gontran had smiled, and said that he would not scold her if it did not exceed two thousand. Some ingenious people compensate for external expenses by strict economy at home, but the Mablys had not this resource. When a million of money is spent upon an hôtel, it is not to eat black bread in it. A large hôtel and splendid equipages also demand a numerous attendance. At the expiration of the first year Gontran devoted a wet morning to the melancholy labours of addition. Nor were the results cheering. The expenses of the year exceeded the revenue by a considerable sum. When he communicated the fact to his wife, "What!" she exclaimed; "notwithstanding all our economies, we are 30,000 francs in debt!"

The next time that Madame de Mably met her relative, Countess Adhémar, she unburdened herself in the simplicity of her grief, that with all her economies she and her husband were living beyond their income. The countess, instead of sympathising with her, laughed at the revelation. "Why, little dear," she said, "all you have to do is to increase your income."

"But how can that be done?" inquired Valentine, surprised.

"Oh," replied the countess, "you must speak to Adhémar upon that point. He does nothing else ever since we have been married."

The two friends adjourned to the study of Count Adhémar de Lanrose, of whose character as a speculative financier, to the horror of his noble rent, we have given some account when treating of the modern aristocracy of France as depicted by M. About. The young count was alike startled and pleased at being consulted on money matters by his fair and noble relative.

"Send your husband to me," he said, in conclusion of a long conversation, "and I will indicate to him the means of doubling his income without compromising his capital."

Mably, when he heard this from the lips of his pretty wife, did not hesitate in seeing Adhémar upon the subject. He had, like the rest of Paris, the most perfect faith in the infallibility of the count's judgment. Yet among the securities which were to be exchanged for real investments producing a modest five per cent., one of the principal was the opening to commerce and the establishment of French supremacy in the African kingdom of Humbé, situated between the 25th and 15th degrees of longitude, and the 10th and 30th of longitude. But the investment was returning fifteen per cent.

Life in Paris, from the highest to the lowest, is not without danger. Rank, fortune, and character do not save the individual from those perils which are common to all. The once young and innocent pupil of the convent of the Sacred Heart, the niece of the pious and austere Fafiaux, and the inexperienced provincial girl, now Madame de Mably, was soon destined to discover how many and what vile traps are laid in the way of the unwary, even in what is designated as the best society. Among her husband's friends was one Odoacre de Bourgalys, rich, handsome, clever, and eccentric, an admirable rider, and exceedingly popular on account of his very eccentricities. About calls him "ce grand noble gamin connu de tout Paris," and the ladies excused his delinquencies by designating him as "ce fou d'Odoacre." This Odoacre, who was a kind of Delphic oracle among men, was more than an Apollo—a Jupiter among the ladies. His mixed failures and successes had made him at once difficult and inconstant. "Lui bon gargon, ne perdait pas son temps devant les places fortes. A quoi bon? La vie est si courte!" He used to say, laughingly, "I am not a shepherd of Arcadia; I am a man to take or leave."

The youth and beauty, the graceful simplicity and innocence, of the Countess of Mably did not fail to attract this peculiar type of Paris fashionable society. For a whole year—a most unusual thing with him—did he lay siege to her heart. Valentine blushed at first on detecting his advances, and this was followed by an ineradicable horror of the man's presumption. She, however, could not avoid him; for he was not only supposed to be her husband's friend, but he was also intimate at the Haut-Monts, the Lanroses, and with most of her other friends and relatives.

On the 20th of April, 1856, between two and three in the afternoon, Valentine ascended the staircase at her milliner's to select some summer articles. Mademoiselle Angelina conducted her into a little ornamental boudoir, where she said she had some novelties that were not yet to be made public. A door closed behind the countess, another opened before her, Mademoiselle Angelina disappeared, and a great specimen of human perversity, Odoacre de Bourgalys, appeared kneeling on the carpet.

Valentine, whose first impulse was to slap the young man's face, shrieked, and then fainted. Odoacre rang the bell, and bolted. When the countess came to herself, great was her indignation at the trap laid for her by Mademoiselle Angelina, and she hastened out of her polluted premises, driving first towards home, but on reflection turning off to the Bois de Boulogne to calm her feelings, and consider if she should mention the insult to which she had been subjected to Gontran. For the first time in her Paris life she felt that she had no corner in which to

weep, and no bosom friend in whom to repose confidence and seek for sympathy and advice. The result of her palpitating cogitations was, that as the fault was not hers, and she had done nothing to encourage the young man to insult her, she would not put her husband's life in danger on account of another person's faults, and that she would preserve the secret of an event which it was equally the interest of the guilty parties—Odoacre and Angelina—to keep from publicity.

With this resolve she returned home, not to meet her husband, but M. Fafiaux, who had suddenly arrived and installed himself in the hôtel.

It was with difficulty that Valentine so far recovered herself as to stammer out:

"Oh, dear uncle, what an agreeable surprise!"

The dear uncle coughed, opened his hands, and delivered himself of the first words of an exordium which he had prepared:

"Is it thus, then, that I find you, after sixteen months of marriage? my sister's daughter, my tenderly brought-up and adopted child, the soul which I took so much care in imbuing with all Christian virtues, has in so short a time wandered to the borders of such a precipice!"

"But, uncle dear!"

"Of what avail the pious teachings of the holy house in which your childhood was passed?" persevered the old man, whilst Valentine, half terrified, still under the influence of conflicting emotions, and unprepared for additional trials, could only murmur,

"In mercy explain yourself!"

Great was her relief when, after torturing her by saying that he knew all—that she was a degraded Magdalen, a heartless coquette, and a sinner of the lowest grade—the grand accusation in reserve turned out to be that she had not kept her Lent! So great, indeed, was her relief, that she actually wept with joy. She admitted the truth of the accusation, acknowledged that her faith had been dulled by the noise and dissipation of the "world," and promised to reform. To avoid Odoacre de Bourgalys she would willingly have gone for six months to a convent, but her uncle only demanded that she should be less intimate with the Haut-Monts and the Lanroses, and that she would cultivate the friendship of certain serious persons respected for their virtues. To this effect he introduced her to a number of "bons pères," among whom were two or three really distinguished men. She learned the existence of a new world to her, and which was utterly distinct from the Church, properly so called, for M. Fafiaux did not know the name of a single curé in Paris. He spoke of the secular clergy as of an inferior element good for the people, but his esteem lay with the communities. The pretty neophyte also learned that, thanks to the institution of the "tiers ordres," she could pronounce quasi-monastic vows without ceasing to be the wife of her husband. She allowed herself to be affiliated into a congregation in which many great lies were registered with herself. She signed papers, received brevet, and was gratified with secret medals and mystic rings, which could be worn as jewellery even at a ball. The change in her life that followed on these new avocations may be imagined. She became indifferent toivolous amusements, neglectful of her household duties, and almost a ranger to her husband. She would have given up balls and opera, but a director, Père Gaumiche, insisted upon her not doing so. It did not

suit the tactics of the fathers of St. Christopher that their neophytes should go to extremes. This would have entailed a public rebellion on the part of fathers, husbands, or brothers, and have thwarted them in their intrigues. But Valentine was among the most zealous of their disciples. Instead of going to weekly conferences, she held devotional meetings at her own hôtel. M. de Mably did not take umbrage at this conversion. He had several reasons for abstaining from so doing. He did not wish to act against M. Fafiaux's recommendations; the new life was less expensive and fatiguing than the one he had hitherto led; he thought within himself that the change had been too rapid to last long. No offspring had blessed their union, and he admitted that Valentine must have some amusement; her devotional and charitable pursuits left him more time for his club and for the pavé, and, must we admit it (but we have alluded, in the previous sketch of M. About's portraits of "French Aristocracy," to a former attachment that existed between Gontran and Eliane de Batejins, now Marchioness of Lanrose), by one of those strange perversities of human nature that appear almost unaccountable, the Count of Mably, who was wedded to a young, pretty, innocent, and loving wife, had actually got to neglect her for the society of her brilliant, haughty, but much less pure and amiable rival. Notwithstanding the recommendations of M. Fafiaux, Valentine also kept up friendly relations with Eliane. An accidental circumstance came to cement these relations. The countess had exchanged her blue scapulary for one that was pink and white; from a neophyte she had come to preside over the conferences of those affiliated to the order of St. Christopher; the Marchioness of Lanrose held the same position amongst the ladies affiliated to the order of Saint Joseph. One fine day it was discovered that the parties benefited and relieved by the two societies were actually the same! After a brief time of consternation and perplexity, Father Gaumiche proposed that the two societies should work together without being confounded, and thus it was that Valentine and Eliane were once more thrown intimately together—but this time engaged in works of beneficence.

Matters were in this state, when one fine day our old friend Count Lambert de Saint-Genin, the affianced of Valentine, dropped at the Hôtel Mably as if from the skies, with hunting-coat, plaid trousers of a large pattern, flexible wide-awake, an alarming waistcoat, and an extensive scrubby beard. He only wanted his dog Mirza and his gun to have constituted the beau-ideal of a French aristocratic country sportsman. His style and language were in keeping with his appearance. Monsieur and Madame de Mably were in horrors, but they could not repudiate one to whom both were so deeply indebted. There were also family ties to be considered, and, after all, Lambert was a good-hearted, generous fellow, and they soon made up their minds to take him in hand, dress him, polish him up, and make him presentable—a task in which they were ably assisted by Odoacre de Bourgalys, to whose good services Gontran especially appealed under these trying circumstances. Lambert, on his side, learned his lessons in simplicity of heart, and with rural submission. Nay, so far did his transformation proceed, that a certain Mademoiselle Angélique Cerceau, better known at Lyons under the pseudonym of Florence, and whom he had brought to Paris with hopes

of high artistic preferment, appeared to him in the light of something utterly unrepresentable. The friend of Bourgalys, and the cousin of Lanrose and Mably, actually asked himself if his mistress had not been transformed in the journey. Sensitive of ridicule, he hastened to reconquer his liberty by certain pecuniary sacrifices, which, paid according to the provincial tariff, were not so exorbitant as if the tie had been incurred at Paris.

Another feeling, in addition to that lively sense of the ridiculous which is innate in every Frenchman, actuated Lambert in this proceeding, as well as in hastening his own reformation. Valentine appeared to him even more beautiful than she had done at the Balme; she was, indeed, at that epoch, in the plenitude of her charms, and although her vivacity of old was now tempered by her devotional exercises, Lambert could no more prevent or conceal the respectful admiration in which he held her, than he could divest himself of an inward conviction that Gontran did not estimate the extent of the concession he had made to him at its true value, or that he did all that he ought to do to ensure her happiness.

One day Valentine went out, much against her inclination, to pay a round of visits. The Countess Adhémar, whom she had not seen for a fortnight, was included in the list. She found her in a state of great excitement, and her house in disorder, the rooms, nay, even to the passages, full of boxes and packages; she was, in fact, about to start for the seaside. Carville—a spot which had just received the approbation of the fashionable world, as sufficiently select and exclusive—was, as she explained it to Madame de Mably, her immediate destination. Everybody was going there—that is to say, of their set. The countess had taken a “chalet” large enough to entertain a few friends. Adhémar was too much engrossed with his African colony to do more than run down once a week. Would Valentine go? She had plenty of room for her, and she almost exhausted herself in expatiating upon the pleasures of the seaside, the delights of freedom from restraint and conventionalities—the baths and the pic-nics. Valentine smiled a negative, but she went home contrasting, somewhat painfully in her own mind, the indifference of her husband and the austerities of her set with the tempting enjoyments held out by a brief vacation at Carville.

An overt and aggravating act of neglect on the part of Gontran, on her return home, brought on a crisis. Valentine resolved to profit by the invitation of Yolande, Countess Adhémar of Lanrose, and have her vacations. Gontran, who at that moment was more than ever involved in his intrigue with Eliane, rather encouraged than opposed the project; as to Count Adhémar, he was intrigued in a different manner, by news of a certain M. Mouton, of Lyons (apparently the ubiquitous M. Fafaux through a representative), who had been purchasing property in Humbé, winning the affections of the negro monarch by abundant potatoes of the liquor of Mont Thabor, and, worse than all, had put himself under English protection.

Mesdames de Lanrose and de Mably were accompanied on their visit to Carville by Lambert, Count of St. Genin, and Odoacre de Bourgalys. it appears to be a peculiarity in Parisian fashionable society, that there are always some persons to appreciate those charms in other men's wives which are lost upon their husbands. The honest, simple-hearted Lambert

had further satisfied himself that Valentine was not only not appreciated, but was cruelly neglected, ill treated, and abandoned, if not betrayed. His loyalty to Gontran would not have permitted an evil thought of superseding him in the affections of his wife to have entered his mind for a moment, but his old love for Valentine had never been eradicated, and he felt it a comfort to be with her, to console her, and to dance attendance upon her in her isolation and affliction. As to the boisterous Odoacre, his impertinences had been so long tolerated that it would be deviating from historical truth to say that he had ceased to hope.

The arrival of the two young countesses, their cavaliers and attendants, at a small sea-side place like Carville, excited no small sensation. It was who should be first to call upon them, make offers of services, and conciliate their intimacy. Valentine especially met with wondrous success; but as the guest of Yolande, who even provided her with her riding-horse, she could not help feeling she was looked upon as the protégée—if not the *poupée*—of Madame Adhémar, and this feeling was still further exasperated by the tone of amiable protection and condescending affection which the one adopted towards the other. It was a secondary position which Valentine did not feel at all suitable to her pretensions; her rank and wealth were quite equal to those of Yolande, while youth and beauty were in her favour! If she rose from the people, her family was, at all events, better than Mademoiselle Gilot's, and the Count de Mably was unquestionably a man of better repute than the great promoter of limited liability companies—M. Adhémar de Lanrose. The result of these envious susceptibilities was to beget in Valentine a spirit of resistance to the assumed superiority of Yolande, which gradually grew up into open hostilities—hostilities declared in dress, in manners, in horsemanship, in bathing, and most especially in who should attract the greater number of admirers. Yolande swam well, or, as of the feminine world, it would be more correct to say, that she floated well; but of Valentine, who had all accomplishments, we are told that “she appeared to the eyes of the spectators on the shore like a divinity of the water. She played about after the fashion of Sirens—at one moment laying on the frothy wave as if on a pillow, at another swimming upright, half her body above the water. Her drapery modelled itself divinely, and she looked like a statue of black marble with a white head—just such as the Romans have depicted.”

The rivalry was amusing, if it was not precisely of that kind which, however fashionable, can be represented as in every respect exemplary. An abyss lay between the convent of the Sacred Heart at Lyons and the “insolent shores” of Carville, but “the modesty of the sex,” we are told, “humanises itself by degrees.” Trees do not flourish at Carville, but scandal, on the other hand, propagates itself there with wondrous rapidity. It is impossible, without having resided at one of these little fashionable resorts, to conceive how much idleness and crowding can embitter the feelings of three or four hundred ladies thrown together at every moment, and in the pursuit of the same “pleasures.” The rivalry of Yolande and Valentine gradually developed itself to open expressions and taunts of a more or less indecisive character, but not the less pungent. The victory in these little duels remained as in other matters—riding, walking, dancing, or bathing—with Valentine.

An unexpected incident came, however, to humiliate the young Countess of Mably at the moment of her greatest triumphs. The rivalry of the two beauties had cumulated to that extent, that Yolande had sulked and pretended illness, and Valentine had taken refuge in the "châlet" of the Duchess of Haut-Mont. Thus placed apart, the rivals no longer tempered their hostilities with forbearance—the combat became open and public. Yolande gave brilliant soirées; Valentine, to revenge herself, got up *cavalcades*, *pic-nics*, and excursions at sea, in which she always managed to be accompanied by the *élite* of the society of Carville. But a change had come over Odoacre de Bourgalys. Hope deferred, it has long ago been remarked, makes the heart sick, and so it was with this arbiter of elegance and prince of the "*jeunesse dorée*" at Carville. Piqued with the idea that he should be perpetually dancing attendance upon the young beauty he admired so much, that every morning he should have to ask, "Where are we going to to-day?" and every afternoon, "What shall we do this evening?" without making a step in advance, he resolved to try what might be accomplished by other tactics. He fancied that, as with other coquettes, something might be done by suddenly turning the back upon one whose favours he had so long and so assiduously courted. He attached himself so closely to Madame de Lanrose, as even to give origin to a new scandal. Valentine could not understand this defection. "Was she abandoned," she asked herself, "because she was virtuous? And was it because she was virtuous, that she must be a silent spectator of Yolande's successes?" Lambert alone stood by her, and "tore the hair from his head in her presence." "What is the matter with them?" he would exclaim. "What poisonous grass have they trod upon? You have done nothing to them, cousin, and yet there you are, upon my word of honour, shunned like an infected sheep!"

The Countess of Mably decided upon playing high stakes. Circumstances had led her to determine upon forthwith returning home. She heard but seldom from her husband, and when she complained of his not coming to see her at the sea-side, his excuse was that a crisis in the African investment detained him. Affairs in Humbé were becoming more and more complicated. These letters had been read at the *Etablissement des Bains*, in the presence of all—the Duchess of Haut-Mont, Yolande, Odoacre, and Lambert included. But in the mean time Adhémar had arrived upon a visit to his wife, and in reply to Valentine's anxious inquiries, declared that he had scarcely ever met Gontran, that affairs could not be more prosperous and promising than in the vicinity of Senegal, and that there must be a mystification—an announcement which filled Yolande's bosom with all the bitter delights of a real triumph over her rival.

"I will go," said Valentine to Lambert, on the occasion of this signal defeat; "but before I go I will have my revenge, and it shall be a brilliant one. I am resolved that, if only for one day, all Carville, its puppies and its coquettes, M. de Bourgalys at the head of them, shall declare themselves publicly against her and for me!"

To carry out this daring project with success, it was necessary that Odoacre de Bourgalys should be won over at any cost. As to Lambert, he was willing to aid and abet, but to carry away all Carville from Madame de Lanrose by a *coup-de-main* was a thing altogether beyond

his limited faculties of comprehension. Madame de Mably, on her side, did not hesitate. She resolved upon a pic-nic to the Abbey of Lampigny, in Bourgalys's yacht, the said pic-nic to conclude with an illumination of the ruins and a return by torchlight. All Carville should be there. The only thing wanting was the co-operation of Bourgalys. Madame Lanrose had arranged a concert for the same evening. Odoacre sent word by Lambert that his yacht was at the countess's orders, but a previous engagement prevented his being one of the party. Bourgalys not being of the pic-nic, no one else would go. Driven to extremities, Valentine made an appointment to meet Odoacre the same evening. She was resolved to win him over at any cost. But the thing went further than she had calculated upon. Feigning illness, she remained away from the concert, much to Lambert's annoyance. Odoacre, on his side, went to the concert, but managed to slip away, as he thought unobserved, briefly afterwards. The two met, and Valentine reproached her admirer with his defection, and with abandoning her for Yolande. Her object was simply to win him over to the pic-nic, to ensure the triumph of a day. But the enterprising Bourgalys mistook the countess's meaning, and sought to convert it into a triumph of the night. In the ardour awakened by Valentine's condescension, he threw himself on his knees and seized her hand. For the first time Madame de Mably felt the full extent of her imprudence. She turned pale, and raising herself to her full height held out the palms of her hands to her assailant. At that very moment the door was impetuously thrown open, and Lambert, who had seen Odoacre leave the concert-room, entered abruptly. A fearful scene ensued. The Count de St. Genin seized Bourgalys by the throat, and hurrying him towards the balcony, ejected him into the street. Madame de Mably sank into an easy-chair, apparently lifeless. The duchess was sent for from the concert. The news spread all over Carville in less than ten minutes.

Next morning Madame de Mably, after a night of delirium, came to herself in the arms of M. Fafiaux. Her first words were:

"Oh! what vacations!"

And the second: "Ah! those Lanroses!"

M. Fafiaux bent over her with unction, and said:

"If the Lanroses have endeavoured to compromise you and sully your character, my poor child, you can console yourself! Heaven has punished them both, the father in his honour, the son in his money."

By which we suppose we are to understand—that which will no doubt be developed in a further volume—that the Count of Mably had not been losing his time with Eliane, and that some catastrophe had befallen the African kingdom of Humbé.



## OUR FIRST PRIZE.

## A YARN.

AWAY on her course, before a strong north-easterly breeze, flew her Majesty's brig *Gadfly*. Every stitch of canvas she could carry was set, each sail was well trimmed, each brace hauled taut, and it might have been supposed that we were eager to reach some port where friends and pleasure awaited us. But it was far otherwise; we were quitting England and our home, that spot which contains all a seaman holds most dear, and were bound for a land of pestilence and death, the little delectable coast of Africa, to be employed for the next three years in chasing, capturing, or destroying to the best of our power and ability all vessels engaged in the traffic of human flesh. We touched at the Azores, and reached Sierra Leone, the chief port on that station, without meeting with any adventure worth relating. We remained there a week to wood and water, to perform which operations we shipped a dozen stout Kroomen. These people come from a province south of Sierra Leone, and are employed on board all vessels on that coast to perform such occupations as would too much expose Europeans to the heat of the sun. They are an energetic, brave, lively set of fellows, and very trustworthy — indeed, I do not know how we should have got on without them. They work very hard, and when they have saved money enough to buy themselves one or more wives, according to their tastes, they return to their own country to live in ease and dignity. As they generally assume either the names of the officers with whom they have served, or of some reigning prince or hero of antiquity, it is extraordinary what a number of retired commanders and lieutenants, not to speak of higher dignitaries, are to be found in Krooland. Sierra Leone has been so often described, that I will not attempt to draw a picture of its romantic though deceitful beauties. Its blue sky and calm waters, its verdant groves and majestic mountains, its graceful villas and flowering shrubs, put one in mind of a lovely woman who employs her charms to beguile and destroy those who confide in her.

On turning to my log, I find that on the —, at dawn, we unmoored ship, and under all plain sail ran out of the river of Sierra Leone. As soon as we were clear of the land we shaped a course for the mouth of the Sherbro River, a locality notorious for its numerous slave depôts. On our way thither we chased several sail, but some of them got off altogether, and others proved to be either British cruisers, foreign men-of-war, or honest traders, so that not a capture of any sort or kind did we make. It was for no want of vigilance, however, on our part; early and late, at noon and at night, I was at the mast-head on the look-out 'r sails. I knew that, if I did not set a good example of watchfulness, there would be careless, for I held the responsible post, with all the honour and glory attached to it, of first lieutenant of the *Gadfly*.

"Mr. Rawson," said the captain one day to me, in a good-natured way, as I was walking the quarter-deck with him, "you will wear yourself out by your never-ceasing anxiety in looking out for slavers. There may be some, but my opinion is that they are a great deal too sharp-

sighted to let us catch them in the brig. We may chance to get alongside one now and then in the boats and up the rivers, but out here it's in vain to look for them."

He was new to the coast, and the climate had already impaired his usual energy.

"Never fear, sir," I answered; "we may have a chance as well as others, and at all events it shall not be said that we did not get hold of any slavers for want of looking for them."

The next day we made the land about the mouth of the Sherbro River, and had to beat up against as oppressive a wind as I ever recollect experiencing. One is apt to fancy that the sky and water in that climate must always be blue. Now, and on many other occasions, instead of there being any cerulean tints in any direction, the sky was of a dirty copper tinge—or rather such as is seen spread out like a canopy over London on a calm damp day in November—while the sea, which rolled along in vast and sluggish undulations, looked as if it was formed of sheets of lead of the same hue. Looking astern, one almost expected to see the wake we ploughed up remaining indelible as on a hard substance. Over the land hung a mist of the same brownish-yellow hue, hiding everything but the faint outline of the coast.

"This is what I call a right-down regular Harmatten," said the master, who, like me, had been before in that delectable clime. The rest of the officers were new to it. "It will put the purser's whiskers in curl if he gives them a turn round with a marlin-spike. Don't you smell the earthy flavour of the sands of Africa?"

"By Jove! I think I do," said Jenkins, the second lieutenant, one of a group who were collected on the weather side of the quarter-deck. "I can distinguish the lions' and boa-constrictors' breath in it, too, if I'm not mistaken. Not much of Araby's spicy gales here, at all events."

"Blue skies, and verdant groves, and spicy gales, sound very pretty in poetry, but devilish little of them do we get in reality," said the master. "And when there is a blue sky there's such a confounded hot sun peeps out of it, that one feels as if all the marrow in one's bones was being dried up. But this won't last long. We shall have a change soon."

"Glad you think so," observed Jenkins; "I'm tired of this already."

"I didn't say the change would be for the better," answered the master. "We may have a black squall come roaring up from off the land, and take our topsails out of the bolt ropes, or our topmasts over the side, before we know where we are, if you don't keep a bright look-out for it; and we shall have the rainy season beginning in earnest directly, and then look out for wet jackets."

"A pleasant prospect you give us, Smith," said I. "I wish I could draw a better, but my experience won't let me differ from you."

The fog and the heat continued, and the wind, which put one in mind of the blast of a furnace, was equally steady, so that we slowly beat up till we got close in shore. It was dark when we made our approach to the mouth of the Sherbro, and when we were off it we furled everything and let the vessel go where she might, in the hopes that should there be a slaver inside ready to sail, she might take the opportunity of running out while the land-wind lasted, and not seeing us, might fall into our clutches. Every light was doused on board, and the bells were even not

allowed to be struck. There we lay like a log on the water, or, as Jenkins said, like a boa-constrictor ready to spring on its prey. Besides the regular look-outs we had plenty of volunteer eyes peering into the darkness, in hopes of distinguishing an unsuspecting slaver. We of course kept the lead at the bottom to mark the direction we were driving, but we did not move much, as the send of the sea on shore was counteracted by the wind blowing off it. Everybody made sure of having a prize before morning. Jenkins said he was certain of having one, and the master was very sanguine. The first watch passed away, and nothing appeared, but neither of them would go below.

"I think we must have driven too much to the southward," said Jenkins to the master, growing impatient. "The written orders for the night are to hold our position. Don't you think we had better make sail back again?"

"What! and show our whereabouts to the slaver, if there is one?" answered the master. "Besides, we haven't driven the sixteenth of a mile, except off shore; and there isn't much odds about that. Hark! did not you hear some cries coming from in-shore of us?"

We listened, but if sounds there were, they were not repeated; and as Jenkins had the middle watch, I turned in, desiring to be called if anything occurred. I was on deck again just as the light of day was struggling into existence through the heavy canopy which hung over us, and as the sun, which must have been rising in the heavens, got higher, so the mass of vapour over the land increased in denseness and depth. At first it hung just above the mangrove-bushes, and we could see the tops of a few lofty palm-trees on shore, and some distant mountains popping their heads above it; but by degrees they and the whole scene before us were immersed in it.

The people's breakfast was just over when the captain came on deck.

"No success, Mr. Rawson, last night," said he. "We'll try my plan, now. I'm convinced that there must be slavers up that river, so we'll send the cutter and pinnace up to look after them. Desire Mr. Jenkins to be prepared to take command of them, and let Mr. Johnston go also."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered. "Shall I get the boats ready, sir?"

"Yes, you may, at once," was the answer.

And the boats' crews were soon busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements for their departure. With three cheers from the ship, away they pulled towards the mouth of the Sherbro. We watched them anxiously; for although the wind was off shore, the swell which rolled in threw up a heavy surf on the bar, which at times makes the entrance to that river very dangerous. There was, however, every probability of Jenkins finding a smooth place to get across, and if not he was ordered to return.

The crews gave way with a will, and the boats flew across the dark, low, heaving undulations, now on the summit of one of the leaden rises, and now lost to view from the deck. At last they reached the irregular line of white foam, which danced up glittering and distinct against the dark mass of land and fog beyond. Into it they seemed to plunge, and we saw no more of them, for the wall of breakers and the height of the swell entirely shut out all view beyond. With hearty wishes for the safety of our shipmates, we hoisted the topsails and ran off the land.

When we had run some eight or ten miles by the log, it came on a

dead calm, and there we lay, rolling and tumbling about, as the master said, like a crab in a saucepan, without being able to help ourselves. At length it cleared up a little in the north-west, and a line of whitish sky was seen under the copper. The line increased in size and blueness, till our topsails were filled with a fine strong breeze from that quarter. The brig was then kept away, in order to run down to the southernmost extremity of our station.

I had just gone aloft to have a look round, when my eye fell on a sail broad on our starboard bow, which, from the size of her royals, just appearing above the horizon, I judged to be a large square-rigged vessel. I descended to the cabin to inform the captain, and to ask leave to make sail in chase.

"What, another of your phantom slavers, Rawson?" he answered, laughing. "Make sail, by all means; but I'm afraid we shall not be much the wiser."

Hauling up a little, I soon had every stitch of canvas on the brig which she could carry, with starboard fore-topmast studding-sails. We drew rapidly on the chase, and in half an hour could see nearly down to her topsails. The breeze freshened, and we went through the water in earnest.

"A thumping brig; there's no doubt about it," said the master. "Observe the rakish cut of her sails; one can almost smell the niggers on board her."

"She's carrying on, too, as if she was in a hurry to get away from us," I remarked.

"So she is," said the captain, coming on deck. "But it strikes me that those slave-dealers generally send faster craft to sea than she appears to be. It's only some of your wise governments who don't care about the slavers being caught who send out slow coaches, which are fit for nothing but carrying timber."

"Then why should she be in such a hurry?" I observed.

"A sail right ahead!" sang out the man at the mast-head.

"Because she's in chase of something else," remarked the captain, laughing. "Hand me the glass. I thought so. What do you make out of that ensign which has just blown out at her peak?"

I took a look through the telescope.

"A Yankee brig, sir," I exclaimed, in a tone of vexation. "I should not wonder but what she is an American man-of-war, after all."

Well, though it must be owned that the Yankees can build fine and fast ships when they wish to do so, and want them to go along, I must say that the chase sailed as badly as any ship-of-war I ever met. We came up with her hand-over-hand, and we were soon sufficiently near to exchange signals, when we made out that she was the United States brig-of-war the *Grampus*, in chase of a suspicious-looking craft to the southward.

Exchanging a few courteous expressions with the American captain, who stood on the weather side of the poop eyeing us with a look of envy, we passed rapidly by him.

"If you make you stranger a prize, I think we ought to go shares," he said, laughing. "We sighted her first."

"You shall have the whole of her if you overhaul her first," answered our captain.

"Then I calculate we may as well give in, for your legs are a tarnation deal longer than ours, it seems."

The sun, which now shone forth for a brief space, glittered on the bright copper of the brig as she lifted to the send of the sea, and the foam flew over her bows and washed fore and aft along her dingy sides as she tore through the water; but it would not do, the little *Gadfly* laughed her to scorn, and, as we headed her, seemed impudently to kick up her heels at her in contempt at her slow ways. We were not long in coming up with the chase, nor in making out by the cut of her canvas, her short yards, and heavy-looking hull, that she was no slaver. As soon as we fired a gun, and hoisted our ensign and pennant, she hove to, and on sending a boat on board we found that she was the *Mary Jane*, of Bristol, a steady-going old African trader. She had been carrying sail, both because she was on her right course, and because she could not tell but what the *Grampus* might be a slaver or pirate, anxious to over-haul her.

The master, who was a very civil old fellow, came on board, and gave us some valuable suggestions. He had witnessed some of the horrors of the middle passage, and was a strong advocate for the abolition of the slave-trade.

"Africa will never improve while it exists, and it will exist as long as people find it profitable, and the governments of the world either encourage it or only take half measures to abolish it. I am sorry to own, too, that people nearer home gain too much by it to withstand the temptation of assisting those engaged in it, and I know for certain that many English merchants have account-currents with slave-dealers, and send their vessels out here full of goods expressly for them."

I afterwards found that what he said was perfectly true. After taking some luncheon with us, he tumbled into his boat and stood on his course, while we hauled our wind to return to the northward.

"We have not made our first prize yet, Rawson," said the captain, as I took dinner with him in his cabin that day.

"No, sir; but I hope we soon shall," I replied. "Better luck next time!"

As chance would have it, just after sunset we again fell in with the *Grampus*, and passed close to her.

"You didn't find many woolly heads on board that 'ere craft, I calculate?" said a voice from the main rigging, followed by a loud laugh from several persons.

"No," I answered, indignantly, thinking of the conversation with the master of the *Mary Jane*. "But there's a time coming when your people will bitterly regret that woolly heads or slavery exists in your country, and will wish that you long ago had done your best to abolish it. Good night, gentlemen!"

There was no answer, and we rapidly flew by each other.

For two or three days we cruised about as unsuccessful as before, the ether continuing fine; but the sky giving indubitable signs of the approach of the stormy and rainy season, we beat back along shore to pick our boats. The wind had been veering about for some time, and at length seemed to have made up its mind to enjoy a stiffish blow out of south-west. This, of course, would have kicked up a considerable f on the bar, and as Jenkins had orders, as soon as he saw signs of

such being the case, to come out and look out for us, we were in hourly expectation of falling in with the boats. We had, however, seen nothing of them, though we kept a very sharp look out, and had almost got up to the mouth of the river, when, in the afternoon watch, I bethought me that by way of a change I would go aloft, and try if a fresh pair of eyes would see farther than those of the man stationed there. I had been up about five minutes, when my eye fell on the white canvas of a largish vessel standing along shore under easy sail. She had a most suspicious look; indeed, I felt convinced that she, at all events, was a slaver. I was on deck in an instant, and, hurrying into the captain's cabin with a look of triumph, though I tried to be perfectly calm and unconcerned, I uttered the words, "A sail on the lee beam!"

"Very well, Mr. Rawson. What does she look like?" said the captain.

"She's a large topsail schooner, sir, and she's without doubt a slaver," I answered quite calmly, as a matter of course.

"What, another of your slavers?" he answered. "I'm afraid they'll all turn out Flying Dutchmen."

"Not this time, sir, I'm certain," I replied. "Shall we make sail in chase?"

"Oh, certainly—certainly!" he replied. "I'll be on deck immediately myself."

I flew on deck, and, without waiting for him, sang out, in a cheery voice, to the boatswain, "Turn the hands up! Make sail!" The pipe sounded along the decks with a shriller sound than usual, I thought, and the news that a suspicious sail was in sight having already travelled below, the men were all ready, and flew aloft before the last sound of the order was given. The gear of the courses was overhauled whilst the topgallant-sails and royals were being loosed, and in a few seconds all plain sail was made on the brig. The stranger, who had not apparently before seen us, was not long in following our example. He set his foresail, topgallant-sail, and royal, gaff-topsail and flying-jib, in addition to the canvas he had been before carrying, and, putting down his helm, stood off shore on a bowline, with the intention of crossing our bows. The reason of his doing this was that to the northward a long and dangerous reef ran off from the shore, so that he had no other means of escape. We had him, indeed, partly embayed, and yet, if he was able to carry on, it was clear that he might still manage to get out ahead of us. The *Gadfly* sailed well, and carried her canvas admirably, but so did the stranger, and, by the way, every sail on board her was set; it was evident he was in earnest in doing his best to weather on us.

"What do you think of that fellow now, sir?" I said, as the captain came on deck. "There's no mistaking what she is."

"By Jove! Rawson, I think you are right this time, at all events," was the answer. "Stand by the royals, though. We must not carry the masts over the side; and she will go along as fast without them."

I saw it was time, indeed, to take in our lighter canvas, for, as we were obliged to haul more up, the masts were bending like whips, and the green seas came washing in bodily to leeward, while the spray flew in sheets over our weather bulwarks. The day wore on, and evening was fast approaching, with every prospect of a dirty night; the wind was increasing, and dark masses of clouds came rolling up from the south-west,

and flying over in the opposite quarter, though as they came on faster than they disappeared, the sky overhead soon got pretty full of them. The stranger, meantime, was carrying on in gallant style—not an inch of anything did he slack. He seemed to think that it was neck or nothing with him. It must be understood that while his course was about west, and that nothing off that could he venture to go, we were able to keep rather more away. There was no chance, however, of our getting him under our guns before dark, when he, of course, would do his best to double on us. It was an exciting time, and even the most apathetic on board would not go below. We were longing to get near enough to give her a shot or two with any probability of hitting her. All this time the sea was getting up, and as she was evidently a sharp, shallow vessel, this much impeded her progress. Instead of, as when we first saw her, gliding gently through the waves, or putting them gracefully aside with her bows, she now rose and fell as they passed under her, and hammered away at them as she strove to make her onward progress.

We caught one bright gleam of the sun on her copper as she lifted on the top of a wave, just as the glowing orb of day sank into the water, and in a few minutes darkness would cover the face of the deep. Now was to come the tug of war, or rather, the trial of our patience. The moon had not yet risen, although it soon would, but, in the mean time, she might tack and stand away to the southward, or she might pass ahead of us.

"Try her with a shot, Mr. Rawson," said the captain. "If we could hull her, the fellow would heave to."

"I would prefer knocking away some of her wings, and thus secure her, rather than trust to such slippery gentry," I thought, as I elevated one of the lee guns and fired.

The shot went over her or between her masts, for no damage was done. It showed, however, that she was within range.

"Have another slap at her," said the captain. "But I do not think there's much chance of hitting her with the sea we have on."

This time the gunner took aim, but with no better success. Another and another shot was fired with the same want of result, and nothing seemed in any way to daunt the chase. Darkness had now come on in earnest, and we could just distinguish the schooner's sails through the gloom. A number of sharp eyes were kept on her, though they at times almost lost sight of her, and the dark clouds which hung overhead, to increase our difficulties, every now and then sent down deluges of rain, which still more impeded our prospect. After some time the captain, who had been below, returned on deck.

"Whereabouts is the chase, Mr. Rawson?" he asked.

"Right away under the lee cat-head," I answered. "She was there a moment ago."

I looked again. She was nowhere to be seen. I flew to the binnacle; we had not in any way altered our course.

"Provoking enough," observed the captain, coolly. "But I thought you would be so."

I had nothing to say in return, but I did not despair of seeing her again.

"She must have tacked," said the captain, "and hopes to get away to her southward of us before the morning."

"I think not, sir," I answered. "I suspect he'll hold his course; for, when last seen, he was drawing near us, and he hopes to pass ahead of us in the dark; but if we can but get a gleam of moonlight to show us his whereabouts, we may yet clip his wings for him before he gets away from us."

Almost as I was speaking, the moon rose above the waters undimmed by a cloud, its pale light revealing the schooner just where I expected her to be. A cheer burst from the lips of many of the anxious watchers.

"Now or never is the time to knock some of her spars away!" I thought. "Shall we give her another shot, sir?" I asked of the captain.

"Yes; you may give her a broadside, Mr. Rawson, and slap it into the fellow's hull. He deserves no mercy at our hands. But stay; we might run the chance of killing some of the unfortunate blacks who may be below."

I went round to the guns, I elevated them as much as possible, and I told the captains to try and hit her masts. The order was given to fire as each gun could be brought to bear. No easy task, let me observe, for so much did the brig heel over, that the men in the waist were up to their middles nearly all the time in water. It was a night to try the mettle of fellows, and none could behave better than did ours. The wind howled and whistled as it rushed through the rigging, the waves roared and splashed as we dashed through them, and threw their white crests over us, the masts seemed to bend, and the hull to utter unusual groans of complaint as we tasked her powers to the utmost. Darkness was around us, an enemy at hand, and a dangerous shore under our lee; but all hands laughed and joked with the most perfect unconcern. Again the moon was obscured, and on we tore through the foamy waters. There was no use in firing, for no aim could then be taken. Once more the clouds cleared away, and the moonbeams shone on the hull and sails of the schooner with all her canvas set, just about to cross our fore foot.

"Now's your time, my men!" I sang out, as I sprang forward, luffing up at the same time, so as to get our broadside to bear on her.

The foremost gun was the first fired, followed by the others in succession. Nothing daunted, the fellow was holding on, his jib-halyards alone having been carried away, and the jib was slashing about under his bows.

"By Jupiter! he'll weather on us now, if we don't take care and slip away in the wind's eye," I exclaimed.

The captain thought so too; and again ordering me to fire right at her hull, a yaw was given, and gun after gun as they were brought to bear was poured into the slaver. The effects of the shot made her fly up into the wind. Several of her braces and halyards were cut away, and, she now nearly a wreck, we in a few minutes were close aboard her. "Hands, shorten sail." In three seconds her Majesty's brig was under topsails, hove-to alongside her prize.

"Mr. Rawson," said the captain, addressing me, "there will be some difficulty in boarding that vessel, and I wish that you would go in the gig and take possession of her. She is our first prize, remember, and it would not do to let her slip through our fingers."

"Ay, ay, sir. Gig's crew away, then!" I sung out, as I stepped to the binnacle to take the bearings of the schooner from us. Luckily I did so, for we could only then just distinguish her, and a dark mass of clouds



driving across the moon shut her out completely from our sight. "Bear a hand there, and lower away the gig!" I sung out, for I was anxious to shove off before the brig entirely lost her way through the water.

It was not particularly pleasant work in the heavy sea there was running, having to grope about in the dark for a craft manned probably by desperadoes, who would be too happy to cut one's throat if they had the opportunity. I had a brace of pistols, and a few cutlasses had been thrown into the boat. Thus prepared, we cast off, and the men bent bravely to their oars as the boat topped the heavy seas over which we had to pass. The brig showed a light for us to steer by, but the schooner was in no way so civil. On we pulled, however, in the hope of hitting her, but though we had gone over fully the distance I calculated she must have been from us, yet nothing of her could we see. I was almost in despair, and as while looking for her I could not attend carefully to the boat's steering, we shipped two or three heavy seas, which almost swamped her, and we had to bale them out as fast as we could. For some time the men lay on their oars, just keeping the boat's head to the seas while we looked round for the chase.

"She has gone! The rascal took the opportunity of the last shower to sneak off," I thought. "Pleasant. But patience; c'est la fortune de la guerre."

Disconsolate enough I was steering back for the faint glimmer of light which I believed proceeded from the lantern on board the *Gadfly*, when I fancied I heard the loud flapping of a sail near us. I looked earnestly into the darkness.

"There she is, sir," sung out the coxswain.

"You're right. Give way, my boys," I cried; and in a few minutes we were alongside the schooner.

Not a rope was thrown to us, nor was any assistance offered, so we had to scramble on board as best we could. It was fortunate that we met with no resistance, from which we afterwards found we had had a narrow escape, when all our lives would have been sacrificed. As we leaped down on board over the bulwarks we found only one man on deck, on the after-part of which he was walking by himself, evidently in a furious rage, by the manner in which he cursed and gesticulated. As the light of the lantern fell on his countenance, I thought I had never seen one with a more diabolical expression. He was a little man, slightly built, with dark, weather-beaten, and sharp features, excessively ugly. His eyes were small, but black as jet, and I fancied that I could see them twinkling even in the dark. The crew had all been sent below, but we soon roused them up, twenty in number; fierce, cut-throat-looking villains most of them were. The between-decks we found crowded with slaves, and afterwards, when we came to count them, there were three hundred men, women, and children, so closely packed that they could not lie down even to rest. They had suffered dreadfully during the chase, with the fright and heat, and on having the hatches battened down. Our first business was to shorten it, which we made the Spaniards and Portuguese who formed the crew aloft to do, and we then edged the schooner down to where the brig was, and lay-to close to her.

The master of the slaver, when at length he became convinced that there was no help for what had occurred, grew more calm, and he then told me that everything he had in the world was embarked on board that

craft, that he had set his canvas and made every sheet and tack fast, when, sending all his people below, the hatches being battened down, he himself had taken the helm, determined to weather us or to run his vessel under water.

"I should have escaped, too," he continued, "if your cursed shot had not carried away my topsails while all the hands were below. A quarter of an hour more, and you might have looked for me in vain."

I did not tell him how nearly we were missing him after all; indeed, I had enough to do to watch him and his crew, and to see that they did not play us any trick. All the men I confined in the fore peak, after securing all the arms I could find, while I allowed him to turn into his own berth, where he slept, or pretended to sleep. I never passed a more anxious night, what with the stench and the groans of the wretched slaves, and the risk of a crew of desperadoes rising on us. We kept, however, as close to the *Gadfly* as we could, and hailed every time the bell was struck, to say all was right. Towards the morning the wind moderated and the sea went down, and at daylight a prize crew came on board to set the schooner to rights. This we were not long in doing, as her damages were slight, and such as, had the slaver's people been more determined, they might without difficulty have repaired. There was by that time merely a light breeze, and as soon as we got the canvas on the schooner we found that we could sail round and round the brig, so that it was fortunate we had managed to wing her before the sea went down, or we should have had no chance with her.

While the slave captain was still asleep, and the rest of his crew were below, one of the fellows shoved his head up the fore hatchway, and asked to speak with me. I told him to come aft, and I recognised him as a Portuguese whom I had taken once before in the West Indies. With an affrighted look he glanced towards the round-house on deck, where the captain was sleeping, and motioned me to come as far from it as possible.

"I have run every risk, senhor, to come and warn you of danger, in the hope that you will be lenient to us," he began. "That man in there, senhor, is the very devil. Don't you recollect him? You took him in the *Andorinha*, off the Havannah. He was really her master, though he pretended to be the mate."

It had struck me from the first that I had seen the fellow's face before, but I could not recollect where.

"Yes, I remember him," I replied. "But what of that?"

"Why, senhor, you know what a desperate fellow he was then, and he has not altered. Even last night, when we rounded to to prevent your sinking us, he called us all aft, and asking us if we would stick by him, proposed heaving some shot into your gig as you came alongside, knocking you and your people on the head, and while your vessel was looking about to pick up the sinking boat, in the dark to try and slip away from you. He was in a furious rage when we would not consent. Some were afraid of the plan miscarrying, and of being caught notwithstanding, and hung for murder. Others were unwilling to kill you, as you never ill treat your prisoners, of which number pray rank me, and while he was still urging his project you jumped on board. You had a narrow escape though, senhor, for he was nearly pistolling you as you appeared, to set us the example."

So I felt, especially when I saw the diabolical-looking little villain soon after appear on deck. I promised the informer that I would not forget him, and would be on my guard, though I did not give him any credit for disinterested motives in mentioning what had occurred. I had no difficulty by daylight in recognising my friend the captain, nor shall I again forget his ugly mug in a hurry. He also saw that he was known, and had the impudence to claim me as an old acquaintance.

Everything being put to rights on board the schooner, I handed her over to a mate and the crew, who were to take her to Sierra Leone. Before leaving her, however, I had all the slaves up on deck, a third at a time, and had them washed and cleaned, as also the hold, as well as circumstances would allow. A great number of the poor wretches died before they reached their port, not on account of bad weather, or the length of the voyage, but from their having been a long time confined in the baracoons previously to their being embarked. The little captain and most of his crew, however, we sent on board the *Gadfly*, as it would not have been prudent to trust him in the schooner.

With a flowing sheet our first prize stood away for Sierra Leone, and three hearty cheers accompanied her on her course.

"We've not made a bad night's work of it, master," said I, as I sat down to breakfast with him.

"No," he answered, "if the prize ever reaches her port."

"Why should you think she will not?" I asked.

"It's better not to be too sanguine. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," was the reply.

"Too true an adage," I felt. "I'm sure I've found it so in my course through life."

We, meantime, stood in shore, to look for our boats. The night closed in without our meeting with them, till at length we became seriously alarmed for their safety. The next day, when just off the mouth of the Sherbro, two black objects were descried from the mast-head. We made towards them, and with no little satisfaction welcomed our shipmates on board. They had had hard work of it, with damp fogs or rain nearly half the time, and without having enjoyed any other shelter than such as the boats and a sail could afford. Poor Jenkins was ill with fever, as were several of the people, and they were for some time on the doctor's list. We now shaped a course for Sierra Leone, to assist in the condemnation of our prize. We found her arrived there safe enough, and having been taken with slaves on board, there was no doubt of her capture being legal. We were not sorry to get rid of the little slave captain and his crew. He kept up his character to the last, and I never met a man so energetic and daring in doing evil. Before we left we discovered that he was trying to induce some other slave captains and their crews to join with him in cutting out a condemned slaver which lay in the harbour, but it appeared that they considered the risk of the undertaking too great to attempt it. I formed afterwards several other similar projects, and was finally shipped off to the Havannah, as too dangerous a character to remain in colony.

We afterwards captured a number of slavers, but none of them afforded so much interest and gratification as the taking of our first prize.

## ABOUT EJUXRIA AND GOMBROON :

## GLIMPSES OF DAY-DREAMLAND.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

AT a very early period of the childhood of Hartley Coleridge, he imagined himself to foresee a time when, as his brother tells us, a small cataract would burst forth in the field next his—or rather his uncle Southey's—house; the stream thus created would soon have its banks thickly peopled; a region, a realm would arise; and the result would be an island-continent, to be called Ejuxria, with its own attendant isles—a new Australia, the history and geography of which were at one time as familiar, to say the least, to Hartley's younger brother and affectionate biographer, Mr. Derwent Coleridge, as any portion (he had almost, in his faith in Ejuxria, written it “any other portion”) of the habitable globe. The details have gradually faded from the survivor's memory, and, fitly enough, as he says, no written record remains (though an elaborate map of the country was once in existence), from which they can be recovered.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them. Whither have they vanished?—  
Into the air, and what seemed corporal melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Taken as a whole, the Ejuxrian world—this is Mr. Derwent Coleridge's account of it—presented a complete analogon to the world of fact, so far as it was known to Hartley, complete in all its parts; furnishing a theatre and scene of action, with *dramatis personæ*, and suitable machinery, in which, day after day, for the space of long years, he went on evolving the complicated drama of existence. “There were many nations, continental and insular, each with its separate history, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary, its forms of religion and government, and specific national character.” The names of Ejuxrian generals and statesmen were familiar in the biographer's ear as household words. He witnessed the jar of faction in his brother's realm, and had to trace the course of sedition. He lived to see changes of government, a great progress of public opinion, and a new order of things.

For Ejuxria, though a cloudland, was not merely a land of passing clouds; though a dreamland, it was not compact of dreams that are gone in a night. To the brothers, one of whom had created, and both of whom believed in it, it was for a large space of their childhood a continuing city. When at length, however, a sense of unreality was forced upon Hartley, and he “felt himself obliged to account for his knowledge of, and connexion with, this distant land,” like Mahomet and other self-asserting seers, he resorted to a preternatural medium, or consecrated agency, and got up a story, “borrowed from the Arabian Nights,” of a great bird, by which he was transported to and fro. “But he recurred to these explanations with great reluctance, and got rid of them as

quickly as possible." His brother once asked him how it was that his absence on these occasions was not observed; but Hartley was angry and mortified, and the sceptic never repeated the experiment. Hardly a sceptic, either; for by his own report the questioner was willingly beguiled. Hartley's usual mode of introducing the subject was—"Derwent, I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria." Then would come his budget of news, "with appropriate reflections, his words flowing on in an exhaustless stream, and his countenance bearing witness to the inspiration," so Mr. Derwent Coleridge inclines to call it, by which he was agitated. That he was utterly unconscious of invention, his brother is persuaded; and the latter believes that Hartley continued the habit mentally, from time to time, after he left school, and of course had no longer a confidant; "in this, as in many other ways, continuing a child;"\*—Nature preserving for him, by individual right,

A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.†

De Quincey too, in early childhood, had an Ejuxria, or imaginary kingdom of his own, to govern, the name he gave to which was Gombroon. And soon he found how uneasy lies the head that wears a crown; for his elder brother, not content with tyrannising over the counterpart dreamland himself had created, insisted on interfering with the internal economy of the realm aforesaid,—so that at every step Thomas had to contend for the honour and independence of his islanders. What though the world in question was purely ærial, where all the sufferings and the combats were absolutely moonshine?—to the child-creator of Gombroon, that dream-kingdom which had risen like a vapour from his own brain, was distressingly real, when thus the liberties of its denizens were imperilled. Hear him retrace his emotions at this juncture,—after mooted the suggestion that as the realm was purely the efflux of his fancy, surely by the simple fiat of his will it might be for ever dissolved, and his distresses at the same time be disposed of at once and for aye. "Ah! but no; I had contracted obligations to Gombroon; I had submitted my conscience to a yoke, and in secret truth my will had no such autocratic power. Long contemplation of a shadow, earnest study for the welfare of that shadow, sympathy with the wounded sensibilities of that shadow under accumulated wrongs, these bitter experiences, nursed by brooding thought, had gradually frozen that shadow into a rigour of reality far denser than the material realities of brass or granite." For Mr. de Quincey strenuously contends that to make a strife overwhelming by a thousand-fold to the feelings, it must not deal with great material interests, but such as rise into the world of dreams, and act upon the nerves through spiritual, and not through fleshly torments.‡ Great was his right to insist on this, so large a portion of whose life was spent in dream-world—not forgetting the dreams, now sublime, now appalling, at one time rapturous with ecstasy of bliss, at another hideous with loathsome horrors, of the English Opium-eater, as such. In the course of a life, it may be doubted whether anything was ever to him more in-

Memoir of Hartley Coleridge, pp. 41 sq.

Wordsworth, Lines to H. C.

See, *passim*, chapter ii. in the first volume of De Quincey's Autobiographic sketches: "Introduction to the World of Strife."

tensely real, more substantially and objectively true, than that exacting realm, of imagination all compact, the far-off island of Gombroon.

Little Maggie Tulliver, in "George Eliot's" masterly picture of child-life, when crossed in her dearest wishes, and so taught very early what a disappointing world this is of ours, could think of no comfort, we read, but to sit down by the holly, or wander by the hedgerow, and "fancy it was all different, refashioning her little world into just what she should like it to be.—Maggie's was a troublous life, and this was the form in which she took her opium."\* Poor Maggie works one listener at least, and that is Lucy Deane, into a delighted semi-belief in her stories about the live things they come upon by accident—how Mrs. Earwig had a wash at home, and one of her children had fallen into the hot copper, for which reason she was running so fast to fetch the doctor—*et cætera, et cætera, omniانا, ejusmodi*, figments of fancy such as pile up cloud-strata in the realms of Ejuxria and Gombroon.

Although truth is pronounced by Macaulay to be essential to poetry, it is, he maintains, the truth of madness: the reasonings are just, but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, he says, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. "Hence, of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality."† The author of "John Halifax," in one of her prose essays, remarks on the existence of many children of vivid imagination, who, even to themselves, can hardly distinguish between what they see and what they invent, and have to be taught, by hard and patient lessons, the difference between truth and falsehood. She proffers the instance of a little fellow she knew, scarcely past the lisping-age, who used day after day and week after week to relate to mother and nurse continuous biographies of his "brother William," and a certain "Crocus bold" (both equally fabulous characters); how he used to meet them on the sea-shore, and go for a sail with them—how the "Crocus bold" fell out of the boat, and "my brother William" jumped overboard, and fished him up again; and how they two lived together in a bay the child named—a real bay—and "sold lobsters," &c. &c. Amid all the laughter created by this story, told—Miss Mulock bears witness—with the gravest countenance by the young narrator, who was exceedingly displeased if you doubted his veracity for a moment—it produced an uneasy sensation, not unlike what one would feel in listening to a monomaniac, who tells you earnestly how he

Sees a face you cannot see,—

though perhaps it is, he avers, looking over your shoulder at this very time.§

\* The Mill on the Floss, ch. vi.

† Ibid., ch. x.

‡ Macaulay's Essay on Milton.

§ Or rather, perhaps, as the essayist further suggests, like "that curious bewilderment with which one hears the statement of a modern Spiritualist, probably in all respects but this a very sensible, rational person, who relates 'communications' as lengthy as they are ludicrous, from the invisible world, informs you,

Lily Floris, in Mr. Sala's story of "Quite Alone,"—being pent up in a Paris "pension" of the strictest, gloomiest type, resorts to that *dernier ressort* of cramped, cribbed childhood, the mental creation of a dream-world, wherein to live, and move, and have her being. In default, we read, of something tangible to love, she elected to build up a world of her own, and to people it with creatures of her own imagination, and to dwell among them, and love them very dearly. "Her world was totally at war with Mercator's projection. It was a very puerile Utopia, the most frivolous of Formosas, a highly babyish New Atlantis—a silly nonsensical world, if you like; but she believed firmly in it, and her devotion to its inhabitants was unbounded. If she were punished, somebody in the Ideal World came to comfort her, and to show her a clue to work her way out of the labyrinth of a tangled task. If she were unhappy, she was invited to festivals and pic-nics in the Imaginary Land."\* Any little broken ray of sunshine that had fallen on the child's pathway before she was immured in that dismal prison-house, was now worked up by her plastic imagination into the blaze of light that irradiated her Ejuxria or Gombroon.

The habit of "making out" interests for themselves, common enough in children who have none in actual life, is said to have been very strong in Charlotte Brontë. The whole family, according to one who knew them, used to "make out" histories, and invent characters and events.†

A surrounding atmosphere of unhappiness is apt to quicken and exalt this compensative tendency in the child's mind. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, in her autobiography, describes her mind, in early girlhood, as far off in Dreamland, while she seemed absorbed in prescribed studies,— "living in an ideal world, which I peopled according to my fancy, and where, in truth, I sought to indemnify myself for my unhappiness by an imaginative creation."‡ A previous chapter affords an example of Mary Anne Galton's figments of fancy in the home of her restless childhood. She had got hold of two skulls for "playthings" (save the mark! and bless the child!), and "in the day-dream," she writes, "in which I was so often wont to indulge, I constituted these two skulls into those of Anthony Babington, whom I supposed the noble defender of Mary, and John Polly, the mean betrayer of the whole plot to Elizabeth. I gradually attached a long history to each, beginning with their childhood, and imagining how, little by little, noble daring, and compassion, and self-devotion were nurtured in the one, and meanness, and selfishness, and the full-blown traitor's character were developed in the other."§ She even wrote, in two little books, the history she had affixed to each; a history which thus became to her most real.

and expects you to believe, that he has seen spirit-wreaths moved from head to head by spirit-hands, and felt soft, dead-cold fingers clasping his, under his respectable dining-table. You cannot deny these things without accusing good people of voluntary mendacity; you have, therefore, no resource but to set it all down to 'the force of imagination.'"—*Essay on the Age of Gold*. (Macmillan, '860.)

\* *Quite Alone*, ch. xxvi.

† "I told her sometimes they were like growing potatoes in a cellar. She said, sadly, 'Yes! I know we are.'"—*Life of C. Brontë*, ch. vi.

‡ *Autobiography of M. A. Schimmelpenninck*, vol. i. p. 279.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 159.

The two Italian peasant-children, Luigi and Teresa, in an episode of one of M. Dumas's voluminous romances, abandon themselves without restraint to the fancies prompted by their respective dispositions,—the boy expatiating in day-dreams of himself as a sea-captain, a general, and governor of a province,—the girl, as a *bella donna*, in lustrous attire, and surrounded by liveried servitors. They could not but believe that such things were, which were to them most dear. "Then, when they had passed the day forming castles in the air, they separated their flocks, and descended from the elevation of their dreams to the reality of their humble position."\*

There are Mr. Disraeli's little Lord Cadurcis and Venetia, again, who, wandering in the park, are said to have made there a little world for themselves, of which no one dreamed; for Venetia had poured forth all her Arcadian lore into her playmate's ear, and they acted together the adventures of romance, under the fond names of Musidorus and Philoclea. "Unwearied was the innocent sport of their virgin imaginations"—making *her* mother's place Arcadia, and *his* Macedon; while the intervening woods figured as the forests of Thessaly, and the breezy downs were the heights of Pindus. When it was time for his small lordship to be taken home, "they parted with an embrace in the woods of Thessaly, and Musidorus strolled home with a heavy heart to his Macedonian realm.—Parted from Venetia, the magic suddenly seemed to cease, and Musidorus was instantly transformed into the little Lord Cadurcis, exhausted by the unconscious efforts of his fancy,"† as well as depressed by the separation from his sweet companion, and shrinking from the unpoetical reception which at the best awaited him in his ungenial home,—the original of Plantagenet Lord Cadurcis being, as readers will scarcely need to be reminded, no other than George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron.

Sir Walter Scott, in his too-brief Autobiography, relates of his sister Anne, who died in early life,—his junior by about a year,—that she lived "in an ideal world which she had framed to herself by the force of imagination."‡ Of little Walter himself, in his invalid childhood, one of his old schoolfellows bears record that he used to interest them all by describing the "visions," as he called them, which he had lying alone on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill health. "Child as I was, I could not help being delighted with his description of the glories he had seen—his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance."§ Of Jane Taylor, not the least gifted of a gifted family, her brother Isaac observes, that it was evident to all who took note of her, that, even from her third or fourth year, the little girl inhabited a fairy-land, and was perpetually occupied with the imaginary interests of her teeming fancy.|| Mr. Sala relates how a little dead sister of his used to draw what the two called fairy-land on her slate. It might be, after all, but a vile childish scrawl, done over a half smeared-out game of oughts and crosses, with a morsel of slate-pencil: "Yet I and she believed in the fairy-land she drew. We could pluck the golden fruit on the boughs, and hear the silver-voiced birds, and see the fairy elves with their queen (drawn very possibly with a head like

\* Le Château d'If, ch. xxxiii.

† Life of Scott, ch. i.

|| Memoirs and Remains of Jane Taylor, vol. i. p. 5.

† Venetia, ch. viii.

§ Ibid., ch. iii.



a deformed oyster) dancing beneath the big round moon upon the yellow sands."\* A thoughtful essayist on Dante has remarked that only those who take the trouble to understand how the credulous faith of children in their own imaginings may be systematised with rigid metaphysical subtlety at a certain epoch of the human mind, can transport themselves back into the fairy-land of fancy and devotion. "Yet, without this knowledge, they must not hope to understand Dante."†

In the boyhood of Bernardin de St. Pierre has been recognised a power like that which made the infancy of Hartley Coleridge so remarkable, of living in a world, visionary and yet methodical, of his own. His imagination being stimulated by reading "Robinson Crusoe," he soon invented an island of his own; "but not content with the solitary existence of his model, he peopled it with the sort of persons that he thought he should like to live with. Already in this boyish fancy we see the germ of 'Paul and Virginia,' where the enchanted island that presents the scenery of the Isle of France is tenanted by persons who are life-like but impossible."‡

The elder Humboldt, in one of his letters to the most cherished of his correspondents, assures her that the power she possessed as a child, of creating phantasies of objects, whose existence she wished or expected, belonged to him also from his earliest infancy—"from my sixth year, I think." The habit seems to have been first excited in her by the longing for a friend, and the reading of *Clarissa*; but in him it was caused by no outward circumstance that he could remember. "The objects which passed through my mind in this manner were very numerous and various; but one has remained with me from the time of my childhood till now [1824], and will probably so remain until my death. If I lie awake at night, ride or walk alone, or at any time am unoccupied in my thoughts, this phantom of my childhood stalks before me, ever changing its form, but still ever the same."§ The philosophic Baron adds, that as this is an object unlike any of the figures which he meets in life, it disappears before the realities of a work-day world; but that whether it come or go, define itself or dislimn, he is ever heartily thankful for this power of peopling his thoughts.

Niebuhr in early boyhood conceived the idea of a kingdom (which he called Plattengland), drew maps of it, gave laws, declared war, and made peace. His father, the well-known traveller, Carsten Niebuhr, used to relate his travels to him; and young Barthold's eager imagination embodied his father's descriptions in animated figures. "By a power of transferring himself into those countries, he painted to himself the manner of life, and their local circumstances, agreeably to his own conception." In his later boyish days also, we read,|| he often lived in these dreams; and his castles in the air consisted of colonies which he planted in those parts, regulating them according to his own notions of ideal perfection.

A Westminster Reviewer of his *Life and Letters*¶ suggests that the

Dutch Pictures: Little Children.

*Sat. Rev.* viii. 226.

† Vide *ibid.*, vi. 85.

Letters to a Lady, by Wilhelm von Humboldt, No. xxxii.

In the *Life and Correspondence of Niebuhr*, as translated by Mr. G. V. Cox, A., Oxon. 1844.

|| As edited with characteristic Essays by Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Schell.

physical aspect of the country he was born and bred in, being "hideous," he "drew maps instead of pictures," and sought within the beauty and interest that were a-wanting without. This account of his constructive feats in the sphere of Ejuxria and Gombroon is added: "As a boy, Barthold Niebuhr had an imaginary kingdom of his own, called Low England, the wars, legislation, and universal interests of which he conducted with much energy and wisdom. It was a very real affair to him; and the old Greeks and Romans were, apparently, neither more nor less real."\* His faculty as an historian was probably rather fostered and enlivened than injured by early addiction to all this coinage of the brain.

Goethe and his mother were wonderfully *en rapport* in the construction of baseless fabrics which both virtually took for real. Great was her faculty for story-telling and story-making; and we have her own word for it, that, in the myths she conjured up for the delectation of her children, she was almost a more fervent believer than they. "I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable." There she sat, and there Wolfgang—the future creator of Faustus, and Gretchens, and Mignons—held her with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, the mother saw the angry veins swell on his temples, while he strove to repress his tears. "And when I made a pause," she says, "for the night, promising to continue the story next day, I was certain that he would in the mean while think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination." His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out, and as she repeated these to his mother, the latter turned the story according to these hints, and Wolfgang was all delight at the veritable fulfilment of his own conceptions,† in the reality of which he now therefore believed more distinctly than ever.

When Sir William Jones was a schoolboy at Harrow, he, together with Dr. Parr and Bishop Bennett (of Cloyne), his chiefest cronies there, indulged in a systematic construction of a quasi-Ejuxria or Gombroon. The three boys divided the fields near Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixing upon one as his own particular realm: wars were got up and got over, and the "young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government."‡ The earth has bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them. Blowing bubbles is a species of world-making, in the blower's view of it; and some of these radiant spheres are long ere they burst.

Nor is this state of mind or feeling confined to childhood. Men are but children of a larger growth; and in some the imagination retains its vivid power to the last. Saint Francis of Assisi has been called an absolute prodigy of faith; especially of faith in himself: for whatever he saw in the *camera lucida* of his own mind, he received implicitly, observes

\* *Westminster Review*, N. S., No. iii. p. 144.

† See Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, vol. i. pp. 21 *sq.*

‡ *Memoirs of Sir Wm. Jones*, by Lord Teignmouth, ch. i.

Sir James Stephen, "as the genuine reflection of some external reality. Every metaphor with which he dallied, became to him an actual personage, to be loved or to be hated. To all inanimate beings he ascribed a personality and a sentient nature, in something more than a sport of fancy."\* Hawthorne's correspondent P. is described as living in a world of his own, and of his own making too; all which is suggested to be not so much a delusion as a partly wilful and partly involuntary sport of the imagination, developed with such morbid energy that he "beholds these spectral scenes and characters with no less distinctness than a play upon the stage, and with somewhat more of illusive credence."† Jean Jacques dilates in his Confessions on the recourse he had to a cloud-world of unrealities when this world of realities chilled and repulsed him: he flung himself into what he calls *le pays des chimères*; and seeing nothing in existence that was worthy of ecstasy, he sought an outlet for his transports "*dans un monde idéal que mon imagination créatrice eut bientôt peuplé d'êtres selon mon cœur.*" Here he enjoyed *des continues extases*. His Ejuxria was the home of *créatures parfaites*.‡ He forgot altogether the human race, in favour of the Gombroon he could and did people, *à discrétion*, with beings as celestial in beauty as in virtue,—with steadfast, tender, faithful friends, such as in vain he looked for in this visible diurnal sphere. In the world of his own creation he now lived, and moved, and had his being; and it, to him, was the one thing real, where either he must live or have no life.—So again in *Les Réveries*—a sequel to *Les Confessions*—he tells of the delight with which he communed with *les êtres imaginaires*, just as if these beings really existed. "*Ils existent pour moi qui les ai créés,*" he adds, "*et je ne crains ni qu'ils me trahissent ni qu'ils m'abandonnent; ils dureront autant que mes malheurs mêmes, et suffiront pour me les faire oublier.*"§ Quite early in life Rousseau had acquired a pronounced taste for this kind of day-dreaming. As a mere lad he had been wont to calm his *naissante sensibilité*,|| and seek a refuge from the strife of every-day existence, by fastening his imagination on scenes and subjects that had interested him in his reading,—to recal these, vary them, combine them anew; and so thoroughly appropriate them that he became one of the persons conceived of, and with their history and interests sought to identify his own. It was an apprenticeship in the author's craft, by which he was one day to signalise himself in creative art.

For genius, when it takes to writing fiction, will more or less vividly, "realise" to itself the ideal beings it summons into existence. It is not free and happy in its creations, unless it in some sort believe in them. To apply a fragment from a fragmentary drama,—

Find me a book of fables; he, whose world  
Grows in his thoughts, methinks, alone is happy.¶

When Beaumarchais was censured for the prosaic realism which marks talk of his characters, he answered that it was not his fault; that all

Ecclesiastical Biography, vol. i.: St. Francis of Assisi.

Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse : P.'s Correspondence.

† See Les Confessions, II<sup>me</sup> partie, lettre ix.

‡ Les Réveries du Promeneur Solitaire, § viii.

§ Les Confessions, livre i.

¶ Torrismond, an unfinished drama, by W. Lovell Beddoes, Act I. Sc. 1.

the time he was writing the piece, he was engaged in the most lively conversation with his *dramatis personæ*; that while seated at his writing-table he kept exclaiming, "Figaro, prends garde, le Comte sait tout!—Ah! Comtesse, quelle imprudence!—vite, sauve-toi, petit page;" and then he wrote down their answers, whatever they chanced to be—nothing more. This struck Mendelssohn—a *quam longissimè* unlike nature to Beaumarchais—as "both true and charming;" and he uses the anecdote to illustrate his doctrine, enforced in a letter to Herr Devrient,\* that an opera can only become thoroughly musical, and thoroughly dramatic, by an intense feeling of life in all the characters.

Charlotte Brontë used to read to her sisters, and they to her, once or twice a week, what each had written of the stories they were engaged upon—criticism being invited and expected. But the author of "Jane Eyre" told Mrs. Gaskell that the remarks made had seldom any effect in inducing her to alter her work, so possessed was she with the feeling that she had described reality.† The characters were her companions in quiet hours: the interest of the persons in her novels supplied the lack of interest in her life, when her sisters were dead and gone: "but too frequently she could not write, could not see her people, nor hear them speak; a great mist of headache had blotted them out;" and then they were non-existent to her.‡ Like Richardson in the case of Clarissa, she was appealed to, urgently, to alter the catastrophe which closes "Villette." Her father importuned her to make it a happy ending. But the death of M. Emanuel at sea appears to have been stamped on her imagination, till it assumed the distinct force of reality; and she "could no more alter her fictitious ending than if they had been facts which she was relating."§ "Villette" end happily? How could it? as Mr. Roscoe asks:|| Monsieur Paul Emanuel really *did* die at sea. There was no help for it,—he would have been a puppet, not a personage, could she have saved him or not, just as she pleased. Once endowed with a life of his own, his life was no longer in her hands.

Mr. Dickens has acquainted the world with the origin of the main idea of his Tale of Two Cities—that idea having been first conceived by him at the time of his acting, with his children and friends, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of the Frozen Deep, a strong desire possessing him to embody it in his own person; and as the idea, he says, "became familiar to me, it gradually shaped itself into its present form. Throughout its execution, it has had complete possession of me; I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself."¶

The practical importance is obvious of a certain intensity of belief, on the author's part, in the reality of his creations. If void of such belief himself, he will hardly succeed in impressing a conviction of it on his readers. In proportion to the liveliness of his belief in his characters as real people, will be the interest he takes in dealing with them; and upon that will greatly depend the degree of interest he can expect to excite in his readers.

The late Mr. Albert Smith confesses to have begun one of the most

\* See Mendelssohn's Letters from Italy, pp. 211 sq.

† Life of Charlotte Brontë, vol. ii. p. 11.

‡ Ibid., p. 246.

§ Ibid., p. 266.

|| National Review, July, 1857.

¶ Preface to a Tale of Two Cities.

popular of his works in fear and trembling; but as he proceeded, he became interested, and so gained courage: some of his acquaintance who read the book, as it came out in parts, "began to speak of the characters as facts, until," he says, "I firmly believed in them myself, and took as much interest in guiding their destinies as I would now vainly hope the best-disposed of my readers did in following them."\*

When Dr. Norman Macleod commenced writing "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," his intention was merely to occupy a chapter or two in *Good Words* with a life-sketch derived from memories of the past. But the sketch grew upon him, he says; persons, and things, and scenes, came crowding out of the darkness, and while he honestly wished to mould them for practical good, he felt all the while more possessed by them than possessing them. "My own half-creations became my tyrants, and so I was driven on from chapter to chapter,"† &c. Years before the author of "George Geith" became really popular, a novel by that author‡ was thus appraised by one of the most competent of critics: the plot, said he, was involved, eccentric, improbable; but the characters were evidently drawn by a mind which can realise fictitious characters with the same sort of minute intensity with which Dr. Stanley can realise some bygone scene of history, or Mr. Holman Hunt conceive the dying agonies of a goat starving in the desert.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was probably drawing to some extent on his own experience when he makes a brother-author, "my friend Oberon," declare to him: "You cannot conceive what an effect the composition of these tales has had on me. . . . I am surrounding myself with shadows, which bewilder me by aping the realities of life." They had drawn him aside, he says, from the beaten path of the world, and led him into a strange sort of solitude—a solitude in the midst of men—where nobody wished for what he wished for, nor thought and felt as he did.§ That solitude was over-peopled—but with shadows; and to him the shadows were more real than the outside world, *that* not being of imagination all compact.

Balzac is probably the most remarkable example on record of passionate belief in the reality of his every character and every incident. "In mere intensity of imagination," writes a *Saturday Reviewer*,—"in the power of making fictitious personages into realities for the mind which conceived them—no one has ever excelled Balzac, if any one has equalled him."|| He was, in M. de Sainte-Beuve's words, *enivré de son œuvre*. The world he had half taken from observation, half made "out of his own head,"—the characters of every type and class which he had endowed with life,—were confounded by him with *le monde et les personnages de la réalité*. He saw them, chatted with them, was for ever quoting them to you as persons he and you knew quite well.¶ He had clothed them so palpably and so definitely in flesh and bones, that each  
; to him

A presence that was not to be put by.

\* L'Envoi to Christopher Tadpole.

† Preface to *The Old Lieutenant and his Son*. 1862.

‡ *The Moors and the Fens*, by F. G. Trafford. 1858.

§ *The Snow Image, and other Tales*, p. 131 (Bohn's edit.).

|| *Saturday Review*, viii. 194.

¶ Cf. *Causeries du Lundi*, t. ii. p. 352.

In moments of enthusiasm he would marshal them around him,—a throng of beings to him instinct with life, because by him informed with life,—by him, without whose life they had not been.

To Balzac indeed may exceptionally be applied the lines of Wordsworth, intended of no such person :

And being still unsatisfied with aught  
Of dimmer character, he thence attained  
An active power to fasten images  
Upon his brain : and on their pictured lines  
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired  
The liveliness of dreams.\*

### GOOD IN THE END.†

A COLD, bright winter's morning—that was the time and the weather ; and the drawing-room of a country-house near Melun, in France—that was the place. The drawing-room was empty. It had windows opening down to the floor, and from them there was a view over the open country, over a park, and fields beyond, and long straight roads, and rows of pointed poplar-trees.

There was nobody in the drawing-room—as has been said already—but some one had been there lately ; that was evident from the great piece of uncompleted canvas-work that had been laid aside on a chair of white wood, with light blue silk for its covering, and the skeins of wool that were scattered about the table. There were books, too, on the same round table, and an illustrated newspaper, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Presently a door, connecting the drawing-room with a smaller room, was thrown open, and a man-servant ushered into the apartment a gentleman of middle age, who had been handsome in his youth, but whose face bore on it the marks either of hard work or hard pleasure.

“ If you would have the kindness to wait here, sir,” said the servant.

“ Good, my friend,” said the visitor.

“ What name shall I say to my master, the count, sir ?”

The visitor seemed to be slightly embarrassed, but he very quickly answered, “ Oh ! one of his friends. Tell him that one of his friends wants to see him.”

“ Exactly so, sir. I asked, because the count is going out hunting, sir, as he does most days, after breakfast ; and he does not often see gentlemen at this time, sir.”

“ I shall not keep him long. Be so good as to say, at once, that I am here.”

“ Certainly, sir,” said the servant. And he closed the door after him, and went to tell his master.

\* The Excursion, book i.

† I owe to a Proverbe, lately written by M. Octave Feuillet, the suggestion of this brief dramatic story.

Monsieur Berton—that was the stranger's name—walked towards the window, and looked out upon the country, but as if he were thinking of something else, gazing on something beyond it. And in truth he was thinking of the master of the house; and these, or something like them, were his thoughts:

"He was an excellent fellow in old times, to be sure! But who knows what he has been moulded to? Ten years under such a mother-in-law—not to speak of his wife. Why that's enough to spoil the best nature in the world, one would think. However, we shall see."

And his meditation was interrupted by the footsteps of the count, who was heard outside, muttering the words, "A man who won't give his name! Who the devil is he?"

"Ah!" thought Berton, "a visitor at this time of day spoils the hunting, does it? An unfortunate *début* for me!"

At that instant the count appeared, and Berton immediately saluted him with "Archibald, how do you do?"

But there was no immediate answer, and when it came it was, "Berton! Is it you? Your word for it."

"My word," said Berton, slowly.

"But you won't stay," hurriedly responded the count. "Excuse me for saying so."

"Thanks for your reception. I expected no better. To me it is all the same. To look at you gives me pleasure. But let us see—your hand."

There was a shake of the hand, as between friends who had been long parted.

"And your heart is as good as ever, Archibald?"

"Not worse, Berton, than of old. So I may hope. But I assure you, your presence here is awkward. You must understand that this is a house in which your name has never been mentioned without a shudder.—I might say 'a curse,' if ladies cursed. But let us see what you wish. What brings you here?"

Berton's first answer was itself a question.

"May I take a seat?"

"Certainly," said the Count of Montauban, pushing him a chair. "I beg your pardon. All the more welcome to a seat because my wife happens to be engaged at this moment. I was at first so utterly astonished to see you, that—but at heart (understand me!), and notwithstanding all that has passed, I feel towards you as I felt when we were young."

He sat down himself now, and had evidently entered upon a conversation that he thought might be long.

"But tell us what you want," he continued.

"All in good time, Archibald. First of all, you have lost your her-in-law. That is true—is it not?"

"I have lost her," said the count, quickly and lightly enough; and more plaintively, "yes, I have lost her."

"Only your wife, then, left?"

"Only my wife."

"No children?"

"None. You must have heard that."

"You would like to have had some. I know you would, Archibald."

"Heaven," said the count, "has not seen fit; and, with such a wife, I have no reason to complain."

"No; but you may be sorry."

"I *am* sorry. My wife is sorry also. But this is needless talk. You have not come from Paris to Melun—though the distance is short—merely to ask if I had a child."

"I came," said Berton, "to offer you one. A darling child—a girl—an angel that may fall from heaven into your arms, if you will it."

"Why joke in this fashion, Berton? What is really your business?"

"Allow me to recal to you a history that is sufficiently sad," said Berton. And as he said it, a cloud of melancholy spread over his face.

"If it is your own history," answered the count, "I think it would be useless. I am too well acquainted with it already."

"Never mind. Let me speak, only for a moment."

The count nodded assent; and Berton, settling himself in his chair, with vain attempts to be comfortable, thus began:

"Twenty years ago your mother-in-law had a daughter about ten years older than that other daughter who is now your wife. She desired a good match for her—the best *parti* that was attainable. He who came first, if rich enough, was likely to be accepted. The first comer was the Vicomte de Thémînes. He had money and social position, and he was accepted. He was, as I said, the Vicomte de Thémînes: I have no other name to give him in your presence."

"I grant that he was not admirable."

"Madame de Thémînes, unfortunately for her husband, threw herself at once into the stream—the Maelstrom—of Parisian life. I met her in society—I liked her—I loved her. She was in a few months compromised in the eyes of society, threatened by those who should have—but I will stop. There is no need to say more against *her* family. Let me go on with the story. We left Paris together; and our departure caused in society, and especially in your mother-in-law's family, a sensation which perhaps is scarcely yet forgotten."

"I fear not," said the count, very quietly.

"I took her to Italy, after having told Thémînes where he might meet me. He did not take the proffered opportunity; but that is a remark by the way. The first intoxication past, the first delirium at an end, the poor girl—for she was still a girl—began to feel the reproofs of the world, the voice of her own conscience. She tried to find consolation in the pure springs of her life—of the life of her young days. She wrote letters upon letters, sometimes to her mother—your mother-in-law—sometimes to her sister—now your wife. She asked for one word of pardon, of affection, of simple charity—which never came."

"My friend," said the count—the two were old school-fellows; friends, notwithstanding the scandal and the wrong—"my friend, you knew my mother-in-law. She was somewhat rigid; but a good woman."

"It may be so. But her daughter died without a word from her—died after three years of a life whose bitterness I shared, but scarcely lessened. That *should* have corrected me of my gallant humour; but the years often rid a man of his virtues—rarely of his vices. To be brief, I was left alone with a little girl."



"I knew you had a child," remarked the count.

"As long as she was a child," continued Berton, in an earnest voice, "there was nothing improper in my keeping her by my side. It was a pleasure to me, for I almost worshipped her. When she was getting older, I thought it right to place her in a convent, to be educated there. There she is now; but there she can't always remain. She is close upon fifteen; it is time to think of her future. But for me to take her back to my house, when she bears another's name, would be to recal to everybody's recollection the misfortune of her birth. It would be to prevent her marrying a husband who would be worthy of her. For who that is very worthy would come and seek a wife at my hands, from my home? You see my position?"

"What can I do to mend it?"

"Your mother-in-law would have been obdurate; I am quite sure of that. But I thought that possibly your wife and you would be generous; would give my child, in your house, an honourable asylum, whence one day an honest man might take her as his wife."

He was affected; and to say this had cost him much. He waited anxiously for the count's reply; and his hopes fell when it came.

"For my part, Berton, I should be quite disposed to accept the proposal, but you cannot ask me to compel my wife to do so; and I know my wife."

"But if your wife were to consent——"

"How in the world can you expect my wife to consent? She was brought up—thanks in part to your own conduct—with sufficient austerity. Deeply rooted in her are the purest traditions and even the prejudices of her faubourg. In her eyes, you alone represent the seven deadly sins. To expect her to turn all at once from that opinion, and to adopt the child her sister bore to you, would be mad."

"It would be mad, if your wife pretended to be as strict and inflexible as your late mother-in-law. But possibly she does not."

"I tell you, I know my wife," exclaimed the count.

"Well, let me unaided plead my cause. Let me speak to your wife myself."

"Willingly. You have a right to do that. But at first it is impossible to speak to her under your own name. Let me introduce you as Monsieur Arnoult, my old college friend, now the consul at Trieste. Arrange your own story. You will tell my wife that you were commissioned by Monsieur Berton, on his death-bed, to beg her to befriend his child. She never saw you; and the deception will be undiscovered—at least, as long as that is necessary."

"As you think best," said Berton; "it is all the same to me." But he looked rather agitated.

The count left the room for a moment, to call his wife. When he returned, he whispered to Berton,

"She is coming. Remember who you are—Arnoult of Trieste."

In a moment the countess entered—a woman of about thirty years, rather tall and very graceful, of a fair complexion, finely-cut nose and mouth, clear grey eyes, small porcelain-like ears, over which masses of light hair were drawn back from the pale broad forehead.

"She is certainly beautiful," said Berton to himself; "and there is

some hope of her listening, though the lips look as though they could utter harsh things—not to say cruel.”

“My dear friend,” said the count, turning to his wife, “let me introduce you to one of my old college friends, whose name you have heard before—M. Arnoult, consul at Trieste.”

The countess, who had bowed once, bowed again to Berton. The count was evidently on the point of departure; and his wife, seeing this, asked Berton to allow her to speak one word to him, and followed him to the door. She said to him in a low clear tone,

“Why did you tell me it was M. Arnoult, when it is M. Berton?”

“What!” exclaimed the count, “you know him?”

“I have seen him; but what does it all mean?” And there was just a shade of displeasure over the face that generally kept its calmness.

“It is quite an adventure. He will explain it to you. Very singular—very droll. You must hear it from him yourself. I shall see you again before long.”

The countess restrained even a slight lifting of her shoulders, and went back to M. Berton. The count left for his hunting.

“Be good enough to sit down, M. . . . Arnoult,” said the mistress of the house, taking her canvas-work from the chair on which it was placed, and choosing a skein of wool from the table. Then she sat down herself in a great arm-chair, and continued speaking. “I shall ask your leave, Monsieur Arnoult, to go on with my work. It is canvas-work—a wedding present for a lady in England, and it ought to be finished this evening.”

“Madam,” said Berton, “I shall be able to say what I have to say quite as well. It is true I have the misfortune to present myself to you, for the first time, under disadvantageous circumstances . . . for the message I have to deliver will not permit of very extreme delicacy. I am forced, madam, to recal memories which must be sufficiently painful; to pronounce a name which cannot be agreeable to you—that of M. Berton.”

“Indeed!” said the countess, rather coldly. And she went on with the worsted-work.

“Though I was never particularly intimate with him, I had often met him in my young days.”

“Exactly,” said the countess.

“Some weeks ago M. Berton, travelling by Venice—I mean Trieste—where I reside, fell ill. Naturally I did all that I could for him to have the best medical assistance that Venice could offer.”

“Trieste,” said the countess, gravely correcting him.

“Trieste! you are right; and I beg your pardon. The towns are close together, like Trouville and Deauville—like London and Westminster—as you are aware, madam. And I am equally familiar with both. Well, madam, to be brief, notwithstanding all that could be done for him, the invalid, after lingering and suffering for a few days, died.”

“The loss is slight,” remarked the countess.

“Certainly, madam, there have been, and there will be, greater losses; although it is possible that the world may have exaggerated the faults even of M. Berton.”

“Difficult!” observed the countess, and slightly raised her shoulders.

"For the matter of that, madam, he *was* much to be blamed. But he is dead. You can scarcely ask more than that of him."

"I would ask him not to come to life again, if that were possible."

The remark made her visitor look at her; but she quietly worked on at her canvas, with eyes dropped.

"Well, madam," said Berton, in a manner as composed as he could assume, "I come to my message. In a last interview, M. Berton appeared extremely anxious as to what might befall a person—a young girl—who does not bear his name, but who had the highest claims on his affection. He begged me, madam, in the hour of his death, to commend his daughter, Mademoiselle de Thémînes, to your care."

"But Mademoiselle de Thémînes has no need of my care, I imagine. Has she not the fortune of her father?—and is she not in a convent?"

"Yes."

"And she is very well off there?"

"Extremely; but one would not condemn her to remain there for ever. And, madam, her future would be compromised if her aunt—her only relation—refused to protect her. M. Berton was so persuaded of this, that he told me that had he lived he should himself have begged you—begged you with the utmost earnestness, to have pity on his child."

"He would have been exceedingly foolish had he come before me with such a prayer."

"For God's sake, madam, consent to forget M. Berton for a moment, and think only of his child. You could do her all the good in the world, by your counsel, your example."

"I think, sir," said the countess, speaking clearly, and in a tone of decision—"I think that you are a man of the world. How would the world, whose good opinion I have hitherto tried to deserve, look upon me, if I encouraged the consequences of a shame such as that my family has suffered?"

"Madam, I do not know if my idea of virtue be correct."

"Allow me to doubt it, Monsieur Arnoult," said the countess, significantly, as she rose from her chair to get another skein of wool.

"I had fancied that true virtue, severe for itself, was indulgent to others; that from its higher region it deigned sometimes to look down upon, sometimes to lend a helping hand to those who submitted to the sad yoke of the passions. I thought true virtue liked to do a good work which the world might blame, but which the conscience would approve, and God would bless. That, madam, is virtue, as I have conceived of it, and respected it. If I am mistaken, why so much the worse for the world!"

He rose from his seat, and the countess, lifting her eyes, said to him,

"I do not know, sir, if my idea of vice be correct."

"Allow me to doubt it, madam," said Berton, with a slight bow.

"Well, then, correct or not, I *have* my idea of it; and I confess that sympathy for it is very small indeed. Because under such fine names 'aspirations of the soul,' the 'sad yoke of the passions'—under all this office of language—vice conceals itself. And in reality to follow vice, entertain these 'aspirations,' to be under this 'sad yoke,' is—excuse me saying so—*abandoning one's self entirely to one's worst instincts*; rising up without a struggle all that makes life worth living for. But I

would not say anything against my poor sister; only I confess I cannot understand a woman yielding herself up, body and soul, to one of these men *à bonnes fortunes*, as they call it, who require neither talent, nor knowledge, nor good faith for their success, but burn their vulgar incense of flattery in abundance, and so suffocate their victims."

"Excuse me, madam; but do you know I differ from you as to the qualities required by these fortunate gentlemen. They need the best qualities of the heart—or, at any rate, of the mind."

"Good Heavens!" said the countess.

"First of all, madam, you could say they want 'more heart'—like Mrs. Skewton, in that wonderful English story of 'Dombey.' But it is evident, madam, that they have too much of it already. Then, as to mental qualities; they require the most varied intelligence, or how could they make their many conquests? They must know literature, be acquainted with science; in fact, madam, they must be all-accomplished."

"Enough, sir; quite enough."

"They must know something of horticulture, something of painting, something of music, something of everything that interests ladies. And they must be philosophers in their way, if only to know how to resign themselves to the fate that must sometimes be theirs."

He had just finished this catalogue of the accomplishments to be possessed by these men *à bonnes fortunes*, when the servant, who had first shown him into the room, entered.

"Madam," said the servant, "I have just come back from town. It is quite impossible to find wool of the exact shade you ordered. Here is the pattern again, ma'am."

"Nothing of that shade in any shop in Melun?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"But it's impossible, John. How am I to make this flower without the violet wool? You can go."

When the servant had left, the countess turned to Berton, and continued to bewail to him on account of the wool.

"Ah! you can never get what you want in the provinces. I shall have to send to Paris after all. And the present won't be finished in time, for want of this unfortunate Iris."

"If I might be so bold as to suggest," began M. Berton, timidly.

"Oh do! Anything," said the countess.

"If you were to put something that would not require so dark a violet."

"What is there?" eagerly demanded the countess, looking the modest Berton full in the face.

"The Gloxinea, for example."

"Excellent, M. Arnoult. But who is to draw it?"

"If I might be allowed to try, I might possibly mark out something for you."

"With the greatest willingness in the world," said the countess, holding the canvas firmly in hand, while Berton approached and began his work. It was soon finished.

"Why, that is better than the Iris; indeed it is. I am so very much obliged to you."

"You have worked that bird admirably, madam—an Indian paroquet, if I am not mistaken?"

"It is," answered the countess; "and, do you know, I put it there in very childishness, for it is scarcely appropriate. I had ~~two~~ Indian paroquets once. Both died; and, in memory of them, behold this one in worsted-work!"

"Did you take the precaution, madam," asked Berton, "to surround their perches with flannel?"

"No, indeed," said the countess, a little surprised at the remark.

"Ah, but that is indispensable. Those little creatures catch cold so very easily. But taking the precaution I mentioned, and not forgetting to bathe their feet with a little tepid wine when you see that they are at all unwell, I will guarantee that you are able to keep them."

"Thanks for the information," said the countess, pleasantly smiling; "thanks also for the suggestion for my canvas-work. And now I fear there is nothing for me to do but to set you at liberty again, Monsieur Berton—I beg pardon—Monsieur Arnoult. I am getting rather bewildered . . . Trieste . . . Venice . . . I declare I am losing my head."

Earnestly enough did Berton look into her face, and earnest was his voice when he said,

"Spare me, I beg you. I am very unfortunate in having such ill success as the end of my endeavours.—of the strategy I was advised to——"

"Ah, then it was not your idea after all?"

"Perhaps, madam, if—as I desired myself—I had come before you in my own name, you would better have understood the feeling which brought me here, which laid prostrate at your feet a spirit little inclined to bend. You might have considered my grief bitter and burning enough to atone for many misdeeds. At any rate, you would have understood that the truest, deepest homage I could pay to virtue was the attempt to bring up my own little child—my daughter—in the ways of virtue."

The countess seemed to be doing her best to show herself invulnerable. But she answered to his last, quietly and kindly,

"I understand you, sir. Try to understand me, in my turn. If Mademoiselle de Thémis had been left alone in the world, my duty would have been to protect her; and from my duty, God helping me, I should not have shrunk."

"You are good, madam."

"But Mademoiselle de Thémis is *not* alone in the world. Her presence would necessitate the presence of her father; or, at least, his frequent visits. And you will allow that the most liberal conscience, the conscience that least of all receives its dictates from the world without, would feel all this to be an excess of toleration."

"Alas!" said Berton, very sadly—and he took up his hat to depart—that thought has never occurred to me. Madam, you are right; and I must retire. Adieu!"

"Adieu!" said the countess. And she looked another way, afraid to meet his eyes.

Slowly Berton walked towards the door; but no sooner was it reached

than he turned quickly back, and addressed the countess once more, this time in a louder voice, with more excitement, under less restraint.

"Madam, I will prove to you that these bad hearts of ours are sometimes capable of self-sacrifice—of hard self-sacrifice. Take my daughter, madam, on your own terms. It is good of you to do so. And I promise you never to intrude into this place again; never to see my child so long as your home shall be hers. Let her be happy, and good, and honoured! That is all I want."

The Comtesse de Montauban was not a little astonished, and it was only after a silence of half a minute that she answered,

"On that condition, you may be sure of my best assistance."

"I shall go and tell her of it this very day, and prepare her—but stop! I will write to her, madam. Will you be so good as to tell me where to find a sheet of paper? You would be good enough to give her my letter yourself."

"Certainly; and there is the writing-case, Monsieur Berton."

"Only a couple of lines" said Berton, as he took the pen in his hand. "My darling Child, I am obliged to leave you. I am going away; perhaps for a long time. A relation—your own aunt—will take care of you in my absence. You will receive from her the most tender and watchful affection. You will love her, will you not?" And he turned to the lady with an appealing glance.

"Indeed I will," said the countess. And as she spoke, a mist gathered before the clear beautiful eyes.

"Write to me, my darling. Never forget—never, as long as you live, forget—your poor father who is obliged to leave you."

He covered his face with his handkerchief, and broke out into pitiful sobs. Then, gathering strength, he looked towards the countess, and once more spoke to her:

"Thanks; and pardon me for my presumption. Adieu, madam, adieu!"

The countess rose—one bound towards the door to which Berton was walking—her hand was on his arm.

"Stay!"

She took the letter from the table, tore it into shreds, and threw them into the fire.

"There!" she exclaimed, "Monsieur Berton, the world may say what it pleases. You have done your duty, in this instance; I shall do mine. . . . Go yourself to the convent, and—*bring me your child!*"

"Madam," said Berton, "you are excellent; you are good indeed!"

The Comte de Montauban entered the room at this moment—something had interfered with the hunt—and Berton, anxious to shake hands with somebody, shook hands with him, and said, in delight,

"Ah, Archibald! your wife was better than you thought. You did not know her, after all, you see."

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MARRYAT.

[That genius is hereditary may be doubted, but it will, we think, be admitted, that the Authoress of the Novel which we have now the pleasure of presenting to our Readers, possesses a talent akin to that of her distinguished father, the late Captain Marryat.—ED. B. M.]

## I.

## JACK TRAVERS.

NOT many miles on the southern side of one of our most flourishing towns lies the little village of Wilmington. The inhabitants would perhaps be rather indignant were I to employ the adjective just mentioned in connexion with their flourishing and ever-increasing hamlet. Still, whatever it may become eventually, whatever progress science and civilisation may make in the exterior of this, at present, unsophisticated little place, it can only be classed at this moment as one of the prettiest and most rural country villages in England.

Certainly it boasts of a railway, and consequently a small station, on the platform of which may be seen an antiquated-looking official, wearing the insignia of his office in the shape of a well-worn suit of some dark blue material, set off with sundry leaden-looking buttons. He is the terror of all the small boys in the district, by virtue of the said uniform, I suppose, added to the extreme redness of his countenance, rendered sour as well as red by the numerous vexations supposed by him to be the lot of railway porters in general.

The 5.50 train is just due. Three minutes over time; but the hour is never punctually kept at Wilmington. The functionary in office, who, alas! for his temper, has to perform the part of guard, ticket collector, and general porter all in one, is standing on the platform ready to receive the expected train. An antiquated, nervous-looking old lady, armed with a bandbox, a covered basket, and a large bundle, is eagerly tormenting him with questions as to the probable reason of its non-arrival. She had taken her ticket, second class, to a small station some ten miles on. Garrulously she informed the sour-looking official that the sickness of a dear daughter, just laid in of her twelfth, bless her! had been the cause of this sudden move on her part. The bandbox, tied up in a flaring yellow cotton handkerchief, seemed to harass her perpetually. There was no one on the platform, not a soul to be seen; still, the perplexing thought that it *might* be ravished from her arms forcibly by some passenger alighting from the coming train caused her to move nearer to Mr. Stevens (the functionary in question), and almost cling to his outspread arm as he signalled the engine-driver just in sight. Thrusting her back with no gentle push, he advanced, calling out, in a lazy, sleepy, beery tone, the name of "Wilmington!" "Wilmington" sounding much to the bewildered passengers as if he exhorted them to "Turn out here!"—"Turn out here," or anything, in fact, but the name of the place he intended to impart to their weary ears. The train stopped; the door of one of the

first-class carriages was quickly opened, and the voice of a young man, already half out, called loudly :

"Here, I say, Stevens, my good fellow, look sharp! See to my luggage—a portmanteau and a small bag under the seat, that's all." And, jumping out of the carriage, he stretched his arms over his head and yawned complacently, as if glad to find his dusty journey over.

The train is off again; it is to be presumed that the unfortunate old lady, bound on a mission at the summons of Lucina, had found her place somewhere amongst the numerous passengers. At any rate, she was no more to be seen, as, bearing both portmanteau and valise in hand, Stevens advanced to claim the ticket, and at the same time welcome the solitary passenger to the fresh, salubrious air of Wilmington.

"Glad to see you amongst us again, captain," says he, touching his cap in answer to the free-and-easy nod which greeted him on his approach.

"All well at home, I hope?" remarked the captain in question, handing his ticket as he passed out of the narrow doorway. "They don't expect me at the Hall to-night, so you must send up the luggage, Stevens, as soon as you can."

Captain Travers seemed in no hurry, though, as he leisurely sauntered up the dusty road, called by courtesy the High-street of Wilmington. The month was that of June, and the sun still high enough in the heavens to cause its heat to be oppressive, and, at the same time, its glare to reflect uncomfortably in the eyes of the pedestrian. It made him almost wish that any other covering had been chosen for his head than the hard, uncompromising beaver now pressing on his unfortunate forehead.

The Hall stood at the end of the village. Its vast iron gates, flanked on both sides by magnificent chesnuts, shone out in bold relief in the glory of the setting sun. From the railway station a short cut could be obtained by any pedestrian across the common; the low stunted furze-bushes had been cut away here and there, in order to afford a path from the Hall to the lower village.

On the evening in question, however, Captain Travers did not avail himself of any short cut; in fact, had there been any one there at that hour to watch him, it would have been clearly evident that, although bound for the Hall, yet, at the present moment, the sight of the house as it gained rapidly on him, tardy as were his steps, was anything but pleasant to that gentleman.

"Devil take it!" he ejaculated, with a gesture of impatience. "This is a most unfortunate business. My father writes me word that he must see me on a most important matter as soon as possible. Money is at the bottom of it, I feel convinced; the governor never wrote like that unless mischief was brewing. And here was I just on the point of coming down here, making myself a most agreeable and most dutiful son; for ten days or so boring myself, in fact, to extinction, by passing a week in the midst of rural felicity when a gun was out of the question. What do I care for roses and posies! The country is not worth looking at before the first of September. Here was I just on the point of asking for money myself—'a little advance, in fact.' By Jove! how many 'little advances' have I had since I joined, I wonder? Still, it's no good shirking the matter; I'll put a brave face on it. I'll hear most respectfully all the old boy has got to remark, and keep my little request as a corps



*de reserve.* Ha! there's old Stevens hobbling on with my luggage. I had better be off, or they will wonder what has become of me."

The Common of Wilmington was rather a wide place; only two sides of it were as yet bordered by cottages. Looking up after all this soliloquising, Captain Travers found himself unexpectedly in the very midst of the short furze-bushes which, in some parts, covered it as thick as possible.

The half hour struck out from the old church clock. Clear and loud sounded the chime through the evening air. Simultaneously with the hour was heard the sonorous bomb of a massive Chinese gong. The second dinner-bell, as it was called, had just been rung; all the villagers—at least, all those who were at any convenient distance—were now fully aware that the pompous butler of Mr. Travers, of Stafford Hall, had just announced to the inhabitants of the great house that the diurnal meal of *ragouts* and *salmis*, concocted by the Ude of the lower regions, was awaiting their master's pleasure.

Three minutes have passed. The grey-haired butler is patiently standing near the well-spread table, ready to remove the cover directly his master thinks fit to partake of his *Juhenne*. His faithful ally, John, in all the glory of scarlet plush, is stationed, door in hand, anxiously peering up the staircase, in order, if possible, by the use of his optics, to hasten the tardy steps of the expected gentleman.

A quick rush—a light, girlish step; and before he could almost recover his position of "attention," door in hand, a slight figure rushes past him, and flops itself into the seat opposite to that intended for the master of the house.

Flop—albeit, a rather vulgar word—is the only one, unfortunately, I can use in order to describe thoroughly the manner in which it generally pleased Miss Harcourt, the young lady in question, to rest her weary limbs after the action sustained by the constant use she gave her unfortunate members.

Miss Harcourt, in fact, although arrived at the sedate age of sixteen, I am sorry to confess, retained much of the hoydenish, brusque manners for which, alas! she had ever been famed since she could use her feet at all. Her general impatience was now beginning to show itself; the table-napkin was unfolded, and the bread, placed ready at her hand, was broken in two. Pieces were already finding their way to her mouth, when the firm tread of Mr. Travers was heard descending the staircase.

Grace, which was always uttered in the stiffest and most unbending of manners, being concluded, the meal began. Not much conversation seemed to pass between the two. The pleasures of the table had long been one of the greatest foibles of Mr. Travers's life. Once fully launched in the mysteries of *entremets*, *hors d'œuvres*, &c., not the liveliest sally emanating from the mouth of the prettiest woman could elicit more comment than what might be gathered from a grunt, sounding very much as if one of the fat porkers of the establishment had absconded from his sty, and assumed for the nonce the part of guest at the well-appointed dinner-table. On this occasion he was more than usually taciturn; the communication he had to make to his son and heir (who at that moment was fruitlessly attempting to force a path through all the intricate mazes of

the furze-bushes and brambles combined) had rendered him gloomy for some days past.

Evidently something more than usual oppressed him; not even the tempting sight of a *matelote à l'indienne*, his favourite dish, could elicit a grunt of satisfaction. More than ten minutes had passed; the rays of the setting sun caused a bright yellow light to pervade the entire room. A quick, sharp tread was distinctly heard on the gravel through the open windows; and, ere the master of the house could rouse himself from the brown study into which he had fallen, even with his much-loved dish still in progress, the door was suddenly thrown open, and the grey-haired butler announced, in a sonorous voice, the advent of Captain Travers.

Before the author of his being could turn round sufficiently in his chair to greet his son, now so unexpectedly before him, I should like, if possible, to describe the latter as he stood, hat in hand, at the threshold of the door.

The bright yellow light, gleaming in from the western windows, cast its rays exactly over the face and figure of the Beau Sabreur as he handed his hat to the obsequious functionary in waiting. I said I should like to describe him; alas! the wish, I fear, will remain, and the description still be incomplete. In fact, he was one of those kind of individuals seen but rarely, but who, when seen, captivated all hearts—took them all by storm—a kind of *voyi, vidi, vici* affair, as he would laughingly have termed it himself, had he been told, as unfortunately he was too often, that another of the brave array of fair damsels had fallen down, stricken in the ranks, a victim to the unmeaning smiles and specious gallantry of Jack Travers, or Handsome Jack, as was the sobriquet by which he was known to his thousand-and-one intimate chums.

In truth, I think he deserved the nickname. I am not an adept at portrait-painting: describe a hero or heroine as you will, lay on the colours with the tenderest touch, depict the features with a delicacy of outline and a microscopic handling only equalled by Mieris, and after this, in all probability, your readers will form in their minds an entirely opposite picture to the one you wish them to have done. Young ladies labouring under the tender passion generally try, I fancy, to invest the imaginary hero with all the attributes belonging to the real hero of their dreams, and I suppose men do the same. Fair hair and blue eyes, or *vice versa*, answer for so many different persons.

I recollect one gentleman telling me that he never could thoroughly enjoy a novel unless he fancied himself the hero; then all went *couleur de rose*: all the pretty love-speeches, all the rhapsodies, all the transports, all the bitter tears shed before the attainment of the grand climax, namely marriage, he invested himself with. It was very touching, and, I dare say, might be a good way to appreciate a work of fiction; still, as this gentleman possessed a figure not that of an Adonis; as his complexion would have required more than one application of "Turkish bloom" to render it even moderately fair; and as, moreover, he had reached that period at which we generally begin to leave off thoughts of love, I could not respond in the hearty manner I should have done had he been at an age less verging on that of Methuselah.

Jack Travers was tall—uncommonly tall, I suppose, he would have been called. His height, I know, was over six feet. The breadth of his shoulders seemed, however, to take off from his height. There was none of that lanky, disagreeable look which generally accompanies very tall men. His age might have been judged at six-and-twenty: his hair was brown, as were his eyes: a long, wavy, soft moustache, growing tawny towards the ends (no shears had ever robbed it of its maiden silkiness), formed, I think, nearly the sum-total of his charms.

Throwing himself carelessly into a chair, after divesting himself of his paletot, Captain Travers seemed to make himself quite at home, by the speedy demolition of the viands before him. The dinner over, Miss Harcourt, without having vouchsafed one word to either of the gentlemen, rose to leave the room. Closing the door after her, as he stood to let her pass out, Jack Travers advanced towards his father. Drawing his chair nearer to his side, he awaited in silence, only broken by the loud monotonous tick of the ormolu clock on an *étagère* just behind him, whatever his parent might wish to say on the subject he had so lately corresponded about.

But if the business in question was important, at any rate it appeared anything but urgent, to judge from the quiet, undemonstrative way in which Mr. Travers continued to imbibe glass after glass of his favourite port, placed at a convenient distance by the attentive hand of the butler before retiring.

A still longer silence ensued; the ticking of the clock was almost drowned by the gurgling sound caused by the port wine as it disappeared slowly down the epiglottis of the gourmand.

"I hardly expected you this evening, Jack," said his father at last, crossing his legs, and complacently rubbing his thin knees with his hands—a way he had when on the point of bringing forth, what he imagined, a good idea, and, at the same time, something which would prove a poser to his listener. "You got my letter, of course. No, don't interrupt me. I mentioned in that letter that important business caused me to write urgently. I fancy I am too much a man of the world to trust any matters on paper which might hereafter be brought up against me." Here a complacent smile overspread his countenance, which, however, quickly faded as he cleared his throat, preparatory to beginning the evidently disagreeable subject. "Jack! has it never struck you," he said, emptying his glass, and replacing it by his side—"has it never entered your thoughts that, in the midst of all this luxury, we may have been living on the brink of a volcano? I do not wish to reproach you; I have more to reproach myself with for having brought you up as I did. But the truth must come out before long; and, to make a tedious matter short, we are almost ruined, my son. "Ten years of what you have required for your annual expenditure would have ruined a richer man than I ever was. Yes," continued he, speaking quite piteously, as he glanced up at the handsome, nonchalant form before him, "that confounded betting-book of yours has been our ruin. It's true you have had ill luck—a run of ill luck, as you call it—faith, I have, indeed, yet to see the good; and what with paying off, and keeping quiet that jade Marie, and your personal expenses, the bank can't hold out much longer. I thought I did

a very clever thing, Master Jack, when I put you into a crack regiment; how was I to know that it would lead to all these scrapes? But it was not to talk of your peccadilloes which caused me to summon you here to-night; there are graver things yet to be heard. What should you say," he continued, leaning forward, and speaking almost in a whisper, "when I tell you that Barnes has failed? Gone—smashed to atoms. I kept it from you as long as I could; indeed I did, Jack; but ill luck never comes alone. Three times this year have I failed in speculations which I thought would have set all straight again. The last was in that infernal gas company; a thousand shares went to smash in a week. And now," he added, with a sigh, "how about this heiress, Jack? How about this beautiful heiress which you were to pick up, and so end all your miseries for life—hey? You've not found one? Well, listen. Gregson was down here last week; he has just come from Jamaica, came to look after our joint ward, Sybella Harcourt. During his visit, I mooted a subject which has been uppermost in my mind for some time; I gained him over to my side. Jack, you know what I mean; it only required his consent. The heiress is found. Whatever becomes of me out of all this miserable business, you are, at least, provided for. The estates in Jamaica are enormous; Gregson has the complete management, of course. Once her husband, we take it entirely out of his hands. The exact income I hardly know, but her long minority has rendered it almost double what it was at the onset. There is no time to lose; our disasters known and afloat, adieu to Gregson's consent. Ah! he little thought when he wandered about these grounds, when his vulgar little body was luxuriously ensconced in one of the state beds, that all the wealth which so awed his common mind was as likely as not, before long, to be brought to the hammer, and the owner thereof as likely to sleep in the Queen's Bench as not before the year was out. This marriage must be accomplished at once. I am an old man, and now-a-days you youngsters manage everything so differently to what they did in my time; but how long will it take for the wooing—eh, Jack? How long? We have no time to lose. The game is in our hands, if we only know how to play our cards at the right time. Well," he continued, looking up anxiously at the gloomy countenance of his listener, and waiting his reply.

At the present moment, however, a reply favourable or otherwise seemed a matter far from the thoughts of Captain Travers. During the whole of his father's conversation he had remained a quiet and attentive listener. At the relation of the pecuniary disaster, his brow became more firmly knit than it had been at the beginning of the recital. The mention of Miss Harcourt, as the means by which he could evade his liabilities and set himself straight for life, nearly caused a groan to escape him; he suppressed it, however, and remained in silence to the end.

The hearing over, he raised himself on his hands, pushing his chair away from the table with a gesture bordering on disgust, and pulled the ends of his long tawny moustache with a ferocity only equalled by the manner in which his teeth were seen nervously biting the part nearest his mouth. Certainly, if he intends his hirsute appendage to be classed, as hitherto in the eyes of the fair sex, as the finest and silkiest in the world, he must leave off this harsh treatment of the innocent victim of his wrath.

Some moments passed ; then, rising from his seat, he paced once or twice across the long room ; at the second turn he stopped, and, facing his parent, said, sternly, in a voice hoarse with emotion :

"Father ! you ask too much. My heart, alas ! has long been given elsewhere. It is hard enough to learn, in one week, that not only is poverty my portion, but also that by that poverty I must give up the girl I adore. That, Heaven knows, is hard enough to bear, but to have a little hideous, insignificant chit like this\*ward of yours thrust down my throat——By Jove ! sir, I can't ; and there's an end of it."

If a thunderbolt had fallen down straight from the clear blue of the evening sky at his feet, the amazement which depicted itself on the face of Mr. Travers, on hearing this unexpected announcement of his son's wilfulness, could not have been greater. Speech seemed almost denied him as he gazed vacantly at the tall commanding figure pacing the room in nervous agitation and rapid short strides before him. Slowly he rose, and ere he reached the door he turned, his gaunt thin figure breathless with rage.

"Ah !" he said, "you attempt to balk me ; you dare to fly in my face after all the years of anxiety you have caused me. I have told you my wishes, I have pointed out the only means of escape from a fate which is hanging, even now, over your head. You defy me, ungrateful boy ; reap the consequences of your own misdeeds. I renounce you for ever."

The door closed. Captain Travers raised his hand to his fevered brow, as if by that movement to relieve it of some of its weight, and clear the mist which this unexpected conversation had cast over it. The turning of the handle caused him to look up afresh ; the door was slowly unclosed, and the head of his parent, looking pale and agitated, appeared for a moment at the opening.

"Think it over again, Jack ; think it over. Believe me, 'tis the only sure road to happiness and wealth."

"By Heavens !" ejaculated Captain Travers, as he fiercely paced the whole length of the room, "all the thinking in the world will not ever make me reconciled to such a fate. What ! tied all my life to a rich, ugly wife ; bound hand and foot to a common-place doll ; I could not stand it." Here the recollection of certain Israelites, whose scrips were, if not quite, still nearly due for payment, rose up to his mind. Something whispered, and made him reflect that perhaps, as it was, he was already bound hand and foot, if not to a hated wife, yet, in fact, to these very sons of Belial. How get out of these liabilities ? How, indeed, ever extricate himself, now that his father's aid was hopeless ? "Well ! thinking over it won't mend the matter," he murmured, as, with the eye of a connoisseur, he selected a cigar from the case on the sideboard, proceeded to roll the end carefully in his fingers, and, having lighted the same, sauntered leisurely from the apartment.

The dining-room at Stafford Hall opened with long French windows on to a smooth expansive lawn, the even surface of which was uninterrupted save by two magnificent cedars, whose branches swept the ground. A peacock, basking in the setting sun, seemed more inclined to parade himself and spread his tail for the edification of his owners, than to think of seeking, as all moral birds of his species had doubtless done ere this, the roost wherein he was to pass the night. Flushing the end of his half-

finished cigar at the head of the unoffending bird, Captain Travers pursued his stroll in silence. The gloom which was seated on his brow deepened with every step he took.

Seating himself on a bench, hid from all passers-by by the thickness of the trees, he continued for more than an hour lost in thought.

Captain Travers was essentially a selfish man; from his cradle every whim had been gratified. The only child of doting parents, they succeeded—as, alas! many have done before them—in spoiling by indulgence the noble, fresh nature given by a kind, beneficent Maker—given to prove a blessing if only properly managed. His mother, on whom he lavished as much affection as his own love of self would permit, had now been dead some years. In losing her, he lost his best friend, his only sure guide and counsellor. Foolish as had been her indulgence, still, one word from his mother, one rebuke uttered in words of love, would often cause him to turn and ponder ere he committed some folly, or some extravagance, which he knew, before she spoke even, her gentle nature must disapprove of. But his mother was gone; no soft voice was there to say, “Act as your heart dictates; think not of self; destroy not the life of a girl whose whole being is bound up in you.”

That hour's reflection on the bench, however, had given birth to no such thoughts as these. He loved another; his love, he knew, was returned; and yet he was now prepared to resign her and to break her heart. Selfishly he had begun the intimacy; her beauty alone had attracted him. Selfishly he continued it, using every endeavour to gain her love, knowing he could never give her the position she ought to have as his wife. Selfishly he now again thought of resigning her at the first tidings of misfortune; and yet knowing, as he must have done, that his present motives were only engendered by the prospect of the life he would have to endure without the luxuries he had been accustomed to, he rose from that bench, evidently with the firm belief that he was doing a most heroic action—in fact, making a martyr of himself at the shrine of Mammon.

It seems very outrageous, very contrary to all right feeling, that Captain Travers, knowing as he did wherein his path of duty lay—seeing clearly, as he must, in what direction honour beckoned him to follow—it seems, I say, very contrary to all our ideas of right that he should not only so easily accept the opposite position, but even glory in the renunciation of what his heart told him was right. But, my dear reader, have you never once in all your life met with a similar case? or, indeed, to come nearer home, has it never occurred (of course in a milder form) to your own self? How often our judgment tells us what is right! How clearly we see what we ought to do! There are two paths before us; we wrestle sometimes, perhaps, between the straight and the crooked one; our evil genius (never far off at a moment like this) triumphs ultimately; we know we have been weak, we feel abased at our own folly; but he is there again ready at hand to suggest to us to brave it out. We think, and think it over, until at last, from the sheer wish to imagine ourselves heroes, instead of weak, vacillating fools, with the conviction at our hearts that we have done wrong, and yielded when we ought to have been firm, we actually contrive to slight conscience for a while by listening to the tempter, who persuades us that we could not well have

acted otherwise. After all, Captain Travers was only a specimen of human nature; certainly rather a bad one, still, believe me, not unnatural.

"Ah, well!" said he, stretching his arms out full length, as if the effort of an hour's thought had been too much for his brain. "Ah, well! needs must when the devil drives, I suppose; it's a bitter pill, *mon père*, that you have offered for me to swallow. But how can I do it?" he continued, pacing up and down the gravel path before him. "Poor little thing! what will *she* think of me? I know she loves me. Poor little girl! it will almost break her heart."

The moustaches are here again brought into requisition. Captain Travers can do nothing without the accompanying movement; first one side, then the other; till, apparently wearied of thought, he leaves the sheltered nook wherein all these meditations have taken place, and saunters back, in the same lazy manner as he came, into the house.

Sybella Harcourt is seated, making tea for her guardian, as the captain enters. The joyous ringing laugh in which she was indulging, whilst retailing some village gossip to her companion, and which lighted up wonderfully the usually pale, sickly-looking face, was instantly hushed. I fancy the fine airs of the young gentleman had quite struck her with awe in the days gone by, for, whenever he made a guest at the table, Miss Harcourt's manner was sure to be most retiring and quiet.

"Am I dreaming?" she thought, as he advanced to the little table where she was seated; and, having acquiesced in her demand as to whether he would partake of a cup of tea, remained in conversation by her side—if conversation it can be termed when all the sentences emanated from one person. She performed the part of listener, however, to perfection; in fact, had she been inclined, she was too much abashed by the presence of this fine hero to put forth one word in answer.

"A fool into the bargain to add to her other attractions," thought he that same evening, as he was making a kind of quarter-deck promenade of his bedroom carpet. "This seems a promising business, and enough to induce a man to cut his throat."

The dressing-table and all its appurtenances, set out with the scrupulous care of his own servant, arrested his attention during one of these restless walks. Very glittering and pretty looked all the gold-mounted crystal, &c., which literally loaded the toilet; ivory hair-brushes and eau d'Hongroise, though small luxuries in their way, cannot be got for nothing; Schneider, Snip, and Co. anxiously await your orders at the present moment—it requires but a line to have half their (or, indeed, any of their confrères) establishments at your command. Would these same gentlemen be as punctual to your wishes, as anxious to serve you, and give untold credit, were they aware, as they must eventually be, that credit is, alas! the only thing you will have to live on? Can you give up all those luxuries, essential now to your life? Can you sit down patiently to the cold, tasteless dinner, flanked, perhaps, by a faded, abtily-dressed wife and ill-kept brats?

"By Heaven! it will not do," exclaimed Captain Travers, as these id-similar pleasant thoughts flashed through his brain. "By Jove! my father is right; it can't be helped; love and beauty are luxuries only served for the rich, I suppose. What an unlucky devil I am! I wish,

though, the girl was not so deuced ugly. Well! I must try and put the best face on the matter, and begin to pay my court and utter sweet speeches, when I shall feel as if I had been chewing lemons all day. Bah! the thought even sickens me. Selfish! By Jove! I should like to see the man who could say I was selfish. I am not so. In fact, no man could be less. I love the darling; but it would be the height of selfishness to drag her down into poverty. As to my previous conduct, that's bosh; and as to my retrenching, and making my pay sufficient, that's also an absurdity, and not to be thought of. One can't teach an old dog new tricks, so it's of no use my attempting to live without the necessaries of life. Of course I know I am as good as engaged, and I believe she sent that infernal Watson to the right-about for my sake; but the cards are against it. It's no earthly use kicking against fate; and what I uttered to my father at dinner to-day, I now see, were the words of a madman. I must resign poor Gabrielle, and with her all hopes of happiness."

These pleasing reflections ended, Captain Travers retired to his couch, considering himself, without doubt, the most ill-used and, at the same time, the most unselfish of mortals.

## II.

### LOVE VERSUS WEALTH.

THREE weeks have passed since that eventful evening on which Captain Travers learnt that, not only was the game up as regarded getting money out of his too indulgent father, but also that, unless he accepted the terms proposed to him, namely, a marriage with the rich Miss Harcourt, he would find himself shortly in a far more disagreeable position than he ever had been in all his life before.

On the morning following that on which the topic was first broached, he had had a long conversation with his father, during which he acknowledged his folly in refusing the alliance; he accepted the position of suitor to Miss Harcourt, only pleading for a little time before he commenced the disagreeable task imposed upon him.

He had remained but one week in the country, during which time a whole catalogue of his liabilities had been made over to his parent. The most pressing matters settled, he was now again at Wilmington, preparing himself, as he called it, for the tough work in hand before him. Three weeks of consideration did not appear to have made him feel any happier on the subject; in fact, the more he thought of it the worse it appeared. Often and often was he at the point of throwing up the game entirely, of going to his father and asserting boldly that he preferred happiness of mind and a small income; that, in fact, as he had youth, health, and strength before him, rather than become enchained, as he felt he should be by this marriage, he would wash his hands of the whole concern and leave the future to itself.

But if the nights brought all these reflections, as they generally did, with the rising sun vanished all his moral courage. His miseries, which appeared so very great, so very pitiable, during the darkness—his love for another also, which would vent itself in weary sighs and fruitless



longings in the dreary hours of night—faded, as it were, in the morning brightness like the pictures seen in a dissolving view; they melted gradually away, and, by the time he was up and dressed, he was almost in a fair way of supposing himself rather a lucky dog than otherwise.

I wonder if the advent of the morning post had aught to do with this regeneration! Certainly sundry curious-looking wafered epistles found their way out of the post-bag into the generally large pile of letters awaiting him at the side of his plate each morning at breakfast. Half-yearly accounts are not such very formidable things, after all, when you feel convinced that, by a little retrenchment, your indulgent creditors will be satisfied at Christmas; but they assume rather a different aspect when you see the sum-total of pounds, shillings, and pence staring you cruelly in the face, and knowing inwardly that probably by next Christmas, unless you accept a disagreeable alternative, the Bench will be your lodgings, and your amiable creditors all putting in detainers one after another.

On the morning following his return, however, thoughts like these had not disturbed the serenity of Captain Travers's mind, for the early post had not yet been delivered at the Hall when he was seen descending the staircase; a housemaid, with a long-handled broom in her hand, hastily attempted to scuttle away sundry dustpans, and other implements of her calling, which were disposed (as housemaids generally do contrive to dispose them) directly in the path of the next comer. Not heeding her marmured apologies at the confusion caused by the overthrow of the blacklead brushes, he gained the hall, drawing on his gloves as he hummed an air then in vogue. The hands of the clock stood at half-past seven.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, mentally. "Half an hour yet to that infernal post-time. If Gore does not write to-day, I shall certainly run up to town again."

The sun was bright and clear; the mist just clearing off from the earth foretold what a splendid day it was the forerunner of. An early morning walk through the dewy meadow-grass is not an unpleasant pastime after a night spent in tossing and turning on a restless couch. Captain Travers sauntered leisurely on, kicking before him, as he went, any stray stones which might audaciously cross his path on the smooth sward. The cattle were busy feeding, some lying lazily chewing the cud after the early morning repast. Evidently the balmy summer air had not added to that general sweetness of temper which was supposed to lend an extra charm to Captain Travers by his admirers. On this day, at least, it appeared to be altogether absent. The cowslips raise their heads, peering out from amongst the grass, eager to court the rays of the morning sun; not one is left to bloom in peace. On he goes, kicking up the stray stones, anathematising the dew, which has already taken the gloss off his patent varnished Hoby's. The small silver-topped cane does its work of destruction swiftly and surely, as in obedience to its master's hand the cowslips and daisies fall, and scatter their petals on the verdant meadow.

A gate was at the end of this meadow, leading out to the high road. It struck Captain Travers, as he was on the point of retracing his steps, hat, after all, the best way of expediting matters, as regarded the wished-for letters, would be to intercept the post-boy himself before he could get

up to the Hall. A padlock and chain, however, kept the gate from yielding to his touch.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "The governor keeps all his property well locked up; no fear of any strollers coming in unawares. Now then for a leap; it is the only way."

Retreating two or three steps, he ran, and then vaulted quickly over the barrier, nearly overturning, in his descent, a figure which happened just then to be passing. Looking up to see what damage had been sustained on either side by this rough contact of bodies, he started, and before the stranger could recover his position, or rather his cane, which had been forcibly knocked out of his hand, the words issued from Captain Travers's lips of "Gore! by all that's wonderful! Why, what brought you here, my good fellow? It's all right, isn't it? I was just expecting your answer anxiously. But really," he continued, trying to put on a concerned air—"really I must apologise for having nearly knocked your brains out. These fences are so uncommonly high and thick, that, until a person is just before the gate, he cannot be seen. I say, old fellow, what's the news? Did you give the letter? Of course you couldn't see how she took it." And, in the midst of asking all these questions in a breath, Captain Travers linked his arm in that of his friend, and intimated that, as the breakfast would shortly be ready, they had better take the nearest road to the house.

"I'll keep all my conversation till we arrive at the Hall," said Mr. Gore, in answer to his repeated demand as to the delivery of the letter. "Suffice to say your note was given; I delivered it myself when her mother had gone out. I had to watch famously for an opportunity, I can tell you. Why, what a gay Lothario you are! You tell me that you are on the point of making up to an heiress—your father's ward; and in the same breath you make me the Mercury for your previous love-affairs. Miss Esmond is much too pretty a girl, I take it, to trouble her head much about your unworthy self. I came here to-day simply because I thought the fresh air might, perhaps, give me a little of the innocence of my childhood over again—eh? You laugh. Indeed that is my reason, especially as I have a maiden aunt, living some four miles from here, who has often expressed a wish to see her undutiful nephew. Directly after our little private chat is over I shall go on and pay her a visit; that's what I call killing two birds with one stone; and who knows, your love-affairs may perhaps be the means of my getting a fat legacy. Yes, I went to Solomon; rather a tough business there—hard as bricks. The brute would hear of no compromise. I told all the story about the heiress; why, my dear fellow, I took my oath that the income exceeded that of the famous Miss Kilmansegg with her golden leg; but it was of no good. Either he was sceptical as to the nature of my oath, or else the idiot had never read of the lady in question, or, in fact, any of Hood's productions. Couldn't you get your governor to send him a line, saying that all's square?"

The Hall was now gained; entering in at a small side-door unseen by any of the household, and hearing that breakfast would not be on the table for more than a quarter of an hour from a servant loitering on the staircase, Captain Travers led the way, followed by his friend, to his own private apartment.

"Now, Gore," said he, after they had seated themselves, "tell me about it. Of course I could not well acquaint you in writing of the contents of that note, but after your kindness in performing my errand, I cannot keep anything from you. Of course you know I am not, never was in fact, engaged to Miss Esmond. That she fully believed that ultimately I should propose, poor girl, I fear there is little doubt. Ah, Gore, I'm an unlucky fellow! I know I should not have trifled with her as I did, but I really was not aware that my governor's affairs were in such a seedy state. I *did* think (if, indeed, I ever thought at all about the matter) that, if the worst came to the worst, I should be able to scrape up a small income independent of my pay, and in the mean time I made love. I was in no hurry to hasten the happy day. I knew she loved me, and I played, whilst I could, amongst the roses—eh? And now, thank Goodness, she knows it all. I had an excuse for writing—some little commission or other which had to be fulfilled—so I began upon that, and told her plainly, after a short preamble, that she would soon see my name out of the army-list, as that my only means, alas! of living was to sell out, in obedience to my father's wishes, and that I was going abroad. Not a word of the marriage. I couldn't do it. I left that to chance and the confounded newspapers, which will brag of the news soon enough. As to Solomon, he must wait, with all the other debts, till the sacrifice is complete—heigh ho! Here, this is the way; we'll pass through the conservatory round by the front; the windows are always open, and I hear the bell for breakfast. Yes," he continued, as they gained the lawn, "the bargain is equal, as I said before: I sacrifice myself, and my future wife will have to pay. Well, I won't count up just yet what all those confounded debts come to. I've got enough on my mind to make a fellow hang himself, and I believe I shall do it before long. Dash this window! why isn't it open?"

Miss Harcourt, from inside, left the breakfast-table, and advanced and undid the hasp.

"Thanks," he murmured, seating himself beside his father at the well-spread board, after having introduced his friend.

Hanging may appear a very good alternative to appease a troubled conscience, but at the present moment Captain Travers seemed to have forgotten his former remark. At any rate, for one with so much on his mind, he contrived to make a tolerable breakfast. Hanging is a good thing, but coffee, muffins, and chicken are perhaps better.

This last remark emanated, however, from the lips of Raymond Gore, who, whilst strolling on the lawn and smoking a cigar, discussed with his friend the state of affairs. If Captain Travers had expected anything like sympathy from this gentleman, he would not have displayed much knowledge of character; for a more worldly-minded, selfish fellow could hardly exist, save in the person of his friend and chosen companion, Captain Travers. Very different they looked, as arm in arm they auntered on under the shade of the wide-spreading trees: Captain Travers's figure stood out in bold relief by the side of the small, almost *chétif* appearance of his *Fidus Achates*.

A friendship had existed for some time between the two. The young *taché*, at present loitering in town on the loose, found Captain Travers agreeable acquaintance, and really, in his worldly-minded way, liked

his chum. So these two sauntered on, Gore advising him strongly to win Miss Harcourt as soon as possible, parrying all his fears as to her awkwardness and want of beauty by the consoling remark that "time would add, doubtless, to her charms." He only thought, I dare say, that in so arguing he was doing a right and proper thing. Hearts were never thought of in the corps diplomatique, of which he was a member. Early sent out as *attaché* to one of our embassies, he learnt, almost as soon as he got there, that well-acted deceit and lies *ad libitum* were the chief motives for which he was now to live; therefore deceit became almost his second nature. He would have hoodwinked his mother, or even denied his parentage, without the slightest compunction. This proposed marriage was, in his opinion, just the thing to retrieve Captain Travers's debts, &c., and therefore, remembering his *métier* when he detailed the account of the way in which he delivered the note to Miss Esmond, he cunningly kept back much which passed during that interview.

"The thing is done now," he said, mentally—"done past recall. The best way is to let the marriage proceed, and some of these days Travers will thank me for my finesse, which threw dust in his eyes so cleverly."

Did he, I wonder, in after years ever thank him? At any rate, I feel convinced Miss Esmond never did.

Sybella Harcourt was out in the village on the same bright morning. Retiring after breakfast, she had evaded the lecture which she thought seemed on her guardian's lips after the two young men had left the breakfast-room, and, taking a brown garden-hat from a peg in the hall, ran quickly down the drive, and was lost to view till the bell summoned her in for luncheon.

I am almost loth to describe Sybella as I see her now, because years so altered her for the better, that I feel convinced a true description given now would prepossess you, perhaps, against her. I know eventually you will agree with me in loving her as I do, so I almost feel inclined to leave her looks a mystery.

She was not tall, on the contrary *petite*. Very dark brown hair mingled with threads of gold, which lighted it up amazingly, and large dark grey eyes. Certainly her face was very thin and extremely pale; and then again her want of taste in dress, and her general air of untidiness, went very far to disgust a man so fastidious in everything regarding women as was Captain Travers. He knew not where the fault lay; he was not adept enough in female gear to be able to understand that, with a little care bestowed upon her, his future wife might pass, even now, as a very attractive girl.

And in all this—in all his murmurs of disgust, did he ever allude to any of her qualities, good or bad? I fear not. His love even for Gabrielle was not of a refined enough nature to make him look beyond her outward appearance. Her beauty attracted him; he coveted that beauty for himself. Of course he wished to possess love also; most men do that, and I really believe it proceeds as often from vanity as any other feeling. They, of course, must inspire a passion, &c. It is galling to find that the woman on whom you have lavished all you can of affection does not give you her heart in return.

We left Sybella, poor child, in the village, unconscious as yet of the

destiny awaiting her. She had never thought of marriage—she had never seen much of the opposite sex. If she had been asked, she would unhesitatingly have replied that she thought Captain Travers the handsomest man in the world. She was awfully afraid of him—abashed is more the word—when in his presence. Perhaps she felt the force of his manly beauty in all its strength, and at the same time was instinctively aware of her own deficiencies in that respect.

“Oh, Mrs. Robson! and are you back again?” said Sybella, in answer to the curtseyed recognition of an elderly dame standing on her door-step. “I heard you had gone to your daughter. Oh! and what a dear little baby!” This last expression was called forth by the unfolding of the old lady’s apron held up before her, underneath the cover of which reposed a tiny red-faced specimen of humanity. “Let me look at it, and hold it,” she continued, with the gusto which generally accompanies the sight of a little stranger to very young girls. “What little hands!” said Sybella, sitting down in a chair and settling herself, in order to enjoy a thorough good nursing of the squalling infant, who was already beginning to make its voice drown that of its visitor by its violent shrieks, doubtless caused by the unscientific handling it experienced from its not too-accustomed nurse.

“Ah, poor dear! Bless it!” said Mrs. Robson, smoothing down the creases in the white apron before her. “Maybe you’ve heard, miss, as how it ’ave lost its mother? Yes, my dear daughter was took away just ten days ago. Lor’ bless you, my dear, she was wore out, she was, with all her worries and all her family. Ah! poverty is a sharp thorn, and if my poor old man had been alive he’d have stared to see things as they are this day. Why, miss, when John he fust came a-courting of me, he was wonderful well off for the likes of us. We set up a little shop not far from this; many here remembers us well. But times came bad, and somehow ever since my old man got the rheumatics in his back, business seemed to go back’ards instead of for’ards. But what was I a-going to tell you of?” she continued, with the garrulity of old age. “Yes, ’twas about my dear girl, just gone. She was one of the prettiest lasses living, though I says it; and at sixteen, my dear, she married her first husband. That was Tom Rivers—Singing Tom, as we used to call him, ’cos he was so uncommon fond of music. Well, they settled at Liverpool, and he used to play the fiddle at the dancing-parties (sometimes at the houses of the gentry), and such like. They had one daughter, and nothink would suit him but he must christen her Marie, just as if Mary warn’t a good enough name for any one; and also he must needs spend all his money in book-learning for his daughter, in order to make a lady of her. Well, when she was just fifteen, and home from school, he dies, leaving his widdy and his orphan destitute. Marie, she took shortly after this a situation as teacher in a young ladies’ school; her mother married again—more’s the pity—as all Mary’s brothers had died afore their father, and Mary she goes off as governess to some high family in Scotland. She hadn’t been there more than a year afore she writes to tell her mother that she was going to be married to some officer chap. He was a real captain, and could keep her like a lady. She said afore long she’d send her marriage lines, and we should keep them for her. From that day to this, my dear—and that’s over two year ago—we never

heard no more on her. Ah!" she continued, rising and taking the baby from Sybella, "I never had no opinion of them millinery; I can't abear 'em, no more than I can abear them railways."

"But what made your daughter die?" said Sybella, her large grey eyes moist with tears caused by the recital of all baby's woes. "Poor little baby! without a mother, too! Oh, Mrs. Robson, tell me how she died."

"Well, Miss Harcourt," resumed her companion, evidently highly delighted at the prospect of hearing her own voice again, and being able to retail, for the hundred and twentieth time, the story of her daughter's demise. "Well, 'twas a great deal on account of the worrit, I think, caused by Marie's conduct; and then she wasn't never strong, and this one, bless it! makes her twelfth. Now, my dear, I knew she'd die; I see death written plainly in her face the moment I entered the room. She didn't die at once, though; she lingered on and on, always a-talking of Mary, and a-wondering where she could be. Do you believe in ghosts, miss? Some does, and some doesn't," she continued, seeing the look of amazement depicted in Sybella's eyes. "Ah, well, on the night she died I was sitting all alone, and she sleeping, as I thought, quite calmly. All of a sudden I hears a faint voice from the bed. 'Mother,' say she. 'Yes, my dear daughter,' say I. 'Where's the gruel?' say she. 'Here it is, my dear, a-warming on the hob,' say I. The fire was in the next room, my dear—the parlour, as they called it. Up I gets to fetch the gruel. There was two cupboards in that parlour, where they kept chauey and such like, one on the right side, t'other on the left. My dear, I walked up to the fire. The cupboard it open slowly; the cupboard it shut! I went up to it: the door it was locked. I looked t'other side. The cupboard it again open, and again it shut! That door was also locked. On the same evening, Miss Sybella, my dear daughter she died!"

\* \* \* \*

"Really, these sketches are first-rate," said Mr. Gore, taking up one or two landscapes lying upon the table. "Not yours, Travers, are they? I thought not. Whoever did them possesses the art of painting in no small degree."

"Here comes the artist *in propria personâ*," said Captain Travers, laughing, as Sybella entered the room, her face still flushed with the recital she had been hearing from the lips of old Mrs. Robson.

"You astonish me, Miss Harcourt," said Mr. Gore, again resuming his gaze. "I only wish I could do as well; but these kind of talents rarely come to those who most require them. Why, if I could paint as well as that, I'd give up everything, rush off to Italy, study there for a few years, and return to my native London, and astonish the world with my success. Of course, you will never require such an alternative; still, if ever you want to gain your bread, recollect my words, and take to painting as a livelihood."

"Well, what are you thinking of so earnestly, Sybella?" said Captain Travers, some little time after Mr. Gore had taken his departure. He rose, and came across the room as he spoke. She was busily playing with the sketches, which were still lying about near the open portfolio.

"Do you wish to begin the artist-life so temptingly held out by Gore? Heaven grant you may never require to use your talents that way! What is it—tell me?"

"Oh," answered Sybella, laughing through the tears which were rising in her eyes, "I was not thinking of the drawing; I was thinking of a poor little child I saw to-day. It was such a sad story, and its mother was dead. I never had a mother," she continued, sadly; "I feel so for that little boy. I shall ask my guardian to let me do something for the poor woman. Do you know, I feel sometimes that I am such a useless, foolish girl; I do wish so much to do some good in this world; but somehow I have no friends, no one except my guardian whom I can love."

She blushed as the words were nervously and quickly poured forth—blushed at having inadvertently betrayed so much of her feelings to the man whom she knew had so often openly disapproved of her manners.

Sybella's blush was very pretty and, moreover, extremely becoming. It lighted up the pale face, and rendered the large grey eyes quite liquid.

What impulse stirred Captain Travers I ignore, but he drew nearer to her, and took the little hand lying passively at her side. He had grumbled and rebelled a great deal at the proposed wooing, and asserted that he should sicken at it; perhaps he thought, if done at all, t'were best done quickly; anyway, he kept the hand, and, before she could almost look round and express her surprise, he had said, in a soft voice, known well to himself, and only used, alas! when he knew the occasion required such a stimulus,

"No one to love? Sybella, I must say it now—I meant to have waited—but don't say again you have no one to love. Take me, sweetest; give me your young, fresh love. I will value it, indeed I will, and I will try and make your life happy."

He meant it, I dare say, at the time; he knew he was to win this young girl as his wife; the moment was propitious, and she looked quite pretty, moreover, as she blushed in speaking. At any rate, whatever were his feelings, and however soft and seductive the sounds of his voice, the answer he craved was not forthcoming at present; for almost before the last words died on his lips, Sybella, with a startled look and a cry almost of alarm, had fled from the room.

"You were too hasty, Jack; indeed you were," said his father, as he recounted that same evening the recital of his wooing. "Sybella is such a child, you frightened her out of her wits, doubtless. I fancied something was the matter at dinner; however, her childishness is a fault which time luckily will mend, and it does not want time either, by gad," he continued; "nothing brings a girl out so soon, and makes a woman of her so fast, as an offer of marriage. You think she will not consent, I say? Psha! she will be all right. It only requires a little management. I shall contrive to speak to her quietly about it to-morrow or next day. Meanwhile, you do nothing. Keep silent. Why should she consent? She has never known any other man; and if she has, let her make her comparisons."

They were standing on the hearth-rug in that attitude so dear to Englishmen, father and son side by side. Laughingly, Mr. Travers

placed himself behind his companion as he stooped to knock the ash off his cigar into the grate.

"Look there, Jack!" said he, as the tall figure rose up, almost totally eclipsing that of his parent, and was reflected in the mirror. "Look there, and don't ask *me*, your progenitor, if Miss Harcourt will resist. "Ah! how glad I shall be," he said, with a sigh, throwing himself into an arm-chair, "how pleased I shall be to see you a Benedict! Marriage is the only thing for you. It will steady you, Jack, and you want it, by gad."

I wonder how many women are fixed upon by anxious relations, and pointed out to their seapegrace sons as fit girls for wives? How many are chosen and married simply for the purpose of steadying their sons? It is certainly an agreeable reflection. Tom, Dick, or Harry have led a fast life, squandered all their money, done enough to lose their characters, had they ever possessed any after the age of eighteen, and at the end of all this, as a kind of finale to their escapades, some fresh, pure young girl is fixed upon to act as a safety-valve and steady them. And the most curious part of it is, that these very men, who have led the fastest lives, are always most suspicious, most hard upon their wives, when they fancy that she who is endowed with the honour of bearing their unsullied name is guilty of the slightest breach of decorum.

"Cæsar's wife must not be suspected." Granted; but what have these gentlemen in common with Cæsar?

### III.

GABRIELLE ESMOND.

READER, has it ever fallen to your lot to be compelled to live for months—perhaps throughout all the sultry summer months—in that most uncomfortable, most depressing of all *séjours* to man, yeleft a London lodging-house?

"Furnished Apartments. Inquire within." The obsequious landlady, curtsying at the door (to which she has been summoned, after your knock has been responded to by an unkempt, untidy-looking creature of a genus only heard of and found in the said kind of abodes), shows you at first all over the fusty, dingy rooms comprised in the catalogue of her imaginative brain as "the first floor front" or "the best parlour ditto," allays all your fears as to their diminutive size, parries all remarks tending to prove that the price asked for the suite of nobly-furnished apartments is in your mind exorbitant, and that comfort seems not to have been uppermost in the mind of the furnishing upholsterer, by the volubility with which she describes the extent of felicity, comfort, domesticity, &c., enjoyed for years before by all the various families, titled or otherwise, who may have been led by kind Fortune to seek a shelter under her festering roof. Perhaps you may have arrived from the country tired and worn; hour after hour have you sought and found not. A domicile such as you could wish seems farther off than ever, and sick at heart, wearied out with non-success, you sink at last into one of the nearest chairs, and faintly gasp the welcome words that you will agree to become one of the "happy children of fortune," described by this lady as the attribute of all sojourners



under her roof. You are well aware, at the time that you complete the bargain, that many of the previous apartments now left behind in streets far away would have been more to your purpose; but, alas! these were only viewed at the first, when your strength and spirits made you aspire to higher things. This one was the last on your list. Having pursued a kind of *ignis fatuus* all the day in search of a really comfortable abode, you are compelled by sheer inability to recommence your journey, to resign yourself to the tender mercies of landlady No. 20, and order your trunks to be taken from the cab and brought up-stairs forthwith.

Just three weeks after the letter had been delivered which caused so much anxiety to Captain Travers, Gabrielle Esmond, the young lady of whom mention has already been made, was standing at the dingy, unwashed window of a lodging-house looking out into one of the thoroughfares leading to the Park. Wearily she gazed out into the street beneath; the hot summer air seemed pregnant with dust and smoke as it gently waved to and fro the soiled and faded moreen curtain behind which she had ensconced herself.

It was just six o'clock; the hum caused by the incessant passing of carriages in the vicinity was beginning to grow less loud, as sundry spots of rain fell in large threatening drops. A thunderstorm was evidently brewing; faster they came down on to the panes, causing the pure element to mingle with the dirt of months accumulated outside, and to form thick, sluggish streams all down the glass.

Whatever dreams of happiness she might have formed or indulged in, whilst she fancied herself almost the betrothed wife of Captain Travers, had now vanished. Her mother, her only parent, a nervous, irritable invalid, was continually harassing her with appeals to her good sense, and warnings as to her folly in not accepting her other suitor, Mr. Watson, who, it appeared, only required, according to that penetrating old lady's judgment, to be "brought on" to offer his hand, and with it, what was far better, his large fortune, for her acceptance.

"Oh!" sighed Gabrielle, wiping the tears which would persist in flowing from her eyes, "I must give in, I feel I must. This hourly torture is killing me, and yet mamma thinks she is only acting as my best friend. After all, perhaps," she continued, a frown crossing her smooth forehead—"after all it will, perhaps, be as well to become the wife of Mr. Watson, and have everything I pine for at command, as to be left sighing here, wearing the willow, as they call it, for a faithless lover. He never gave any answer to the message I sent him. If it kills me, I will forget him, or at least appear to have done so, as he has forgotten me. O God! I loved him so. My love! my love!" she cried in her anguish.

Poor Gabrielle, doubtless, as she threw herself, almost full length, on the floor, in the agony of her first young grief, thought her case very hard; she said she wished to die; she wished no more to see the light of the sun she used so much to love; and her case *was* a bitter one. Young and lovely beyond the generality of women, she had become, alas! the object of admiration to one of those frequent hangers-on to society, one of those moral thieves, a man of unmeaning attentions—a male coquette, in fact. Captain Travers was "not a marrying man;" that means, one who may go about with impunity, sipping at every flower, and just before the grand climax, just as the heart of the blossom is reached and

scorched, away they go. Miss So-and-So should never have thought that his attentions were anything but a flirtation; every one knows he is not a marrying man.

This is all the pity the world gives to girls who, in their innocence, are deluded enough to believe whatever a man, towards whom their hearts are already prepossessed, chooses to tell them.

Suddenly the loud tones of a brass band strike out before the door; she rises; the strains, soft and clear, arrest her attention. "L'Invitation" is performed to some half-dozen dirty children, grouped round the players, as the only audience. The rain has not yet driven them into their dismal dens of want and filth; rain is considered rather in the light of a blessing than otherwise. How many a stray copper has been brought out from the reticule of some sympathising old lady at the sight of those poor bare feet pattering along in the rain and mud!

"L'Invitation!" What pleasant dreams the lively air wafts us into! The brilliantly-lighted room, the hum of voices, the rustle of silks and faint perfume, as the dancers eagerly press forward to meet or claim their partners; the air is redolent of the bouquets and exotics everywhere around; lovely aristocratic girls pass before us, looking quite ethereal in their diaphanous flowing robes; and our cavalier, the one *par excellence*, he is there, pressing through the crowd, eagerly making towards the spot where he knows us to be standing demurely beside our chaperone. Our hearts beat faster and harder as he advances, and we together join in the waltz now beginning. But, alas! what more dreary, what more dissonant, to the mind of one used to even a small share of this world's happiness, than to sit in dismal, dirty, ill-furnished lodgings, and be compelled to listen to strains of gladness, recalling happier days and hours issuing from beyond, when we feel certain no gladness can come to our share of the day's amusement! The music, however, arrested her attention—called it off, in fact, in a measure, from more wretched thoughts. The faded carpet, the gaudy, many-coloured paper, the mockery of paintings which adorned the walls, the uncompromising horsehair seats, looking, as they stood stiffly in a row against the wall, as if a concussion would assuredly take place if you sat down unadvisedly without due discretion on their hard wooden frames; all spoke vividly of what her life henceforward would be if she neglected to embrace the offer now before her.

Gabrielle Esmond was one of those natures to whom the atmosphere of refinement seemed almost essential. Delicate and fair herself, the daily sights she was now unfortunately accustomed to seemed only an every day and every hour renewed torture. Her nature was formed for love and devotion. Naturally generous almost to a fault, unselfish also in no uncommon degree, she would have lavished all, sacrificed all, for one whom she loved.

Whatever frivolity might have been charged to her, she owed, I much fear, to her mother; owed it, first, from the foreign blood she had transmitted to her offspring, and, secondly, from the everlasting lessons being dinned into her ears of the glories of this, and the pleasures of that, all emanating from the possession of wealth. I don't think Gabrielle was a vain girl—not more so, at any rate, than many of her companions, who

passed, from the fact of their ugliness, as models of female deportment. She loved dress—she knew she was pretty, and nothing pleased her better than to hear she was considered so. She was a very woman, from the crown of her lovely golden head to the sole of her dainty little foot. But what then? Are there many of us free from such foibles? and, again, have we all the excuse beauty gives us?

She had had many trials even in her young sinless life, for, since the death of her father, their poverty became even more apparent and more galling. Had Captain Travers never appeared upon the scene in the form of the tempter, probably Mr. Watson and his proposals might have rendered her a happy woman for ever.

Mrs. Esmond awakes from her long nap. The music which so startled her daughter had had no effect on her calm repose; an after-dinner siesta was a usual thing.

She is seated on a large arm-chair near the fireplace; fire, of course, there is none; still, to the little chilly invalid, always ensconced in shawls and wraps, whatever the temperature may be, the mere idea of leaving the fireside nook seemed a misfortune. Very small, thin, and wizened she looked on this evening, her sharp bright black eyes glancing round at every turn, and a continual restless way she had (combined with a large hooked nose) of turning round quickly every instant giving her the appearance of one of those amiable, or unamiable, as the case may be, cockatoos one sees in the Zoological Gardens, who, on your approach, twist their heads on one side, undecided whether to meet your advances with a bite, or to allow you the honour of scratching their heads peaceably.

Her husband had been dead for some years. By birth Mrs. Esmond was a Frenchwoman. Since the time of her marriage she had lived in England, to please her husband at first, and since that from choice. The land which she dearly loved to depreciate at every opportunity had now become her home, and, therefore, except two or three flying visits abroad, since she became a widow, she had remained stationary. By that I mean stationary in London, where most of her friends resided. The comfortless lodgings were changed as their own requirements or the not unfrequent insolence of an ill-paid landlady obliged them. Money was a commodity much at fault in the ménage; always a frivolous woman, and consequently a bad manager, and unequal to look after her household properly, she seemed to grow worse as she advanced in years. Many the tale could poor Gabrielle relate of the non-arrival of viands ordered, or the harsh rude voice of the exasperated tradesman, as he loudly asserted that "unless paid directly, no more credit would be given."

A good marriage for her daughter was the hope in which she lived; for that she sacrificed many of her little personal comforts, so necessary to age and sickness. Gabrielle must have this and that. With the innate love of dress inherent in and dear to a Frenchwoman, she contrived and arranged so that, at any rate when seen out of doors, Miss Esmond was ways presentable. Society she had herself given up for years, but many friends were ever ready to take her daughter out in a small way.

During one of these absences she had met Captain Travers. Struck by her extreme grace and pretty features, he had instantly sought an

introduction. Where was the woman whom Jack did not strike down (according to his compeers) if he chose to lay himself out for it? He left no stone unturned, no effort was too great for him, once having formed her acquaintance, to continue it. It ended, however, in his being partially, if not thoroughly, burnt himself. Where he first sought only to play and be amused, he had before long left his heart, that is, if such a thing is to be found in a man so wedded to pleasure, so thoroughly selfish and exacting, as was Captain Travers of the 119th Light Dragoons. Still, whatever a life of dissipation and a love of the approbation of the world had left to him of his heart was given, after a short acquaintance, into Gabrielle's keeping. She was the first woman since he entered upon his mad career of folly and debts who had in any way been able to fix his attention for any length of time. That never-failing Nemesis, Satiety, which hitherto had greeted him shortly after the much-admired object had been wooed and caught, seemed in this instance to have forgotten his existence.

"Gabrielle, will you never listen to reason?" says Mrs. Esmond, sharply, glancing up at her daughter, standing still by the window. "Will you never listen to reason?" she repeats, from amongst the multitudinous wraps in which she was enveloped. "Is my daughter to be the only one blinded to the fact that this Captain Travers has been making a fool of us?—amusing himself, in fact, at the expense of our honour and happiness. Child," she resumed, rising, her bright black eyes looking hard and stern as she grew more excited—"child, it is our poverty which has brought this on us. Voyez!" and she glanced across the dingy half-furnished room, "is this a fit abode to entertain a suitor in? No wonder your proud English captain was cooled by its aspect, doubtless thought us not good enough to wed with the Lord know's who. Ah!" she continued, in an under tone, "mon Dieu! mon Dieu! and the blood of one of the Condés flows in the girl's veins. Bah! once for all, will you, or will you not, give your answer to-night to this Monsieur Watson? A millionaire asks the hand of my child in marriage; a'mporte his birth, I care not. He is rich, and I sit here in this vile Angleterre and feel bound to say, '*Monsieur, je vous remercie.*' Ah! Gabrielle, enfant, we are fallen so low; this want of money is the reason of it all. Your mother asks you, your mother begs——"

Here Mrs. Esmond had recourse to a pocket-handkerchief ready at her hand. The tears she pretended to shed at the thought of her daughter's ingratitude, Gabrielle, from experience, knew well were dry ones. Still she wearied of it all, her heart felt sick and cold; she knelt down before her mother, clasping her arms round the thin spare figure in front of her.

"Oh, mamma, say you pity me!" she exclaimed. "Mamma, I cannot cry; my heart seems hard and cold as stone. I need pity. Mamma, I will take Mr. Watson when he asks me."

The tears were streaming fast enough now at the bare thought of her fate; but she loved her mother, loved her dearly, for all the privations she had suffered for her sake. As happiness, she argued, could never be hers, she could render at least her parent's declining years pleasant.

A knock at the door, and in answer to the quick "Entrez" of Mrs. Esmond, on raising her eyes, still blinded with tears, the tall figure of the

obnoxious Mr. Watson was standing before her. Hastily rushing past, after a brief salutation, Gabrielle sought her room, to hide, if possible, the traces of tears from her face. Opportunity and propinquity, they say, have a great deal to do in the success of love-affairs; at any rate, the first stood Mr. Watson in the light of a friend on this eventful evening of his life. Gabrielle thought, as she washed her tear-stained face and brushed back the masses of hair into something like order, that perhaps, after all, it would be better to have all this wearying business finished at once. The mirror was very small, and cracked in one corner, which reflected back the pretty childish face as she mentally came to this resolve. The chamber was almost an attic; ill furnished, and situated at the back of the house; the view of the adjoining roof, whereon nothing more attractive was ever seen save a dozen or so of dirty, impudent London sparrows, or a stray cat in search of a meal of the bodies of the self-same birds, was not invigorating to a young mind loving all that was beautiful.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, hastily wiping off the blacks which had communicated themselves from the soiled toilet-cover on to her hands, "at any rate there will be an end of all this; and, as love is denied me, I will accept the riches instead."

Faint visions of well-furnished rooms and a carriage awaiting her at the door, well-lighted saloons, dresses and bonnets *ad lib.* ordered from Elise daily, parties, dinners, balls. Her heart seemed steeled at this moment; she would become the wife of Mr. Watson. Jack was faithless; besides, had he not said he was penniless? Jack, for the moment, passed out of her mind. Mr. Watson had money, and that would cover a multitude of defects. She forgot his age, and all her previous dislike.

Yes! I wonder if the time will ever arrive when our sordid minds will turn from the worship of the golden god. Money and the world's opinion are what we live chiefly for. Poor old Mrs. Grundy! whatever people say, she will never die. People whom the world has treated harshly are often heard to say that the opinion of the world, and of men in general, can have no effect upon them. They defy, or pretend to defy, the world at large; but, in their inward hearts, they do not. "What is the worth of the world's patronage" we hear. "A great man dies, one whom all the entire universe has heard of and admired, and, after all, he is gone, dead and buried, and what a little hole he makes amongst the survivors!" True; still we follow, I suppose, in the wake of our grandfathers and grandmothers, and, whatever we may state to the contrary, we all inwardly, more or less, worship the world and the goods the world gives us. An antiquated, loquacious, and, it must be confessed, not over well-bred dame, gave forth for my edification the other day that in *her* opinion "money made the man."

Deluded old lady! I thought, on hearing the assertion; still, in some respects, she was right; not in the way she comprehended it, though; but, depend upon it, the possession of money has a great deal to do with our bad or good qualities in the eyes of mankind. Take a poor man and a rich one, for instance; place them side by side; I'll give the poor one half as many again good qualities and infinitely better looks than his richer well-to-do brother, and yet he will always be found in the minority in the opinion of his friends and relations.

Psha! friends and relations. Where are the poor man's friends? The

rich man hath many, and *vice versâ*, I suppose. Relations! What more disgusting to that class of individuals than a poor connexion? He is the bugbear of the family—the pariah—the one on whom all the contumely must fall; all the second-hand advice, all the ill temper, which these well-meaning people could not pretend to offer to the rich cousin or brother, falls to the share of the poorer one. Poor Ned! he was always a needy *vaurien*; he is down in the world, no chance of his ever getting his foot above the first bar of the ladder to wealth; give him a thrust, and push him down farther. If he at last, by dint of effort, rises in the world, and makes a name for himself, and wealth to keep up that name, instead of the worthless fool we were pleased to call him behind his back, it is echoed from mouth to mouth, “What a clever fellow Ned is! I always, for one, said what a long head he has,” &c. &c. I was told lately by one well versed in the ways of this wicked world, that he considered relations decidedly a mistake in this life—a bore, in fact. As long as one possesses a sixpence, they flock round you to share it; once gone, adieu to your connexions. It may be so; there are faults generally on both sides; our miseries, I find, generally arise in a great measure from our own ill conduct: of course there are exceptions. One sees, daily, men struggling against an adverse fate with a pertinacity only known to those immediately concerned in their welfare; and yet with all the striving, all the hard-wearing labour of mind and body, they seem to rise no higher. Doubtless it is the will of a higher power; who shall murmur against that will or dispute it? What seems hard and unjust in our weak eyes will some day be cleared up and made right, and the parable of Dives and Lazarus enacted again before us, when the first will be last, and the last first, perhaps, in the seat of honour.

We are all selfish, and relations, perhaps, not the most unselfish of mankind. It is always pleasanter to be the near connexion of a rising or a rich man than of a struggling poor one. “So-and-So gets on famously. I see his name in last night’s *Gazette* as governor of Barataria.” How we bustle up to acquaint the loquacious individual that that very So-and-So is a nephew of ours; a kind of foolish importance attaches itself to our persons when we announce the fact at our club before a host of listeners. “So-and-So is also in the *Gazette*.” Alas! he figures in the bankrupts’ part of the business. Our ears are quite as acute to-day; we hear it all clearly; but do we say, “Poor fellow! he is also a relation of mine?” and do we rush out, anxious to see what aid we can give in order to save a near connexion, and perhaps a helpless wife and family, from ruin? Let us hope we do; we can say no more.

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# THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Third.

### THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

#### I.

##### HOW THE COMTE DE SAINT-VALLIER'S PARDON WAS OBTAINED.

ON learning that his offer had been scornfully rejected by Bourbon, as related in the preceding chapter, François I. at once ordered the Chancellor Duprat to confiscate the whole of the fugitive's possessions, to degrade him from his rank, and declare his name infamous; to efface his armorial bearings, and his swords as Constable from all his châteaux; to demolish in part his magnificent hôtel in Paris, and strew the ground with salt; and to cause the public executioner to sully with yellow ochre such portion of the building as should be left standing, in order that it might remain as a memento of the duke's treason.

Thus did the infuriated king wreak his vengeance upon the enemy who was beyond his grasp. For a time, François remained at Lyons, fearing that Bourbon might raise an army in the Franche-Comté and march into France, and entirely abandoning his design of proceeding to Italy, began to adopt vigorous measures for the defence of his own kingdom. He despatched the Duc de Vendôme and Chabot to Paris to watch over the defence of the capital, and ordered the grand seneschal of Normandy, De Brezé, to raise six thousand men in that province. His apprehensions, however, were relieved by the retirement of the English army, and by the withdrawal of the Emperor's forces from before Bayonne.

Tired at last of his sojourn at Lyons, yet indisposed to return to Paris, François proceeded to Blois, and in the magnificent château, which he had partially rebuilt in the style of the Renaissance, sought to banish his cares by abandoning himself to pleasurable enjoyment; passing his days in the chase, and his nights in festivity. Amidst all his distractions, he could not banish from his east the image of the fair Diane de Poitiers. The violent passion he had conceived for her still possessed him, though months had worn by since he had seen her.

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The king was at Blois when a messenger arrived from the chief president of the Parliament, De Selve, to acquaint his majesty with the judgment pronounced upon the principal personages connected with Bourbon's conspiracy.

"First in regard to the nineteen accomplices of Charles de Bourbon, who have followed their rebellious lord in his flight from the kingdom," said the messenger. "These contumacious rebels are all condemned to death, and, if taken, that sentence will be immediately carried into effect upon them. In the case of Lurcy, whose guilt is held to be greater than that of the others, the sentence is that his head shall be exposed on the bridge over the Rhône at Lyons."

"Pass on from the fugitives to the traitors who are in our power," said the king. "How have they been dealt with?—with due severity, I trust."

"The Bishop of Puy has been liberated, sire," replied the messenger, "but the Bishop of Autun is to be deprived of his possessions, and detained a prisoner during your majesty's pleasure."

"Why should more clemency be shown to one prelate than to the other?" said François. "Both are equally guilty, methinks! Proceed."

"Desquieres and Bertrand Simon are condemned to make amende honorable, and to be imprisoned for three years in any castle your majesty may appoint," said the messenger. "D'Escars is adjudged to the torture; Gilbert de Baudemanche is sentenced to a brief imprisonment; and Saint-Bonnet is acquitted."

"And what of Saint-Vallier?" demanded the king.

"Sire, he is to be deprived of his possessions, to be degraded from his rank, to be put to the torture, and afterwards beheaded at the Place de Grève."

"A just and proper sentence," remarked François. "All the others should have been served in like manner."

"It rests with your majesty to appoint the day for Saint-Vallier's execution," said the messenger.

"I will think of it," replied François. And the messenger quitted the presence.

Shortly afterwards, another messenger arrived, bringing a letter from the Duchesse d'Angoulême to the king, her son, in which she urged him not to show any clemency to Saint-Vallier. "Be firm on this point," she wrote. "Too much leniency has been shown towards the conspirators by the Parliament, and if a severe example be not made of some of them, it will be an incitement to rebellion. Strong efforts, I know, will be made to induce you to pardon Saint-Vallier, but do not yield to the solicitations. The Chancellor Duprat concurs with me in opinion."

"Shall I take back an answer from your majesty?" said the messenger.



"Say to her highness that I will attend to her counsel," replied the king, dismissing the messenger.

Somewhat later in the day, while the king was still in his chamber, he was informed by an usher that the Comtesse de Maulévrier had just arrived at the château, and besought an immediate interview with him.

François at once granted the request, and Diane de Poitiers was ushered into his presence. Her lovely features bore traces of profound affliction. At a sign from the king, the usher immediately withdrew, and left them alone.

"You will readily divine my errand, sire," cried Diane, throwing herself on her knees before him, in spite of his efforts to prevent her. "You know that my unfortunate father has been condemned by the Parliament to torture and to death by the headsman's hand. Have compassion on him, sire—spare him—for my sake!"

"Rise, Diane, and listen to me," said François. "My heart prompts me to yield to your solicitations, but, were I to do so, my clemency would be misconstrued. The Comte de Saint-Vallier having been found guilty of lèse-majesté and rebellion by the solemn tribunal at which he has been placed, I am compelled to confirm the sentence passed upon him. Bourbon's revolt has steeled my breast to pity. Your father was the traitor's chief friend and counsellor."

"As such, sire, he strove to dissuade the duke from his design," she cried.

"The Parliament can have had no proof of that beyond your father's affirmation," said the king. "On the contrary, they believe him to be deeper dyed in treason than the rest of the conspirators."

"My father's judges have been unjust, sire," she rejoined; "but I see it is in vain to convince you of his innocence. You are determined to wreak your vengeance upon him, in order that the blow may be felt by Bourbon. The answer you have given me is little in accordance with your former language."

"You ask what I cannot grant, Diane. Why torture me thus?"

"I will torture you no more. Adieu, sire! I quit your presence never to re-enter it."

"Stay, Diane," he cried, detaining her. "I cannot part with you thus. You know how passionately I love you."

"I find it impossible to reconcile your professions with your conduct, sire. As for myself, if I have ever felt love for you, I will tear it from my heart."

"Then you confess that you have loved me, Diane? You never owned as much before. Nay, to speak truth, I fancied from the coldness of your manner that you were insensible to passion."

"It matters little now what my feelings have been towards you, sire," she rejoined. "But if it will pain you to know the truth, I will not hide it. I *did* love you—love you passionately. But I hate you now—ay, hate you as a tyrant."

"No, no, you do not, cannot hate me," he cried. "It is impossible to resist your influence. You have conquered. I yield," he added, kneeling to her. "Say that you love me still, and I will grant your request."

"Your majesty has already extorted the avowal from me," she rejoined. "I thought you had crushed the feeling, but I find it still survives. Promise me my father's life, and all the love my heart has to bestow shall be yours."

"I do promise it," he replied, clasping her in his arms. "The Comte de Saint-Vallier ought to rejoice that he has so powerful an advocate. None but yourself could have saved him. I had fully determined on his death."

"Mistake not my father, sire," she rejoined. "He would not accept pardon from you if he knew how it was purchased. Dread of dishonour made him join with Bourbon."

"Think no more of that," said François, passionately. "I care not to inquire into his motives for rebellion, since I design to pardon him. But I account it worse than treason that he should forbid you to love me."

"Enough of this, sire. I must crave leave to depart. I shall never feel easy till I know that my father is safe. Let me return to Paris with his pardon."

"A messenger is here from the first president," replied François. "He shall take back the warrant."

"I can trust it to no custody but my own," said Diane. "You will not refuse me this, sire?"

"I have said that I can refuse you nothing, sweet Diane," he rejoined. "But you will come back soon?"

"As soon as I have set my father free," she rejoined.

"Stay, Diane. I must not deceive you," said François, somewhat gravely. "I cannot order your father's immediate liberation. He must remain a prisoner for a time."

"You will not belie your royal word, sire?" she cried. "You do not mean to play me false?"

"I *will* liberate the Comte de Saint-Vallier ere long, and bestow a full pardon on him—*foi de gentilhomme!*" said the king. "For the present, I can merely commute his sentence into imprisonment. But that is tantamount to pardon."

"Since your majesty gives me that assurance, I am content," said Diane. "But let me have the warrant."

François at once sat down at a table, and tracing a few lines on a sheet of paper, signed the despatch, and gave it to her. "This letter to the Chancellor Duprat will accomplish all you

desire," he said. "Your father is in no danger of torture or the headsman's axe. He will be sent to the Château de Loches. But he will soon be liberated. Are you content?"

"I must be, sire," said Diane, as she took the letter. "I shall fly with the missive to Paris."

"Return as quickly as you can," said François. "Were it possible, you should bring the Comte de Saint-Vallier with you."

"He would rather remain in his dungeon than accompany me," she rejoined. "Adieu, sire."

And, quitting the cabinet, she entered her litter, and proceeded towards Paris.

## II.

### HOW BOURBON WAS APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY.

ACCOMPANIED by all his partisans, and attended by a strong escort of reiters, the Duke de Bourbon set out from Besançon for Italy. Shaping his course through Germany, and eventually reaching Coire, he crossed the Alps by the Splügen, which at that time was a difficult and dangerous proceeding, and passing through Bergamo and Brescia, succeeded in reaching Mantua in safety. Here he was cordially welcomed by his cousin, Federico Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua—a prince of great ability, and a staunch partisan of the Emperor, by whom he was subsequently raised to a ducal dignity. Gonzaga was a great patron of arts and letters, and his court was the resort of painters, sculptors, and men of learning and science.

Bourbon and his suite were lodged in the vast Castello di Corte, and several grand entertainments were given in his honour at this palace, and at the magnificent Palazzo del Te. The illustrious fugitive's safe arrival at Mantua was made the occasion of general rejoicings in the city; a tournament was held in the Piazza della Fiera, and a solemn procession was made by Gonzaga and his whole court to the Duomo, where thanksgivings were offered for the duke's deliverance.

Gonzaga did not confine himself to a mere display of hospitality towards his noble kinsman, but voluntarily proffered him all the assistance in his power. Of money Bourbon was not in immediate need, since the whole of the treasure which he had confided to his adherents, after quitting them at the Château d'Herment, had been restored to him, and he hoped to be able to obtain supplies from the Emperor for the payment of such forces as he might raise. Having the utmost reliance on the judgment of Gonzaga, Bourbon explained all his plans to him, mentioning that the Emperor had promised him the hand of his sister Leonor, the widowed Queen of Portugal.

"I counsel you not to claim fulfilment of that promise," said Gonzaga. "Most assuredly the Emperor will find a pretext to evade its performance. When the offer was made, you were the most powerful noble in France, and able, it was supposed, to raise all the central provinces in revolt. But your design has been thwarted by the prudent conduct of the king, who, by remaining at Lyons with his army, and, overawing your vassals, has prevented the insurrection, and compelled you to seek safety in flight. Having thus failed to accomplish your part of the compact, and thereby caused the Emperor's plans to miscarry, you cannot expect him to perform his part of the treaty. You are not now in the same position as heretofore."

"I am still Bourbon, and have still a sword," rejoined the duke, proudly. "I have now only twenty men at my back, but I will soon have twenty thousand."

"I nothing doubt it, cousin," replied Gonzaga. "You will soon regain the position you have lost. But do not go to Spain. Send Lurcy to the Emperor. Ask for the command of a battalion in the Imperial army now opposed to the French in the Milanese, and the request will certainly be granted. An immediate opportunity of distinction will then be afforded you. You will share the command with generals of the highest repute—with Sforza, Duke of Milan—with the valiant Marquis de Pescara—with the skilful Antonio de Leyva—with Lannoy, the viceroy of Naples—and Giovanni de' Medici. Drive the French from Italy, secure the Milanese to Spain, and you will have earned the Emperor's gratitude. The utmost of your ambitious hopes may then be realised. The Queen of Portugal may become your consort—and a portion of France may be allotted to you as a kingdom."

Bourbon at once acted upon Gonzaga's advice, and despatched Lurcy with a letter to Charles V., in which he made no allusion to his Imperial Majesty's promises, but simply asked for a command in the confederate army.

Charged with this despatch, Lurcy proceeded to Genoa, where he embarked for Barcelona, and thence made his way to Madrid.

While awaiting the Emperor's response, Bourbon was condemned to a month's inaction—a sore trial to his patience. At last, Lurcy returned, accompanied by the Comte de Beaurain. Desirous that Gonzaga should hear the Emperor's answer, Bourbon received Beaurain in the presence of the marquis.

"What answer do you bring me from his imperial majesty?" he demanded of the envoy.

"This, my lord," replied Beaurain, delivering a warrant. "My master the Emperor has appointed your highness lieutenant-general of his army in Italy, and representative of his person. As

such, you will be supreme in command—even above the viceroy of Naples.”

With a look of satisfaction, Bourbon turned to Gonzaga and said,

“I will soon lower Bonnivet’s pride, and drive his army across the Alps. That done, the conquest of France itself will speedily follow.”

### III.

#### THE TWO ARMIES IN THE MILANESE.

BEFORE proceeding further, it will be necessary to describe the position of the two opposing armies in the Milanese, and to consider their relative strength.

Entrusted by his royal master with supreme command, and persuaded that he could recover the Milanese, which had been lost by Lautrec, the rash and presumptuous Bonnivet descended into the plains of Lombardy at the head of a large army, comprising about forty thousand men, more than half of whom were drawn from the Swiss cantons, Lorraine and Guelders, and some of the smaller Italian states.

Associated with Bonnivet were several brave and experienced leaders, some of them far more fitted for command than himself—namely, the valiant Maréchal de Montmorency, the heroic Chevalier Bayard, Jean de Chabannes, Seigneur de Vandenesse, the Comte de Saint-Pol, the Vidame de Chartres, Annebaut, De Lorges, Beauvais, Jean de Diesbach, a Swiss leader of distinction, and two Italian nobles, Federico da Bozzolo and Renzo da Ceri.

On entering the Milanese, Bonnivet encountered little opposition, and possessed himself without difficulty of a large portion of the duchy. The veteran Prospero Colonna, who then commanded the Imperial army, after ineffectually disputing the French general’s passage across the Ticino, withdrew to Lodi, while Antonio de Leyva threw himself with three thousand men into Pavia, and at once prepared for the defence of that city.

Had Bonnivet marched direct upon Milan, in all probability the place would have succumbed, for though the Duke Francisco Sforza possessed a garrison of fifteen thousand infantry, eight hundred lances, and as many light horse, the city was not in a state of defence, the walls which had been partially demolished by Lautrec not having been rebuilt. It soon became evident, however, that a blockade merely was intended by the French commander; whereupon active preparations for the defence of the city were made by Morone, the Duke of Milan’s chancellor. The walls were repaired, and the garrison quickly and effectually provisioned.

Meantime, Bonnivet, seizing upon Monza, began to lay waste the

country, destroyed the mills, and cut off the canals that supplied Milan with water. He then fixed his camp at Abbiate-Grasso, in which position he could intercept all communications from the south. On the west he was master of the course of the Ticino to Vigevano, and on the north, as we have said, he held Monza. Thus placed, he felt confident of reducing Milan by famine. Besides the capital of Lombardy, only one important city now remained in possession of the Imperialists—namely, Pavia—but its strength and situation rendered it capable of standing a lengthened siege.

As to Milan itself, which was now occupied by Prospero Colonna and Francesco Sforza, it had been put, by the exertions of Morone, into such a state of defence, that it was impossible to take it by assault.

In the midst of these operations, Pope Adrian VI. died, and was succeeded on the Pontifical throne, after a long and severe struggle, by Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, who on his election assumed the name of Clement VII.

In the new Pope the French expected to find an enemy, while the Emperor calculated upon his friendship; but the secret desire of Clement VII., a prelate of great judgment and experience, was to remain neutral, and he proposed that a truce should be agreed upon, during which he might be able to mediate between the conflicting powers. The proposition, however, was indignantly rejected on either side, while the want of zeal in the Pope excited the anger of the Emperor. To appease him, Clement VII. secretly gave twenty thousand ducats to his ambassador, and compelled the Florentines to furnish a like sum.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants of Milan began to suffer from famine, for although there was plenty of corn in the city, it could not be ground, the mills having been destroyed. During eight days, more than a hundred thousand persons wanted bread, and the city was reduced to the greatest straits, when at last Monza was evacuated by Bonnivet, and provisions were obtained from Bergamo and the Venetian states.

Things were in this posture when the octogenarian general, Prospero Colonna, whose health had been for some time failing, breathed his last. In Colonna the confederates lost a most sagacious and experienced leader, who perfectly understood the art of war. Taking Fabius as his model, he would never fight a battle if it could be avoided, and it was one of his maxims, that "the glory of a general suffers more from rashness than it gains from the éclat of victory."

Charles de Lannoy, who succeeded Prospero Colonna as commander of the confederate forces, was a man of middle age, and distinguished not merely for military skill and bravery, but for profound judgment. His early reputation had been won under

the Emperor Maximilian, and his high qualities recommended him to Charles V., by whom he was made governor of Tournay, and subsequently viceroy of Naples.

On quitting Naples to assume the command of the Imperial army, Lannoy was accompanied by the Marquis de Pescara, one of the Emperor's most distinguished generals, respecting whom we must say a few words.

Descended from the illustrious house of Avalos of Toledo, Pescara inherited all the pride and arrogance of his ancestors. Though still young, for at the period of which we treat he was only thirty-four, he had passed a long life in arms. He was taken prisoner by the French at the battle of Ravenna, and on his release returned to the army, and was again worsted at Vicenza, but covered himself with glory by driving Lautrec from Milan in 1521—only two years before our history. This achievement won him the greater renown, since the cautious Prospero Colonna declined to attempt the enterprise. In the succeeding campaign the valiant Spanish leader distinguished himself by several brilliant feats of arms. He succoured Pavia when besieged by the French—helped to win the battle of Bicocca—took Lodi and Pizzighetone—and compelled Lescun to surrender Cremona. He subsequently besieged and took Genoa, delivering the city to pillage. These exploits caused him to be regarded as one of the great captains of the age. Fearless, energetic, rash, Pescara derided danger, and would undertake any enterprise, however hazardous. His constant disagreements, however, with Colonna rendered his position in the confederate army unsupportable, and he resigned his command and withdrew to Naples, where he remained till Lannoy was called upon to fill Colonna's post. In obedience to the Emperor's orders, Pescara then returned to Milan to resume his command of the Spanish forces, his place having been temporarily filled by Captain Alarcon.

The haughty marquis was perfectly content to serve under Lannoy; but when he heard of Bourbon's appointment as lieutenant-general of the confederate army, and representative of the Emperor, his jealousy was immediately excited.

Another Spanish general of distinction, of whom we shall have occasion hereafter more fully to speak, was Don Antonio de Leyva. At this juncture he occupied Pavia with a force of six thousand infantry and a thousand horse, and had so strongly fortified the city that he conceived it impregnable. De Leyva had risen to his present eminence after a long and brilliant career.

The command of the Italian division, which consisted of Lombards, Florentines, Romans, Modenese, Lucchese, and Neapolitan soldiers, was entrusted to Francisco Sforza, Duke of Milan. Associated with Sforza was the Duke of Urbino, general of the Venetian forces, who had recently joined the confederates.

## IV.

## HOW THE DUKE DE BOURBON ENTERED MILAN.

IMMEDIATELY on receiving the appointment from the Emperor, Bourbon set out from Mantua to assume the command of the Imperial army. All his suite went with him, and he was accompanied by Gonzaga with a guard of six hundred lances. Tidings of his approach to Milan having preceded him, Francisco Sforza, magnificently accoutred, and attended by a glittering train of three hundred knights, all superbly arrayed, came forth from the gates of the city to meet him. The Duke of Milan was accompanied by his chancellor, Geronimo Morone, who was robed in black velvet, and wore a massive gold chain over his shoulders. Morone was a man of middle age, of grave aspect, and dignified demeanour.

Armed from head to foot in polished steel, and bestriding a powerful black charger, which was sumptuously caparisoned in housings of crimson velvet embroidered with his arms, and having a chanfrin of snowy plumes at its head, Bourbon presented a splendid appearance. All his suite were richly accoutred, and well mounted. Nothing could be more cordial than the greeting that passed between Sforza and Bourbon, and after an exchange of courtesies, they rode side by side into Milan, followed by Morone and Gonzaga.

As the cavalcade approached the gates, Bourbon examined the newly repaired walls and bastions, and cast a glance of approval at Morone. Bourbon himself, after the battle of Marignano, had been governor of Milan, and if his rule over the conquered city had been necessarily severe, he had not, like his successor, the *Maréchal de Lautrec*, rendered himself personally obnoxious to the citizens. But if any feelings of animosity had formerly existed towards him, they were now forgotten, and he was greeted with smiles and the waving of scarves and kerchiefs from the fair occupants of windows and balconies, and by loud acclamations from the populace thronging the streets as he rode along.

Owing to the crowd and some stoppages, the progress of the cavalcade was somewhat slow, but at last, emerging from a long narrow street, it issued into a broad piazza, and the stately *Duomo*—the pride of Milan—burst upon them. Often as Bourbon had gazed upon this glorious Gothic fane—often as he had studied its marvellous architectural beauties—it had lost none of its effect upon him, but excited his admiration as powerfully as ever. But he had little time to gaze upon it. The piazza in front of the fane was



entirely filled with soldiers, and as the cavalcade crossed it, the place resounded with shouts of "Viva Bourbon!"

Amid such enthusiastic demonstrations, Sforza and those with him proceeded to the ducal palace, and on entering the court, which was half filled with mounted Spanish soldiers, they found three knightly personages, all fully accoutred and on horseback, waiting to receive them. These were Lannoy, viceroy of Naples, the Marquis de Pescara, and Giovanni de' Medici. From his gorgeous armour and the rich trappings of his charger, Lannoy made a very imposing appearance. He was powerfully built, stern of aspect, and stately in manner, and his looks bespoke wisdom and resolution.

Very different in appearance, but equally martial in aspect, was the haughty Spanish general, Pescara. Possessing a light, active, well-knit frame, he seemed capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, and of executing any enterprise that his daring spirit might conceive. His features were regular and handsome, and the scars on his cheek and brow did not detract from his good looks, while communicating a certain grimness to his aspect. His complexion was swarthy, and his beard, which he wore pointed in the Spanish fashion, coal-black. His expression was fierce, and his deportment proud and overbearing. When angry, his dark eyes seemed literally to blaze. Over his lacquered accoutrements he wore a surcoat on which his arms were blazoned, and was mounted on a fiery Andalusian barb, which had borne him through many a fray, and like himself had been often wounded. What with his striking physiognomy, his proud martial deportment, his splendid accoutrements, and his fiery barb, Pescara looked the beau ideal of a warrior.

Younger and handsomer than the redoubted Spanish general was the gallant Giovanni de' Medici, who promised to become one of the most distinguished captains of the age. Like Pescara, Medici was active and enterprising, and was checked by no difficulty; as shrewd in devising a stratagem as resolute in carrying it out. His features were classical in outline, and lighted up large soft blue eyes, which gave little indication of the latent fierceness of his nature. His figure was tall and admirably proportioned, and his deportment commanding. Like the others, he was splendidly arrayed, and his charger richly barded.

As Bourbon entered the court-yard with the Duke of Milan, the three leaders just described advanced to meet him, and saluted him. After an exchange of courteous speeches, the whole party alighted, and entering the palace, were conducted by Sforza to a grand banqueting-chamber, where a sumptuous repast awaited them. Their discourse during the banquet turned chiefly upon certain movements which had just been made by Bonnivet, and in reply to an inquiry from Bourbon, Pescara mentioned that the

French general had placed his advanced guard at Robecco, a small town between Pavia and Lodi. "He has done this," continued Pescara, "to intercept our convoys. I have a plan which, if it meets your highness's approval, I will execute to-night. Before detailing it, I must explain that Robecco is a mere village, without defence of any kind, and is at least a league from the headquarters of the French army. The vanguard consists of only two hundred horsemen, and the like number of foot soldiers. But it is commanded by Bayard."

"Then it is in charge of the best captain of the French forces," remarked Bourbon. "Bonnivet must be mad to place Bayard in such an exposed position."

"Perhaps he wishes him to incur a defeat," said Pescara, with a laugh. "If so, his malice will be gratified, for I mean to surprise the post to-night. Had it been held by any other than the invincible chevalier, I should have sent Alarcon; but, as Bayard is there, I shall go myself."

"I approve of the plan, marquis," said Bourbon. "But let me give you a piece of counsel. Make your men wear their shirts over their accoutrements, in order that you may recognise them in the darkness."

"A good suggestion," said Pescara. "I will act upon it."

Later on in the day, a council was held by the leaders, during which various plans were discussed. When the assemblage broke up, Bourbon retired to the apartments which had been prepared for himself and his suite in the palace.

Next morning betimes he prepared to start for the camp. His escort was drawn up in the court-yard of the palace, and he was coming forth to mount his charger, when loud shouts were heard outside the gates, and in another moment, Pescara, followed by a band of horse soldiers, laden with baggage and other spoils of war, rode into the court.

The accoutrements of the Spanish general and those of his men showed they had been engaged in a desperate fray. Their horses were covered with dust and blood, and scarcely able to stand—the only one amongst them that did not look thoroughly exhausted was the general's barb. Springing from the saddle, the indefatigable Pescara marched towards Bourbon, and bade him good day.

"What! back already, marquis?" cried Bourbon. "By my faith! you have displayed extraordinary activity. Why, Robecco must be some seven leagues from Milan. I perceive you have succeeded in your nocturnal expedition, and have brought back plenty of spoil. I pray you give me some particulars of the enterprise."

"Willingly," replied Pescara, smiling. "I care not ordinarily to talk of my own feats, but I am proud of this achievement,

since I have defeated the hitherto invincible Bayard. And now for the affair. At the head of three hundred picked men, scarce half of whom I have brought back, I left Milan an hour before midnight, and by two o'clock was close upon Robecco, which, as your highness has just remarked, is about seven leagues distant. All was still within the little camp, and in the village adjoining, and as we listened we could hear the cocks crowing, heralding the approach of dawn. It was very dark, but my men, as your highness had recommended, wore their shirts above their accoutrements. After a brief halt, we moved as silently as we could towards the camp; but, cautious as was our approach, it was detected by the guard, who at once gave the alarm. On this, we dashed into the camp and seized upon the baggage. While we were thus employed, the trumpets sounded, and our foemen sprang to arms, and mounted their horses. But, ere this could be accomplished, we had committed great havoc among them, and had secured the baggage, which, as your highness perceives, we have brought off."

"Where was Bayard all this while?" demanded Bourbon.

"I'll and in his tent when we came up, as I subsequently learnt from a captive," returned Pescara, "but ere many minutes he was on horseback, and rallying his men. He shouted to De Lorges, who was with him, to get the infantry together and retire with them to Abbiate-Grasso, and he protected their retreat with his lances. Thrice did I charge him—and each time with a considerable loss; but I so thinned his ranks, that he was compelled to follow the infantry. Knowing that assistance would soon arrive, and that I should be overpowered by numbers, I then gave the word to return. Bonnivet chased us for a couple of leagues, when, finding pursuit in vain, he turned back. I have lost more than a hundred brave fellows in the expedition—but what of that? I have vanquished Bayard."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bourbon. "You may well be proud of the achievement, marquis. Bayard will never forgive Bonnivet for the defeat."

"Never," replied Pescara. "Alarcon, my captain, heard him say to De Lorges that in due time and place he would compel the Admiral to render him an account for the disgrace he had put upon him."

Bourbon then took leave of Pescara, and, mounting his charger, rode out of the city, and put himself at the head of six thousand lanz-knechts and five hundred lances, who were drawn up outside the Porta Ticinese. With this force he proceeded to join the Imperial army, which was encamped near Gambolo, a small town about three leagues distant from the right bank of the Ticino.

## V.

## THE CONTESSA DI CHIERI.

ONE night, about a week before Bourbon's entrance into Milan, a lady, young and of surpassing loveliness, was seated alone in the principal saloon of a magnificent palace in the Corso Romano. Her looks and rich attire proclaimed that she belonged to the highest rank. The saloon was sumptuously furnished, and adorned with paintings and sculpture, but it was imperfectly illumined by a couple of tapers placed on the table near which the lady sat. She was the Contessa di Chieri, one of the loveliest women in Italy, and had been married long enough to care little for the count, her husband, who lived apart from her at Rome.

After a while, the beautiful countess arose, and, walking to the open casement, stepped out upon a balcony overlooking the Corso, and, leaning upon the cushioned balustrade, gazed around. From this place could be seen the marble roof of the Duomo, rising like a snowy mountain above the tops of the adjoining houses. But no object in particular engaged her fancy. It was pleasant to look forth on such a night and breathe the soft and balmy air. Therefore she lingered for some time on the balcony, and did not think of returning to the saloon.

When the Contessa di Chieri first came out, bands of soldiers were traversing the Corso, but the place was now almost deserted. As the night advanced, its beauty seemed to increase, and the perfect stillness added to the charm. She was gazing at the heavens, trying to penetrate their mysterious depths, when all at once a slight sound recalled her to earth, and, looking down, she beheld a tall cavalier wrapped in a long mantle. At this sight she would instantly have retreated, when her own name, pronounced in accents that were familiar to her, and that made the blood rush to her heart, arrested her.

"'Tis I, Beata!" cried the cavalier.

"Santa Maria! is it possible?—you here!"

"Hush! not so loud," rejoined the cavalier, "or yonder patrol will overhear us. Since you recognise me, you will not keep me here."

"You shall be admitted instantly," replied the countess. And she disappeared from the balcony.

The cavalier had not to wait long. The gates opening upon the cortile of the palace were closed, but a wicket was presently opened, and a female attendant, without saying a word to the cavalier, led him up a grand marble staircase to the saloon where

the countess awaited him. As soon as the attendant had retired, the cavalier threw off his cloak and hat, and disclosed the noble features and superb person of Bonnivet.

"Ah, what risk you have run to come here!" exclaimed the countess. "I tremble to think of it. If you should be discovered——"

"Reassure yourself, dear Beata, I shall not be discovered," replied Bonnivet, passionately. "Oh, let me gaze at you! Let me satisfy myself that I behold you once more. By Heaven!" he exclaimed, yet more passionately, and pressing her to his bosom, "you look lovelier than ever. Oh, Beata, I would have laid siege to Milan to procure the happiness of this interview. But fortune has been against me, and has baffled all my efforts."

"And you have quitted the camp to come here?" said the countess. "You have risked more than life in doing so."

"But I am now fully repaid," he rejoined.

"You would persuade me that you love me deeply," she said.

"Have I not proved my devotion by this act?" he rejoined.

"Lovers, they say, are mad, and those who understand not what love is, and have never felt its pains, would deem me mad. Impelled by this madness, or passion—call it what you please—I have left my army to the care of the Comte de Saint-Pol, and have ventured among my enemies. But he who dares much will be rewarded, as I am."

"How did you contrive to enter the city?" demanded Beata.

"I marvel how you could elude the vigilance of the guard."

"I have a safe-conduct from Giovanni de' Medici," replied Bonnivet. "I came hither as Galeazzo Visconti."

"But your return will be attended with even greater risk," said Beata. "If you should be captured, I shall never forgive myself, for I shall feel that I have been the cause of the disaster."

"Have no misgivings, Beata," said Bonnivet, smiling confidently. "I am not destined to be captured. Do not let us mar the happiness of our brief interview by any thoughts of danger. Let us think only of ourselves—of our love. When we are separated—when I am again with the army, and you are alone in this chamber—we shall regret each moment we have wasted."

"I would shake off my fears if I could!" said the countess.

"But I find it impossible. Had I expected you, it might have been otherwise. But you have taken me so by surprise, that I cannot master my emotion."

"How could I prepare you for my coming, Beata?" said Bonnivet. "I have long nourished the design, but the means of executing it only occurred to-day, when this safe-conduct fell into my hands. Then I resolved—cost what it might!—that I would behold you again. Mounted on a swift steed, I left Abbiate-Grasso at nightfall, attended only by a single esquire,

and I hope to be back at the camp before my absence is discovered."

"Heaven grant you may!" she ejaculated.

"My steed seemed to know the errand on which he was bent, and bore me on with wondrous speed; but if he sympathises with his master, he will not have the same spirit on his return. It is strange, Beata—now that the long wished-for moment has arrived—now that I am here—I cannot realise my happiness. It seems like a dream."

"Holy Virgin! what is that?" exclaimed Beata, as the trampling of horses was heard in the Corso.

"Merely the patrol," replied Bonnivet.

"No; it is not the patrol!" she cried. "The troop has stopped at the gates of the palace. Stay where you are! I will see what it means."

So saying, she flew to the balcony, and presently returned with a cheek blanched with terror.

"Heaven preserve us!" she exclaimed. "It is the Duke of Milan, with a large escort."

"The Duke of Milan!" exclaimed Bonnivet. "What can bring him here at this hour?"

As he spoke, a loud knocking was heard at the gate.

"What means this visit?" said Bonnivet.

"I know not," replied the contessa, "unless your arrival at Milan has been discovered."

"That is impossible. The guard at the Porta Romana allowed me to pass without question, on seeing my safe-conduct."

"There are spies in your camp, and one of them may have brought information of your departure," said Beata. "But the duke must not find you here. Conceal yourself," she added, opening the door of a closet, "and do not venture forth till I release you."

Scarcely had Bonnivet entered this hiding-place when the Duke of Milan, accompanied by a guard, entered the saloon.

"You must excuse me if I appear abrupt, countess," he said, glancing suspiciously round the room. "My business does not admit of ceremony. You will believe that I have not come hither on any idle errand."

"I am curious to learn the meaning of your highness's visit," remarked Beata, vainly endeavouring to conceal her agitation.

"I will not keep you in suspense, madame," replied Sforza. "Where is the cavalier who entered the palace not half an hour ago, and was shown into this room by your attendant, Eufemia?"

"He is lost!" mentally ejaculated the countess, trembling and not knowing what answer to make.

"Where is the Admiral Bonnivet, madame?" said Sforza,

advancing towards her. "I know he is in the palace. Where have you hidden him? Confess. I *will* have him."

"The cavalier who entered just now, and who has since quitted the palace, was not Bonnivet, but Galeazzo Visconti," replied the countess.

"I know better, madame," said Sforza. "To convince you that equivocation is useless, I will tell you what has happened. Little more than an hour ago two well-mounted horsemen arrived at the Porta Romana, and presented a safe-conduct purporting to be for Galeazzo Visconti and his esquire. What was the astonishment of the captain of the guard, while scrutinising the self-styled Visconti—the real Galeazzo being well known to him—to recognise the commander of the French army, the Admiral Bonnivet. He made no remark, however, but allowed the Admiral and his companion to enter the city, feeling it to be of the highest importance to ascertain their design. He therefore followed them with half a dozen men to the Piazza del Duomo, where Bonnivet dismounted, and leaving his horse in charge of his esquire, marched off, fancying himself unobserved—but the captain of the guard and two soldiers were on his track. They saw him pause before this palace. You, countess, were on the balcony. They heard your lover—for such he must be—exchange a few words with you, after which he was admitted. As soon as this took place, the captain of the guard hastened to the ducal palace to acquaint me with the important discovery he had made. I came hither at once."

"You have come quickly, duke, but you have come too late," rejoined Beata. "He you seek is gone."

"Not so, madame," rejoined Sforza, smiling incredulously. "The gates have been closely watched ever since the Admiral entered the palace. No one has come forth. Where is he?"

"If your highness will dismiss your attendants, I will tell you," she replied.

"Withdraw," said Sforza to the guard, "but remain outside. Now, madame," he added, when they were alone.

Before the countess could make any reply the door of the closet opened, and Bonnivet stepped forth.

"Imprudent!" she exclaimed. "You have betrayed yourself."

"Discovery was certain, madame," remarked Sforza. "I am obliged to the Lord Admiral for saving me further trouble. My lord, you are my prisoner."

"Not yet, duke," rejoined Bonnivet, who did not appear at all uneasy; "I have a proposition to make to your highness, which I think will be agreeable to you. You must be quite certain that I did not come to Milan with any hostile intent."

"I do not ask the motive of your visit, my lord," replied Sforza. "It is sufficient that you are here—and my prisoner."

"Hear me out, duke," said Bonnivet. "I have to propose an exchange of prisoners."

"An exchange!—ha! Whom do you offer?"

"Giovanni de' Medici," replied Bonnivet.

"Giovanni de' Medici!" echoed Sforza, in surprise. "I did not know he was a prisoner."

"I took him this morning," returned Bonnivet. "Let me return to Abbiate-Grasso, and I will set him free."

"You underrate yourself, Admiral," said Sforza. "I shall lose by the exchange."

"I will add ten thousand ducats," said Bonnivet.

"Excuse the doubt, my lord; but have you that sum?" demanded Sforza.

"On my faith I have, duke," replied Bonnivet. "The money ought to be paid to the Swiss—but you shall have it."

"Then I agree. I am sorry to rob the Swiss," said Sforza, laughing, "but all is fair in love and war. I give you an hour with your mistress, Admiral. Then you must depart. I will leave a guard at the gates of the palace who will conduct you and your esquire to the Porta Romana. To-morrow I shall expect Giovanni de' Medici—and the ransom-money. Good night, my lord. I will no longer interrupt your tête-à-tête. You see, fair countess, what a price your lover is willing to pay for an hour of your sweet society."

With this, Sforza retired and gave the necessary orders, so that Bonnivet was enabled to quit Milan without molestation.

Next morning, Giovanni de' Medici returned to Milan, and the ransom-money was paid.

## VI.

### HOW BOURBON ASSUMED THE COMMAND OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY.

THE numerical force of the Imperial army at this juncture was computed at forty thousand men, a large proportion of whom were mercenaries. There were seven thousand Spaniards under Pescara; ten thousand Germans under Lannoy; four thousand Italians under Giovanni de' Medici; eight hundred lances, and eight hundred light horse, mixed Italians and Spaniards, under various captains. The Venetian army, under the Duke of Urbino, consisted of upwards of six thousand foot, all well armed, and eleven hundred horse. The Pontifical forces, the leadership of which was given to Gonzaga, numbered a thousand men—five hundred infantry and five hundred horse. Besides these, there was a strong garrison at Pavia, under the command of the renowned Antonio de Leyva, consisting of five



thousand infantry and eleven hundred horse, and these were subsequently reinforced by the Pontifical troops. Possessed of such an army, led by generals of such valour and experience as Pescara and Lannoy, and now commanded by Bourbon, who was animated as well by the desire of distinction as by the thirst for vengeance, it could scarcely be doubted that success awaited the Imperialists.

On the other hand, though its numbers had been greatly reduced since his entrance into Italy, Bonnivet could still boast a powerful army. Of the thirty thousand men who had descended with him into the fertile plains of Lombardy, scarce twenty thousand were now left; but he was in expectation of large reinforcements from France, and he also counted upon five thousand Grisons under the command of Dietingen de Salis, and eight thousand Swiss. From his position at Abbiate-Grasso, he was able to obtain abundant supplies from the Lomellino.

Such was the relative position of the two armies when Bourbon assumed the command of the Imperial forces.

On his arrival at the camp he was hailed with enthusiasm, and as he rode along the line, followed by his adherents, he was greeted with shouts by soldiers of all countries—Spaniards, Germans, and Italians. This was a proud moment for the illustrious fugitive, and made amends for all the sufferings he had undergone. His breast beat high with ardour, and visions of conquest flitted before his gaze. With such a host at his command, what could he not achieve?

The camp of the Imperialists occupied a large space of ground, but owing to the remarkable flatness of the plain, could only be fully surveyed from the castle of Garlasco, which was situated at its farthest extremity. In this castle Bourbon was lodged, and as he mounted its keep a splendid view was offered him. Not only was the whole of his own army in sight, but, though some leagues off, he could clearly distinguish the French camp at Abbiate-Grasso. In other respects, the prospect was very striking. League upon league of the fertile plains of Lombardy, intersected with rivers and canals, came within his ken. Numberless cities, towns, and villages could be descried. In the extreme distance could be seen Milan, with its Duomo, towers, and churches; Lodi and Pavia were also distinguishable; and the whole course of the Ticino could be traced from the latter city to Abbiate-Grasso. Looking towards the north, Novara and Vercelli—each important places—could be discerned; and nearer were Vigevano and Mortara. Many other towns could likewise be seen, and the Ticino was not the only river visible. Both the Sesia and the Po could be distinguished. Bounding this vast plain on the north rose the enormous barrier of the Alps, foremost amid which stood Monte Rosa, while in the far distance on the west could be discerned the range of the Apennines.

From the walls of Garlasco, Bourbon carefully studied Bonnivet's position, and coming to the conclusion that the French general must infallibly surrender, he resolved not to give him battle at once, as he had intended, but to adopt the Fabian policy of Prospero Colonna, and wait.

To Bourbon a camp life was the pleasantest that could be led. No music was so agreeable to his ear as the sound of warlike instruments; no pastime so pleasant as the practice of military manoeuvres. He did not rest till he had satisfied himself by personal scrutiny that every corps of the army was in good order; and such was his affability, that he soon became popular with the soldiers of each nation. At all hours of the night he made his rounds to see that good watch was kept; and on these occasions he was only attended by the faithful Hugues, whom he still retained in his service. Constant nocturnal skirmishes took place between flying bands of the hostile armies; but without material advantage to either side.

Nearly a month had now elapsed since Bourbon had assumed his command, and already Bonnivet, whose position became daily more perilous, had thrice offered him battle; but Bourbon, with the approval of the other leaders, on each occasion refused to fight. During this interval Bourbon, accompanied by Lannoy, Pescara, and the Duke of Urbino, had repeatedly ridden along the right bank of the Ticino, in order to reconnoitre the French forces; and he had also more than once visited Pavia to consult with Antonio de Leyva and Gonzaga, and see that the garrison was in good order.

## VII.

### HOW BONNIVET RESOLVED TO RETREAT FROM NOVARA.

BECOMING apprehensive that he should lose his supplies from the Lomellino, whence he chiefly derived them, Bonnivet at length crossed the Ticino with the bulk of his army, placing his vanguard at Vigevano, and the main body of the army at Mortara—a strongly fortified city, and where he could obtain provisions from Montferrat, Vercelli, and Novara.

He did not abandon Abbiate-Grasso, but left a thousand infantry and a hundred horse to guard the place—a very inadequate force, as was speedily shown. Three days afterwards, the town was attacked by Giovanni de' Medici, assisted by Sforza, with five hundred of the élite of the garrison of Milan. The assault began early in the morning, and was conducted with such extraordinary vigour, that, in spite of a gallant defence, the place was taken before night. Fatal consequences, however, attended this bold

achievement. The plague at that time existed at Abbiate-Grasso, and the spoils of the town being carried off by the victors, the scourge was conveyed to Milan, and eventually committed dreadful ravages in that city.

The capture of Abbiate-Grasso was not the only success achieved by the Imperialists. Others followed in rapid succession. Sirtirano, an important post occupied by the French, was besieged and taken by Bourbon before Bonnivet could succour it from Mortara. As the Imperialists continued to press upon his right, fearing his supplies might be cut off he retired to Novara, and established himself there, hoping to be reinforced by the Grisons and Swiss. But he was disappointed. Conducted by Dietingen de Salis, the Grisons got as far as Bergamo, where they ought to have been joined by the Prince Federico da Bozzolo. But he was shut up in Lodi. Harassed by Giovanni de' Medici, who was sent with a detachment of light horse to drive them back, unable to obtain their promised pay or an escort of cavalry, the Grisons, disgusted and indignant, returned to their native valleys. Having accomplished this task, the active Medici destroyed the bridge at Buffalora, thus enclosing Bonnivet between the Ticino and the Sesia, and liberating Milan from all chance of attack.

Bonnivet was not more fortunate in regard to his Swiss reinforcements than with the Grisons. Eight thousand of these hardy mountaineers made their way to the neighbourhood of Vercelli, on the right bank of the Sesia, in order to effect a junction with the French army at Novara. But the river was swollen and impassable, and the Swiss, having learned that the Grisons had retired, became greatly discontented, and refused to join the French until they first received their pay. In vain Bonnivet sent Captain Diesbach to remonstrate with them. They remained sullen and inflexible, alleging that the French king had broken faith with them, having failed to send the Duc de Longueville with four hundred lances to Ivry to escort them, and now they were denied their pay.

The Admiral's position had thus become extremely perilous. Deprived of the large reinforcements he had expected, and which alone could enable him successfully to prosecute the campaign; confronted by a hostile army greatly superior to his own in number, and stimulated by constant successes; with his own troops almost decimated by disease and famine; in danger of losing his supplies, owing to the activity of the enemy, his utter defeat or an inglorious surrender seemed inevitable.

Bonnivet determined to retreat, but before putting his design into execution, he summoned the principal leaders of the French army to a council. With the exception of the Maréchal de Montmorency, who had been attacked by the plague, and had already left Novara, they all attended; and the assemblage comprised the Comte de Saint-Pol, the Seigneur de Vandenesse,

the Chevalier Bayard, the Vidame de Chartres, De Lorges, Annebaut, Beauvais (surnamed "the Brave"), Renzo da Ceri, and the Swiss captain, Diesbach. All these personages were fully armed, save that they had taken off their helmets and unbuckled their swords, and, as they were grouped around a table placed in the centre of the tent in which they met, they formed a very striking picture.

Conspicuous among them for the richness of his armour, which was damaskeened with gold, and for his splendid person and handsome lineaments, was the Lord Admiral. The Comte de Saint-Pol was also a noble-looking warrior, and gorgeously accoutred. The veteran Vandenesse was cased in black armour, and had a martial and determined aspect. The Vidame de Chartres had a proud and resolute look. Annebaut, De Lorges, and the brave Beauvais were all stalwart captains, whose scarred visages proclaimed the numerous conflicts they had been engaged in. Renzo da Ceri was of slighter frame, and younger than the last-mentioned warriors, and his graceful person, sheathed in lacquered armour, contrasted strongly with the robust frame and rugged physiognomy of the Swiss leader, Diesbach, near whom he sat.

But, although each individual in the group was worthy of notice, the one who would infallibly have fixed the attention of a beholder was the Chevalier Bayard.

Bayard was fashioned in the heroic mould. Above the ordinary height, powerfully built, and possessed of prodigious strength, he wore his ponderous armour, dinted by many a blow, as easily as if it had been a silken doublet. His features corresponded with his frame, being massive and nobly sculptured, generally stern in expression, yet sometimes lighted up by a pleasant smile.

The doughty champion was now approaching fifty, and though his mighty arm had lost none of its power, and his features bore few traces of age, his once raven locks were thickly sown with grey. It had been remarked by his soldiers, by whom he was idolised, that since the affair of Robecco their captain had looked sombre and discontented, and they fancied that the thought of the defeat rankled in his breast.

More than human valour seemed to beat in Bayard's broad breast—more than human strength appeared to reside in his herculean frame and powerful arm. No danger ever appalled him—nay, his spirit rose with danger, inciting him to deeds worthy of the heroic ages. Such was his conduct at Garigliano, when, wholly unsupported, he defended the bridge against the entire Spanish host, and saved the French army. Besides the inconceivable daring of all his actions, their grandeur made him the central figure in every conflict in

which he engaged, and excited the admiration both of friends and foes.

When only eighteen, Bayard followed Charles VIII. into Italy, and won his spurs at the battle of Fornova, where he performed prodigies of valour, and had two horses killed under him. He was several times made prisoner, and more than once grievously wounded, but while free he was ever with the army. Courts he despised, and hence the neglect he experienced from François I., who placed his favourites over his head. But other monarchs appreciated him at his true worth, and after a signal victory which he had gained at Padua, the Emperor Maximilian said to him, in the presence of the whole army, "Chevalier Bayard, the king my brother is happy in having a knight like you. I would I had a dozen such, even though each cost me a hundred thousand florins a year."

Nor did our own bluff King Hal use less flattering language towards him at the siege of Têrouanne. "Were all French captains as valiant as you, Chevalier Bayard," said Henry, "I must speedily raise the siege of this place."

Bayard, as is well known, after the famous battle of Marignano, which he himself had helped to win, and where he fought side by side with the Constable de Bourbon, was called upon by the victorious king to dub him knight.

Bayard would have declined the honour, but François insisted, and bent the knee before him. Whereupon Bayard, drawing his sword, and touching the king's shoulder with the blade, exclaimed:

"Sire, may it be with you as with Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin, his brother. Certes, you are the first king that ever I dubbed knight." Then pressing his lips to the blade, he said, "Happy art thou, my sword, to have performed this office for so brave a monarch! Henceforth, good sword, shalt thou be kept as a holy relic, and honoured above all other weapons!"

But though thus distinguished, Bayard, as we have shown, was afterwards neglected by François I. The bravest and ablest captain in the army; consulted by the leaders on all occasions of difficulty, and adored by the soldiers; far fitter for command than those placed above him, he was never made a general. The only reward he received for his incalculable services was the order of Saint Michel.

Though his loyalty was unshaken by the king's ingratitude, the appointment of Bonnivet to the supreme command of the Italian army gave Bayard great offence. He could not conquer his dislike of the haughty favourite, and, moreover, entertained but a poor opinion of his military qualities. Nevertheless, he served him well and faithfully. In the unlucky affair of Robecco he fancied Bon-

nivet had wilfully exposed him to certain defeat, and this he could not forgive.

"I have sent for you, messeigneurs, to ask your advice," said Bonnivet, glancing round at the assemblage, all of whom looked grave and anxious, "and I entreat you to give it freely. You are all aware of the critical position in which we are placed. You know that we are shut up between two rivers, the Ticino and the Sesia. You know that the army is greatly reduced by famine, sickness, and desertion, and that the enemy, with a force more than double our own in number, is at Cameriano, only two leagues off. You know that we have lost Abbiate-Grasso, and that the bridge over the Ticino at Buffalora has been destroyed by Giovanni de' Medici. You know that the faithless Grisons have returned to their native valleys with Dietingen de Salis. You know that the eight thousand Swiss, who are at Gattinara, on the opposite bank of the Sesia, have refused to join us. Aware of all these disastrous circumstances, what counsel do you give?"

All were silent, none liking to recommend retreat or surrender. At last Bayard spoke.

"You ask our advice, Lord Admiral," he said. "Will you be guided by it if we offer it?"

"I cannot pledge myself to that, but I will give your counsel due consideration," rejoined Bonnivet. "Speak freely."

"Were I in your place," said Bayard, "I would compel the enemy to give me battle, and by a grand masterstroke retrieve my former reverses, or perish in the effort."

"It would be madness," rejoined Bonnivet. "As I have said, the enemy's forces are double our own, and in better condition."

"Then shut yourself up in Novara, and stand a siege. The city is well fortified, and will hold out till we receive reinforcements."

"I doubt it," remarked the Comte de Saint-Pol. "Our supplies from the Lomellino will be cut off, and the country around Novara, as you know, has been laid waste."

"Tête-Dieu! we will get supplies from the foe," cried Bayard. "Our condition is not so desperate as you suppose. If the enemy are two to one, what matters it?"

"If we were all Bayards it would matter little if they were ten to one," rejoined Saint-Pol. "But our men are disheartened. Of late, we have had nothing but ill success. You yourself have been worsted."

"True," replied Bayard, in a sombre tone, as he thought of the affair of Robecco.

"You have seen your countrymen, Captain Diesbach," said De Lorges to that officer. "Do they refuse to join us?"

"Absolutely," replied Diesbach, "unless they receive their pay. They are inflexible. They declare the King of France has broken faith with them in not sending the Duc de Longueville

with an escort of cavalry to meet them at Ivry, and that they will not fight for him."

"Let the vile mercenaries go! We can do without them," cried Beauvais.

"Mercenaries they may be, but they have good ground of complaint," rejoined Diesbach, angrily. "They have been brought hither by promises that have not been kept. My own men declare that, unless they receive their pay, they will at once disband, and return with their countrymen who are waiting for them at Gattinara. The Swiss will not fight for mere glory."

"But you have sufficient influence over your men to quiet their murmurs, and prevent them from disbanding, Captain Diesbach," said Bonnivet. "Give them the positive assurance from me that they *shall* be paid—speedily paid."

"Promises will not content them, my lord," replied Diesbach. "I must have something in hand."

"You ask an impossibility, captain," replied Bonnivet. "My coffers are quite empty."

"Quite empty!" exclaimed Diesbach. "A month ago you promised me ten thousand ducats."

"Very true, captain. But the whole of the money is gone. I have had a heavy ransom to pay."

"Whose ransom, my lord, may I make bold to inquire?" said Diesbach.

"Ask the Duke of Milan," replied Bonnivet. "My coffers are empty, I repeat. But all arrears shall be fully paid—as soon as I receive the expected supplies from France."

"I will tell my soldiers what you say, my lord," returned Diesbach. "But I know what their answer will be. They will laugh in my face, disband, and cross the Sesia to join their comrades. If such should be the case, I must perforce accompany them."

"I shall not hinder you, captain," said Bonnivet. "Dissuade them, if you can—if not, adieu!"

"It pains me to separate from you thus, my brave companions in arms, but there is no help for it," rejoined Diesbach. And bowing to the Admiral and the assembled leaders, who returned his salutation coldly, he quitted the tent.

"By this desertion of the Swiss we shall lose five thousand auxiliaries," said Bonnivet. "Nothing is left but retreat."

"Tête-Dieu! we are not yet come to that pass," cried Bayard. "Again I say, let us provoke the enemy to battle. If we do not conquer, we shall die with honour."

"How say you, messeigneurs?" demanded Bonnivet. "I have every faith in the Chevalier Bayard—but he is sometimes too rash. I will be governed by the general voice. Shall we risk an engagement?"

"No," replied the leaders, unanimously. "It is too hazardous."

"You are overruled, you see, Chevalier Bayard," said Bonnivet.

"You will regret your determination, my lord," rejoined Bayard, chafing fiercely. "If you retreat, Bourbon will say you are afraid of him."

"I shall not be turned from my purpose by a taunt," said Bonnivet. "I will not sacrifice my men."

"Then you decide upon immediate retreat?" demanded the Comte de Saint-Pol.

"Such is my decision," replied Bonnivet. "To-morrow night I shall quit Novara and march to Romagnano. If I can get the army safely across the Sesia, all will be well."

"Think not to elude Bourbon," remarked Bayard. "The thirst of vengeance will make him doubly vigilant. He will assuredly cut off our retreat."

"The design must be kept so secret that no intelligence can be conveyed to him," said Bonnivet. "To you, De Lorges," he added to that captain, "I confide the construction of the bridge of boats across the Sesia. Set out for Romagnano to-night."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, general," returned De Lorges. "On your arrival at Romagnano, you shall find the bridge ready for the passage of the army."

"Use all possible caution," said Vandenesse. "If Bourbon hears of the bridge, he will guess the design."

"He shall not hear of it," returned De Lorges. "Not a soul shall quit Romagnano."

"Then all is settled," said Bonnivet. "We will meet again at noon to-morrow, when the order of march can be finally arranged."

"At what hour do you propose to set out?" demanded Saint-Pol.

"At dusk," replied Bonnivet. "Each leader will have his corps in readiness. You, Saint-Pol, will take charge of the first battalion. To you, Vandenesse, I confide the artillery. Chevalier Bayard, you will bring up the rear-guard. I shall be with you."

On this the council broke up, and the leaders quitted the tent.



## VIII.

IN WHICH BAYARD RELATES HIS DREAM TO DE LORGES.

BONNIVET quitted Novara as agreed upon, and marched throughout the night, but he did not reach Romagnano until late in the afternoon of the following day, the progress of the troops being much impeded by the bad state of the roads; but as the men were greatly fatigued by their hurried march, he determined to give them a few hours' repose, and to defer the passage of the river until the following morning at daybreak. In this decision he acted against the opinion of Bayard, who advised him to cross at once (the bridge of boats having been completed by De Lorges), and take up his quarters on the opposite bank of the Sesia, but Bonnivet would not be turned from his purpose.

"We are better here than at Gattinara, which is full of mutinous Swiss," he said. "I have no apprehension of attack. Long before the enemy can come up, we shall have crossed the river and destroyed the bridge."

Bayard said no more. But he could not shake off his misgivings.

That evening the valiant knight rode through the camp alone. It was still early, but the greater part of the soldiers, fatigued by their long march, and knowing they must be astir soon after midnight, had already sought a couch, and were buried in slumber. Some few were awake, and were furbishing their arms and accoutrements. Having ascertained that good watch was kept by the advanced guard, Bayard quitted the camp and rode towards the river to view the bridge of boats.

It was an enchanting evening—such as only can be seen in a southern clime. The deep dark vault of heaven was without a cloud, and not a breath of wind was stirring. The sounds customarily heard in a camp alone broke the stillness.

Before he approached the river, Bayard halted to gaze on the lovely and peaceful scene—for peaceful it looked, though a large army was nigh at hand. From the spot where the knight had halted a magnificent view of the Alps was obtained, and his eye wandered along the mighty range till it rested upon the snow-clad peaks of Monte Rosa. Strange to say, even at that moment, when the rest of the ridge looked white and spectral, a warm radiance tinged the summit of this superb mountain.

Never in his eyes had the eternal Alps looked so grand and solemn as they did on that evening—the last he was destined to witness. He could not remove his gaze from them, and the contemplation of the magnificent picture insensibly lifted

his thoughts towards Heaven, and drew from him a heartfelt prayer. He then rode slowly on towards the river. On either side his view was obstructed by trees, and by the luxuriant vegetation of the country. The Sesia, which took its course through the broad plains of Lombardy to mingle its waters with those of the classic Po, was here of no great width, and could ordinarily be forded, but heavy rains had rendered it for the time impassable. The banks of the river were skirted by tall poplars.

Adjoining the picturesque little town of Romagnano, which was built on the near bank of the river, were the ruins of an old bridge, which had been destroyed by Lautrec during the late campaign, and it was close to these broken arches and piers that De Lorges had constructed the bridge of boats.

Farther down the river, about half a league off, could be seen Gattinara, a town about the same size as Romagnano. As we have intimated, the whole country was one flat fertile plain, extending almost over the whole of Lombardy to the foot of the Alps. A strong mounted guard was stationed near the bridge, and as Bayard drew near, the leader of the guard, who was no other than De Lorges, rode towards him.

"Good even, noble captain," said De Lorges. "What think you of the bridge?"

"It will answer its purpose," rejoined Bayard. "But I would it were destroyed."

"That is, were you with the army on the other side of the river. So do I. We ought to have crossed to-night. Why wait till morning?"

"Ay, why?" cried Bayard, angrily. "Simply because the Admiral has so decided. He says the men are worn out, and must have repose. Methinks they could have rested at Gattinara. To-morrow may be too late."

"Let us hope not," said De Lorges. "I do not think the enemy can have divined our purpose."

"I think differently," rejoined Bayard. "I believe that Bourbon is in hot pursuit of us."

"But you have no grounds for such belief?" said De Lorges, inquiringly.

"None save the conviction that he will not let Bonnivet escape. Well, if the Admiral chooses to indulge in false security, we cannot help it. For my own part, I am full of apprehension."

"It is not like you to feel uneasiness," said De Lorges. "We shall laugh at such fears at this hour to-morrow."

"Who knows that either of us may be then alive!" ejaculated Bayard, gravely. "I do not think I shall. Not many minutes ago, as I was gazing at yon mighty mountains, a presentiment crossed me that I should never behold another evening."

"Shake off these melancholy thoughts!" cried De Lorges. "A long and glorious career awaits you."

"Alas! no," replied Bayard. "I am prepared to meet the blow whenever it may come; but I cannot quit this fair world without some regret. Listen to me, De Lorges, and recollect what I am about to say to you. My uncle, Georges du Terrail, Bishop of Grenoble, who took charge of me during my infancy, thus admonished me: 'My child,' he said, in a tone and with a look which I can well remember, 'be worthy of your ancestors. Be noble, like the founder of our race, who fell at the feet of King John at the battle of Poitiers. Be valiant like your great-grandsire and your grandsire, both of whom died in arms—the first at Agincourt, the other at Montlhéry. Prove yourself the true son of your intrepid father, and my beloved brother, who fell covered with honourable wounds while defending his country.' Thus spake the pious and good Bishop of Grenoble, who loved me as a son. I have striven to follow his injunctions. I have sought to emulate the glorious deeds of my ancestors, and I have done no act that could be deemed unworthy of their name. I have prayed that I might not die on a bed of sickness, but on the battle-field, and I trust that Heaven will grant my prayer."

"I nothing doubt it, noble captain," said De Lorges, deeply moved. "But may the day be far hence!"

"It is close at hand, De Lorges. I am sure of it," said Bayard, in a tone that startled his hearer. "I dreamed last night that all my valiant ancestors appeared to me. I knew them, though I had seen none of them before, except my father, and his features had faded from my recollection. But I knew them all. Warlike phantoms they were. The Bishop of Grenoble, who has long been laid in the tomb, was with them. Their lips moved, but I could hear no words, and I vainly essayed to address them, for my tongue clove to my palate. But I could not mistake the meaning of their looks and gestures. The ghostly warriors gave me welcome, and the good bishop smiled upon me. I shall soon join them."

There was a pause. De Lorges was too much impressed by what he had heard to make a remark.

"I have lived long enough," pursued Bayard, breaking the silence—"too long, perhaps, for I ought to have died at Robecco. My chief regret in quitting the world is, that I have not done enough for my country."

"Then live!" cried De Lorges. "France can ill spare you."

"My life is in the hands of my Maker," rejoined Bayard, humbly. "I shall resign it cheerfully to Him who gave it—but I shall not throw it away. And now a word to you, my friend and companion-in-arms. I am the last of my line. I have no son to whom

I can say, 'Live worthily of your ancestors,' but I can say to you, De Lorges, whom I love as a brother, Live, so that your name may be without reproach."

"I will try to do so," replied the valiant captain, earnestly.

"I am poor, as you know," pursued Bayard, "for such money as I have won I have bestowed upon my soldiers, but if I fall, I bequeath you my sword—the sword with which I bestowed knight-hood upon the king. Take it, and may it serve you as well as it has served me. Adieu!"

And, without another word, he rode back to the camp, while De Lorges returned to his post.

## IX.

### THE RETREAT OF ROMAGNANO.

As Bayard had conjectured, Bonnivet's departure from Novara had not escaped the vigilance of Bourbon, who immediately started in pursuit with the whole of the Imperial army. The march endured from early morn till late at night, when men and horses became so much fatigued, that a few hours' rest appeared indispensable. But Bourbon would not consent to a halt.

"We are only a few leagues from Romagnano," he said. "We must on."

"The enemy cannot cross the Sesia," urged Pescara. "The river is flooded, and there is no bridge."

"A bridge of boats will enable them to cross," said Bourbon. "I am certain Bonnivet will make the attempt to-night—or at daybreak, at latest. If we halt, we shall lose him."

"But the men need repose. They are dropping with fatigue," urged the Duke of Urbino.

"They shall rest after the battle," rejoined Bourbon, peremptorily. "On! on!"

So the army continued its march.

At cock-crow, the trumpets of the French army sounded a loud réveillé, and the whole host arose. Then were heard the loud calls of the officers mustering their men, the clatter of arms, the neighing of steeds, and all the stirring sounds that proclaim a camp in motion.

While the tents were being struck, and the various companies forming, Bonnivet, fully armed, and attended by the leaders, rode along the line, and, having completed his inspection, issued his final orders. Each leader returned to his respective corps; the first battalion, under the command of the Comte de Saint-Pol, began to move towards Romagnano; and the remainder of the army followed; Bonnivet himself bringing up the rear-guard.

Day broke just as the first column neared the bridge, the rosy clouds in the eastern sky giving promise of a glorious day. The Alps stood out in all their majesty, not a single cloud resting upon their snowy peaks. Monte Rosa had already caught the first rays of the sun. Ere long the whole scene was flooded with light. Casques and corslets glittered in the sunbeams, lances and bills seemed tipped with fire, and pennons, banners, and plumes fluttered in the fresh morning breeze. Even the swollen waters of the Sesia looked bright and beautiful. The bridge of boats resounded with the trampling of horse and the regular tread of the foot soldiers, as band after band crossed it in close array. It was a gay and glorious sight. Two battalions had gained the opposite bank, and the Vidame de Chartres was about to pass over with his cross-bowmen, when De Lorges galloped up.

"The enemy is at hand!" he exclaimed. "The main body of the army must be got over the bridge as rapidly as possible. The Lord Admiral will cover its passage with the rear-guard."

"Bourbon must have marched all night to come up with us," said De Chartres. "In another hour we should have been safe."

"Not a moment must be lost!" cried De Lorges. "Take your men across at once."

While the Vidame de Chartres hurried his cross-bowmen over the bridge, De Lorges clapped spurs to his steed and galloped back to the rear of the army.

Bonnivet had been taken by surprise by his implacable foe. Just as he had put the last battalion in motion, three or four scouts galloped up, shouting that the enemy was at hand; and he had only just time to form his men into line of battle when Bourbon appeared at the head of a squadron of reiters, and at once attacked him. Impetuous as was the onset, the French gendarmerie sustained it firmly. A general conflict then ensued, during which Bourbon pressed on; and though the French disputed the ground valiantly, they were compelled slowly to retire.

Learning that Pescara was coming up with his host, the Admiral made a desperate charge, and while leading on his men he was struck by a heavy shot, which shattered his right arm, and caused a great effusion of blood. Feeling he could not much longer sit his horse, he rode to the rear and dismounted, and was soon afterwards joined by Bayard, who had succeeded in driving back the enemy.

"You are not much hurt, I trust, Admiral?" said Bayard.

"Sufficiently to place me hors de combat," replied Bonnivet, faintly. "Would to Heaven I had listened to your counsel, and crossed the river last night! But the army must not be lost through my imprudence. You perceive that I am not in a condition either to fight or lead. I confide the command to you. Save the army if possible."

"'Tis late—very late," rejoined Bayard. "But no matter. I will save the army, but it will cost me my life to do so."

"I trust not," said Bonnivet. "I hope we shall meet again, when I may thank you for the service."

"We never *shall* meet again in this world," said Bayard.

"Then let us part in friendship," said Bonnivet. "You have not forgiven me for the affair of Robecco."

"I forgive you now, my lord," rejoined Bayard. "Farewell! You may rely on me."

Bonnivet would have spoken, but he became suddenly faint, and if the surgeon, who had come up to dress his wound, had not caught him, he would have fallen.

"Tarry not to dress the Lord Admiral's wound," said Bayard. "Let him be conveyed across the bridge with all possible despatch. He must not fall into Bourbon's hands."

"It shall be done," replied the surgeon. And placing Bonnivet upon a litter, which was brought up at the moment, and throwing a cloak over him, he caused him to be borne quickly away.

Meantime, Bayard dashed into the thickest of the fight, hewing down all before him, while his soldiers, reanimated by his appearance, followed him, shouting, "A Bayard!—a Bayard!"

The battle now raged furiously, and many noble feats of arms were performed on both sides. Bayard's aim was to enable the main body of the French army to cross the bridge, and he succeeded, by making repeated and resistless charges upon the foe. Anon driving back Bourbon's forces—anon retreating before them—the dauntless knight at last reached the bridge, where he made a stand with the remnant of his men-at-arms.

As the Imperialists came up, a destructive fire was poured upon them by the French arquebusiers, who were drawn up, under the command of Vandenesse, on the opposite side of the Sesia, and in another moment the artillery began to open fire, and did terrible execution. Notwithstanding this, Bourbon steadily advanced, and the German and Spanish musqueteers returned the fire of their foemen. In spite of his almost superhuman efforts, it was impossible that Bayard could long maintain his position. He therefore ordered his men to cross the bridge, and, while they obeyed, he disputed, single-handed, the advance of the opposing host.

Twenty lances were pointed at him—bullets rattled against his armour—but without doing injury to himself or his steed. Thus he retired across the bridge—ever keeping his face to the foe. A troop of horsemen followed him, but could not effect his capture.

Ere many minutes, the French artillerymen were driven from their guns, and both horse and foot forced back in confusion. It was while rallying his men that the glorious career of Bayard

was cut short. A bolt from a cross-bow struck him, and penetrating his armour at a point where it was weakest, lodged deeply in his side. He felt at once that the wound was mortal, and exclaimed, "Holy Jesus! I am slain!"

Hearing the exclamation, De Lorges, who was nigh at hand, flew towards him, and prevented him from falling from his steed. With the assistance of some of the soldiers the wounded knight was borne from the scene of conflict, and as he was being thus removed, De Lorges inquired anxiously if he was much hurt.

"Mortally," replied Bayard. "I knew it would be so. But I have fulfilled my promise to Bonnivet. I have saved the army. It is useless to carry me farther. Lay me at the foot of yonder tree—with my face towards the foe."

It was done as he directed.

"I have no priest to shrive me," he murmured—"no crucifix to clasp—but lay my sword upon my breast. It must serve for a cross. Stay not with me," he added to De Lorges and the soldiers. "You are needed elsewhere."

In this position he watched the conflict, and saw with anguish, greater than that of his wound, which did not extort a groan from him, that his soldiers were driven back. At the head of the victorious Imperialists rode Bourbon, sword in hand, and with his face flushed with triumph. No sooner did the conquering general perceive the wounded knight than he galloped towards him.

"How fares it with you, noble chevalier?" cried Bourbon, in accents of deep commiseration. "I trust you are not badly hurt. I grieve to see you in this piteous case."

"Waste not your pity on me," replied Bayard, sternly. "Grieve for yourself—you have more reason. I would not change places with you. I die for my country—you triumph as a rebel and a traitor."

"Beshrew your tongue, Bayard!" exclaimed Bourbon, impatiently. "I cannot listen to such language even from you. I am no more to be charged with disloyalty than was the Duke of Burgundy when fighting against Charles VII. and Louis XI. I have cast off my allegiance to your perfidious sovereign."

"But you are fighting against your country," rejoined Bayard. "Whose blood reddens your sword? You are elated with triumph, but it were better for your soul's welfare that you were laid low like me. Your success is deplorable,—the end will be terrible."

"Hear me, Bayard!" cried Bourbon. "To none other but yourself would I deign to justify myself. But we have been brothers-in-arms—we fought together at Marignano. You know the wrongs I have endured."

"Wrongs are no justification of treason," rejoined Bayard. "I myself have been wronged, but I have continued faithful. You

should have died at Marignano. France might then have mourned your loss."

"Can I do aught for your comfort?" demanded Bourbon.

"No," replied Bayard, "save to rid me of your presence. I would fix my thoughts on Heaven."

"Farewell! then," rejoined Bourbon, galloping off in pursuit of the retreating foe.

Scarcely was he gone, than Pescara came up at the head of his battalion. On recognising Bayard, he hurried towards him, and, dismounting, knelt beside him, expressing his deep concern at his condition.

"This mischance saddens our victory," he said. "You must not die thus. I will send a surgeon to you, and my men shall erect a tent over you."

"No surgeon will avail me, noble marquis, I am sped," rejoined Bayard; "and I need no tent to cover me. I shall sleep soundly enough anon. If you would show me favour, all I ask is this. Should my esquire fall into your hands, I pray you send him to me. And let not my sword be taken from me, but cause it to be delivered to De Lorges, to whom I have bequeathed it."

"It shall be done as you desire. Aught more?"

"Nothing," replied Bayard.

Pescara then placed a guard around the dying hero, and departed full of grief.

Not many minutes afterwards, Bayard's esquire came up and knelt beside his dying master.

The presence of this faithful attendant was a sensible satisfaction to the wounded knight. Since no priest was nigh, he confessed to him. Finding his end approaching, he besought his esquire to hold his sword towards him, and pressing his lips to the hilt, fell back.

So fled the spirit of the fearless and reproachless Bayard.

**End of the Third Book.**



## THE CHINE.

KING HARRY AND THE ABBOT OF WALTHAM.

BY WILLIAM JONES,

AUTHOR OF THE "MONKS OF OLD."

## I.

BLUFF Harry the Eighth was out hunting one day,  
 And outrode his henchman, and then lost his way :  
 He stumbled and grumbled, till, weary and late,  
 He came to fair Waltham, and knock'd at the gate.  
 " So ho ! worthy fathers, a yeoman is here,  
 Who craves for a bed, and a tithe of your cheer."  
 So they led him at once to the large guesten hall,  
 And summoned the abbot, who came to the call.

## II.

Now the abbot was plump, as an abbot should be,  
 He ordered a chine and some good Malvoisie,  
 " And," quoth he, " honest yeoman, now spare not, I pray,  
 No beef have I tasted for many a day ;  
 For, alas ! I must own, that except for a bone  
 Of a capon or turkey, my appetite's gone.  
 I would give half my abbey for hunger like thine."  
 —Said the king to himself, " You shall soon have a chine."

## III.

At sunrise the abbot took leave of his guest,  
 Who, grace to the beef, had enjoyed a good rest,  
 But ere the next sun in the west had gone down,  
 The Abbot of Waltham was summoned to town.  
 He was lodg'd in the Tower, and there, day by day,  
 Fed on dry bread alone, till his flesh fell away,  
 When a rich juicy chine on his table was placed,  
 And to do it full justice the abbot made haste.

## IV.

Such a dinner few abbots had certainly made,  
 His mouth and his teeth kept good time to his blade,  
 He ground it, and found it most excellent meat,  
 And vow'd that a monarch would find it a treat.  
 " Ha ! ha !" cried bluff Harry, who entered his cell,  
 " I have help'd your digestion, lord abbot, right well.  
 Go home to your monks, for your health is now sure,  
*But the half of your abbey I claim for the cure !*"

## GILBERT SINGLEBY ;

OR, THE MISFORTUNES OF A FORTUNELESS SUITOR.

NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

## CHAPTER I.

JANE.

I WAS not an only son, nor even an elder son, I often wished that I was; and certainly I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. If there was a spoon there at all at that period of my miserable existence, it must have been of iron, pewter, or some other base metal. I don't think that a silver spoon ever entered between my lips from infancy to boyhood. I had a father and a mother, very estimable people, who deserved well of the State, for they had a numerous offspring, mostly sons, who were sent into the world to fight their way in it, and most creditably they did fight it, as probably I should have done, had I not had a godfather. They all had godfathers, but, fortunately for them, their godfathers did not care for them, and after they had respectively given them a Prayer-book or Church-service, and heard them say the catechism, they let them alone; but my godfather, Mr. Josias Biddlecome, took a fancy to me, and announced to my well-pleased parents the important fact that he intended to make me his heir. He was an elderly gentleman, with a broad and bare forehead—a florid clear complexion and blue eyes, and a well-contented expression of countenance, and was always dressed with the most perfect precision and neatness. Other people might get spattered over with dirt: he never was. Then he was scrupulously regular in his attendance at church, always in his place with his shining hat and fresh gloves at the proper moment. He was frequently churchwarden, and a great supporter of the vicar, and he invariably went through the whole service, without missing a word, in the same tone. Could anything be more commendable in a religious point of view. Could anybody be more respectable?

He was a City man—I do not know what was his occupation, or in what his wealth consisted, but I had no doubt about its existence, nor had my parents, nor had anybody else, I believe. Indeed, who could doubt that so sleek, smiling, well-dressed a gentleman must have wealth—considerable wealth in the funds or in other good securities. Besides, he frequently referred to his property, and now and then spoke of speculations, which were invariably wonderfully successful; but I do not know what they were—indeed, I am not a business man—I never had a head for business, and never could understand those things. He, I believe, also, entirely from the kindness of his disposition and to oblige his friends, undertook occasionally to employ their money for them—widows and spinster ladies and Indian officers and naval officers and clergymen sometimes, who could only otherwise get a small interest for their money, and didn't know how to manage themselves to increase their incomes. I remember, however, hearing our family solicitor one

day advise my father to keep his own money, as he had been accustomed to do, in the funds, and not to dabble in speculations, however highly recommended by his City friends.

The discussion ran somewhat high, for my father had been proposing to do what the lawyer advised him not to do; and at last the latter remarked, with no little bitterness I thought, that appearances were often deceptive, and that a man's sleekness and smiles and benign countenance, and bald head and spotless clothes, might be only part of his stock-in-trade, and that he might be an arrant rogue for all that. I wouldn't suppose that he was referring to my respected godfather, though I am free to confess that the picture he drew was wonderfully like him; but then Mr. Morton, though an honest man, I believe, was, I always thought, of a somewhat satirical, cynical temper—at all events, when his clients would not take his advice.

I had left school, and Mr. Biddlecome insisted that I must go to college, and Oxford alone would satisfy him; so I was entered at one of the leading colleges, and he introduced me everywhere as his heir, and intimated that he expected I should make a considerable figure at the university. That I should do so he considered important for a young man of fortune, though people were apt to fancy that if a man had money he would do very well without brains. To Oxford I went, and I did make a figure; that is to say, I gave no end of wine-parties and suppers to all the young men of wealth with whom I could scrape acquaintance, and it may be worthy of note that my excellent godfather frequently came down to them, and introduced himself to my guests, and somehow or other often thus became intimate with their fathers and mothers or guardians, and as Mr. Morton one day remarked, he had no doubt turned his intimacy to good account. Really it was a very pleasant life I led. Though I might have had brains, I did not work them overmuch; merely kept up a pleasant excitement, and ate and drank and was considered a jolly good fellow, and finally topped off by falling in love. There is a wonderful difference between falling in love and falling into matrimony, as I discovered to my sorrow.

Jane Beadon was a very sweet creature—a little fair, plump, budding Hebe, with soft large blue eyes, just a touch of auburn in her hair, and cheeks delicately tinged by the rose; and then her lips! talk of a cherry, the comparison does not do them justice. I loved her, I thought, to desperation, and she told me, and I am sure that she spoke the truth right honestly, that she had given me her whole heart. But now that I had got her heart, what was I to do with it? There was the question. Of course my generous godfather would make a handsome settlement; the lady's want of fortune with a man of his wealth would of course be a matter of no consideration, and in fact we saw no difficulties in the way of our future happiness. I opened the subject to her father, Major Beadon, who received me very kindly—was flattered by the selection I had made, and should be happy to receive me as a son-in-law, provided always that I could make such a settlement as he considered necessary for securing his child from penury. The major was an old soldier, who had seen a good deal of the world, and the ups and downs of life, and had had all the romance, once in him, effectually beaten out. I didn't like his manner, as I proceeded, quite

as much as at first; his grey eye grew cold and stern, I thought. I talked of old Biddlecome, of the handsome allowance he made me, and of the large expectations I had from him.

"My dear Singleby," he observed, "I know the world; I have had some pretty sharp experience of it. Now, in my opinion, large expectations are very pleasant things, but realisations are far better—the first are dreams which suit young birds, but not old ones. Just do you go and get old Biddlecome to place ten thousand pounds in the funds, in the name of trustees, to be settled on your wife, and Jane shall be yours as soon as the furbelows and bonnets and other female gear necessary on such occasions can be got ready."

What more could an ardent lover desire? I flew to Jane—I was convinced that no cherries, however ripe, could compare to her lips—and then hurried off to town to have an interview with my kind old godfather. I found him in his handsome bachelor-rooms in St. James's-street. He received me in his usual jolly off-hand way. As I opened my business there was the same smile on his lips; no frown came to his brow; his cheeks were filled out and rosy as ever.

"And you want to marry, Gilbert, do you, eh?" he asked, quietly. "What sort of a family is that of your intended bride? (Intended, as far as you are concerned?)"

"Most highly respectable in every way; such as you would approve of, my dear sir," I answered promptly. "Her father is a major in the army, a noble old officer who has seen a great deal of service. He has five sons and three other daughters; then he has a brother a clergyman, with a somewhat large family, married to Lady Isabella d'Orville—I dare say you know the family—and another a commander in the navy; and then Mrs. Beadon is a very charming woman, and well connected. Indeed, had I looked all the country round, I could not have found a young lady better suited to me in my station in life."

"All very fine, Gilbert, very fine; but they are one and all as poor as church mice," he remarked, quietly; "that won't do for you, nor will it do for me either, so think no more about the matter. I'll settle it with the little girl; she may be very charming, and all that sort of thing, but there are other girls as charming, with money into the bargain. Why didn't you come and ask my advice before you let things go so far? I would have told you never to marry into a poor family, it's the greatest folly a man can commit. It's bad enough to marry a dowless girl, but if she has rich relations you have some chance of benefiting, either directly or indirectly; but if you marry into a poor family you'll be sure to find some members poorer than yourself who'll sponge on you, invite themselves to dinner, borrow your money, if you chance to have saved a few shillings—which isn't likely to be the case, though. Bah! you'll have to thank me all your life for having saved you from such an alliance as this one you propose."

The old gentleman continued pouring forth such a flood of worldly advice that I couldn't get in a word of apology. I wished to plead Jane's cause, or my cause, but he would not hear me. I hinted at last, when he stopped to take breath, that I might enter some profession, the law for instance, when I might by my own exertions make an income to support a wife. He looked at me with a glance of contempt, such as I had never before seen his countenance wear.

"You work, Gilbert!" he exclaimed. "You make an income to support a wife! Bah! You wouldn't have a wife only, you'd have ten or a dozen small children, and nurses, and doctors to support too. Bah! As I said, I'll see the little girl and make it all straight. Or suppose you write a letter which I will deliver. Let it be as tender as you like, only say I insist on your breaking off the match, and that you dare not marry without my consent. Come, quick about it; I like these matters settled off-hand."

What could I do? I loved Jane sincerely. But, should I marry without my worthy godfather's consent, I should have to leave college, and be deprived of the means of ultimately making an income by which I might support her. I made up my mind, if I could not marry her, at all events to marry no one else, so I sat down and told her so, entreated her to wait patiently for better times, and vowed eternal constancy. I begged her to write and express her own sentiments in return. The letter I gave to Mr. Biddlecome to deliver. The next day he placed a note from Jane in my hands. My heart beat quick as I opened it, and sank as I perused its contents. It ran:

"SIR,—I free you from all promises which you might consider binding, and can only hope that you may soon find a lady with ideas and sentiments more congenial to your own than mine appear to be. Though I pity you, my wishes are for your welfare.

"Your obedient Servant,

"JANE BEADON."

This was more than I could stand. The letter puzzled me, though. Could she, my own sweet, loving little Jane, have written it? I would judge by her manner the next time I met her, and if it should be as freezing as her epistle, I would do my best to forget that I had ever loved her. We did meet not many days afterwards, and all I can say is that I was petrified, and manfully determined to follow Mr. Biddlecome's advice.

"I did it famously for you, didn't I? You'll thank me some day, whatever you feel now," he exclaimed, as I called on him the next day at his rooms. "Take my advice; don't lose time, but look out for a girl to meet your taste, with money, and plenty of it. Come to me when you have found her, and I'll help you to secure her; or perhaps I may find one to suit you—who knows?—only keep up your spirits. And now I want you to go to the opera with me. Go home, get dressed, and come and dine with me at half-past five."

Such was the termination of my first attempt to enter the holy state of matrimony.

## CHAPTER II.

### LEONORA.

I HAD got through nearly two years of my university career, when I one morning received a note from my most respected godfather, desiring me to meet him without delay at the Golden Harp Hotel, Larngaffo, South Wales. "I wish to introduce you to a very charm-

ing family, the Ledburys, and shall be much disappointed if you do not make good use of your time," was the only other paragraph in the epistle. Mr. Biddlecome's epistolary style was usually brief. I hurried down to Larngaffo, a romantic village embosomed in hills, with purling streams, and rocks, and woods in their neighbourhood. At the Golden Harp I met my godfather. He surveyed me critically after I had got rid of the dust of travel, and remarked, "You'll do, come along." I had some curiosity to know to whom he purposed to introduce me, but he did not think fit to enlighten me on the subject. Walking for half a mile or so, we reached a gateway, through which was a handsome cottage, all its surroundings giving one the notion that its inhabitants were in easy circumstances. Well-cared-for stables on one side, with a couple of carriages standing in front of the coach-house door; a conservatory on the other; high brick walls of a large kitchen-garden covered with peach and other wall-fruit trees, and a line of hothouses and graperies seen through an open doorway, left no doubt about the matter. We were admitted by a well-dressed butler and ushered into a handsome drawing-room, where we found a neat old lady in a mob cap and spectacles on nose, totally unlike what I should have expected to find the mistress of such an establishment.

"My dear Mrs. Ledbury, allow me to introduce my godson to you, and, shall I say, my heir, Gilbert Singleby," said Mr. Biddlecome, looking affectionately at me. "I confess that I am proud of him—about to make a great figure at Oxford. I often wish that I had had such a boy of my own; but Heaven's will be done; it is more fortunate for him that I have not."

Mrs. Ledbury looked up at me from under her spectacles, and seemed well satisfied with her scrutiny.

"Is the captain in?" asked Mr. Biddlecome.

"No; but Leonora is, and will be down directly she hears that you have come."

I naturally, on hearing this, turned somewhat anxious glances towards the door, till it opened and my intended entered—that is to say, the lady I had no doubt my godfather intended for me. She was young, simply dressed, and not ugly; indeed, her features were good, she had a clear complexion, quiet grey eyes, and a well-formed figure. I saw all that at the first glance, and I must own that I knew almost as much about her by that first glance as I did at the end of the visit and several subsequent visits. She might have had very bright ideas, but she did not indulge me with them; her conversation might have been very brilliant, but I could only elicit monosyllables; she might have been in the habit of indulging in hearty laughter, but my most facetious remarks produced only the faintest smile. When I shook hands, or rather tried to shake hands, on going away, hers remained as cold and rigid as the model in a glove-cleaner's shop.

"Well, my boy, what do you think of her?" asked my godfather, as we walked back to our inn to dress to return to the cottage for dinner.

"She seems to be of a very passive character," I answered, not knowing exactly what to say, and unwilling to offend him by saying

what I really thought. A marble statue would have been as much to my taste.

"Passive! exactly so," he repeated. "The very quality most desirable in a wife. What can a sensible man want more? Your will is hers; your pleasure her only thought. She cares for nothing on her own account; she has no opinions to come in collision with yours. That's my beau ideal of a wife, and that's the idea I have formed of Leonora Ledbury. I say, Gilbert, my boy, go in for her; she's yours for the asking. I've sounded her parents, and she has thirty thousand pounds of her own the day she marries. That will bring you in a handsome income. Just let me manage it and you'll see; not a paltry nine hundred a year, as you may suppose, but two or three thousand at least. Think of that, my boy—think of that."

I did think of that—why shouldn't I? Three thousand a year would be a satisfactory income, two thousand would be pleasant. Even the paltry nine hundred he spoke of was not to be despised; but the lady—well—many men might have admired her. On a next visit I thought her decidedly good looking; there was nothing repellent about her; perhaps if it had not been for Jane I might have admired her, but her manner was so very different. My ideas as to the qualifications desirable in a wife, and my godfather's, differed considerably, that was all. He, as a City man, I concluded, was somewhat prejudiced in her favour by her money qualifications. He wanted me to propose then and there, but I urged, with sufficient show of reason, that I should probably ruin my cause by so doing, to induce him to allow me to postpone the final appeal till the long vacation, when I promised, on my word of honour, to come down and woo the young lady in due form. To this arrangement, as the time was not far distant, he gave a somewhat, I thought, unwilling consent, and I returned, with my mind considerably relieved, to Oxford.

There is an advantage in having the reputation of being wealthy, or the heir to wealth, even though the reality may be far distant. Testators are more apt to leave money to those who possess it than to those who have none, and I found it the case in one instance; for on my arrival I received a lawyer's letter, announcing the intelligence that an old lady, a distant relation, had left me all her property, which, however, only realised about seventy pounds a year. It was not much by itself, but it was a pleasant addition to the two hundred and fifty allowed me by Mr. Biddlecome. I only wished that it had been enough to make a settlement.

The term was drawing to an end; I must go to fulfil my promise. I had a good many debts, by-the-by. Young men at Oxford are apt to have such things, and my godfather had not paid me up my allowance for some time. Still that circumstance did not cause me a moment's consideration. I thought a good deal of Leonora too; I was anxious to please my liberal godfather. I said to myself more than once, "Yes, she has much tranquil beauty—that's the word—and she has probably a tranquil temper. What an advantage. I should never get on with a Xantippe. I have always admired claminess; there is often more depth beneath—a shallow sea is easily ruffled—and then she has thirty thousand pounds. Indeed, I shall be a very fortunate fellow if I win

her. I'll do my best to forget Jane. The little hussy; if she had really cared for me she would have exhibited more feeling. Probably Leonora will brighten up after she is married. Girls often do. Shouldn't be surprised if, when she's well dressed, as I'll take good care she shall be, she is very much admired. A handsome wife with thirty thousand pounds, and I dare say old Biddlecome will back it with another thirty thousand—at least he's often said as much—by Jove! I shall be a very fortunate fellow."

Such was the tenor of my soliloquy. The term was drawing to a close; I expected to be at Larngaffo the following week, and had no intention of losing time in bringing matters to a conclusion when I got there, when a letter was brought me from my godfather's house-keeper, containing the astounding announcement that he was dead.

"Poor dear gentleman," she wrote, "he came home last night as chirrupy and merry as ever, and when we went to his room this morning the breath had been gone from his body for some hours, for he was cold as ice. But, Mr. Singleby, I can't make out what it means. Before anybody could have known what had happened, some strange, suspicious-looking men came to the house, and have been and put seals on everything, and they don't treat me civil-like at all, nor speak respectful of him that's gone, and, as I says, what it all means I don't know."

This letter threw me into a state of considerable agitation. Two friends looked in at the moment. I told them what had occurred.

"Very melancholy event," said one, with a mock expression of grief. "Poor fellow, how I pity you. I say, I hope old Biddlecome will cut up well."

I had, I confess, called him old Biddlecome myself at times, but just now I felt very indignant at hearing my kind, liberal godfather spoken of in that familiar, heartless way.

"I have not taken into consideration the amount of his fortune," I answered, in a tone expressive of my feelings. "I have reason, at all events, to be grateful for the kindness he has ever shown me."

My visitors did not reply, but an incredulous smile still lingered on their countenances as they took their leave.

I hurried up to town, and drove to my godfather's lodgings. His landlady's countenance wore a look of dismay, as she met me in the hall.

"Lawk—lawk, sir; I couldn't have believed it!" she exclaimed. "They've been and seized everything; and the poor old gentleman himself, that they have; and they say all manner of bad things against him, and more shame to them, when he's dead and gone."

Just then the door of the dining-room opened, and my uncle's solicitor, whom I knew by sight, appeared at it and beckoned me in. In his eye was no welcoming smile.

"This is a bad business, Mr. Singleby, very bad," he began, without introducing me to two other persons who were in the room. "The old gentleman—I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of the dead—seems to have deceived everybody. He has taken me in completely, and I must say I hope that he has you—made you a mere tool—an instrument in his hands for obtaining money under false pretences.



This is what he is accused of, and really I have no means of defending his character. The matter is too palpable, too clear."

"Yes, indeed," growled out one of the other gentlemen at the table, eyeing me askance. "I hope that we shall not discover that there has been any complicity—any cognisance of the mode in which my friend Pettigrew's late client has contrived to prey on his dupes for so long a series of years."

"Sir, I did not come here to be insulted!" I exclaimed, looking firmly at the man of the law. "If I have been a dupe, I have been a most unconscious one, and I can prove that; for some months past I have not received a shilling from Mr. Biddlecome."

"Nor has anybody else either, for this simple reason that he had not a shilling to pay," said the lawyer, regarding me more complacently. "I hope, young gentleman, that Mr. Pettigrew's account of you will prove in all respects to be correct."

"At all events I will undertake to attend, if called on, at any time, to help to right those who have been wronged," I answered. "I can do no more."

"The remark of an honest man," said the lawyer, bowing his head towards me. "The affair, I am afraid, lies in a nutshell. There is not a sixpence forthcoming to pay even the funeral expenses. He will be buried at the expense of the parish."

"No, no; I will undertake that charge, at all events, and shall be obliged if Mr. Pettigrew will kindly have the matter arranged," said I.

Mr. Pettigrew, who had, I believe, suffered considerably, but had a kind heart, promised to arrange the funeral, and to let me know when it was to take place. I was leaving the house, when Mrs. Lipscombe, the landlady, waylaid me.

"Will you come up and see him, poor gentleman? Even now I can't believe it?" she asked.

In spite of my belief in the truth of all I had heard, I said "Yes," and was ushered into the room where lay the dead man. A coarse-looking fellow was sitting smoking a short pipe, and reading a newspaper, with his feet on the fireless grate, that he might make use of it as a spittoon. He turned his head carelessly as I entered, took a whiff, and went on with his studies. On the bed lay all that remained on earth of the once cheery-looking person I had considered my benefactor. The smile was gone—the countenance was calm enough now, but it wore, I thought, a painful expression. I should scarcely have recognised it. For what did he toil, and plot, and deceive, and bring ruin on his dupes? What possible advantage could he have anticipated? It was a problem I have never been able satisfactorily to solve. Yet hundreds, with slight variation, are pursuing the same course. I did not let my father know what had occurred till the funeral was over. I was the only mourner.

Mr. Morton observed, when he heard of it, he had long been sure that it would be so, and had Pettigrew taken his advice, he would not have numbered Mr. Biddlecome among his clients."

I went back to Oxford to finish the term, a sadder if not a wiser man. I was greeted with numberless small accounts, which I had long been endeavouring to get in, and which I know in the aggregate

made a most disagreeably large sum. They must be paid, and I must live. I was not a man of business, so I had no notion of the possibility of coming to a composition with my creditors—of paying them half the amount of their bills and pocketing the remainder. I was of age, so I sold out of the stocks a sum sufficient, I conceived, to satisfy all claimants; and, as the bills came in, paid them off, without even demanding discount. It was somewhat green in me, I own, and the result was a considerable diminution of my capital, though I established so good a credit in the town that I might have run into debt again for five times the amount without difficulty. I have never ceased wondering how it was that my respected godfather had not got hold of the money to place it at better interest, with the fortunes of others which went the same road. I ought to feel deeply grateful to him for the oversight. Perhaps he looked upon it as a little mine to be worked at his convenience; or did any compunctious feelings visit him? I suspect that such a weakness as that of compunction would never have interfered to prevent him obtaining a sixpence he wished for.

"Beally, Singleby, you are ridiculously out of spirits about this matter," remarked my chum, Charley Scamperdale. "If I were you, I would post down to Larnagaffo and see what you can do with Leonora Ledbury. Thirty thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at, old boy."

The advice accorded with my own notions, and I forthwith, accompanied by Charley, set off for South Wales.

If Leonora's manner had been freezing, her mother's was perfectly petrifying when I entered. I found the old lady alone in the drawing-room. Unbidden, I took my seat, slowly brushing my hat round and round with my glove, hoping that Mrs. Ledbury would say something to relieve me from the task of commencing the conversation, but not a word would she utter. At length I felt that I must either bolt or begin. "Here goes," I thought; "it must be done."

"Mrs. Ledbury," I began, "I fear that my appearance has been somewhat unexpected, but tempted by the kind reception you gave me when I was before in this part of the country, I have been induced to repeat my visit."

"I see you have," observed the lady, and relapsed into silence.

"Since then a sad event has occurred," I went on; "my kind friend and benefactor is no more."

"I know that such is the case," answered Mrs. Ledbury. "But let me observe, if Mr. Biddlecome was your benefactor, that is more than he was to any one else that I can hear of."

I saw from this remark that my difficulties would be great, if not insurmountable, in obtaining the hand of Leonora, yet I determined not to be daunted. It was neck or nothing.

"I am aware that my late friend had by some means or other, with which I am not acquainted, entirely lost his own private property; but I may venture to say that he would not willingly have injured a human being."

"He has ventured to injure us to the tune of five thousand pounds, young sir," said the lady, screwing up her mouth. "He has, moreover, compelled Mr. Ledbury to make a journey to London, to rescue another

five thousand which had, the very morning we heard of the death of the wretched man, been sent up to London to be invested in some scheme of his recommendation."

"I hope that Mr. Ledbury did recover the sum," I exclaimed, with sincerity; "and I can assure you, Mrs. Ledbury, that I am innocent as the babe unborn of all Mr. Biddlecome's proceedings."

"Very likely, very likely indeed," remarked Mrs. Ledbury, still keeping her mouth unpleasantly pursed up. "Mr. Ledbury will be at home shortly, and he will talk to you on the subject; but you may judge that, under these circumstances, the attentions which you purpose paying to Leonora would be unacceptable. We are plain-going people, Mr. Singleby, and I like to be plain."

"If that is the case, madam, I will relieve you of my presence," I answered, rising; for I had no fancy to face old Ledbury, who, I suspected, would prove even less agreeable to deal with than his wife.

"As you please, sir," said Mrs. Ledbury, with the same chilly manner, ringing the bell as she spoke; "I do not see that it can make much difference. Show this gentleman out," she added, as the servant appeared.

I hurried back to the Golden Harp and told Scamperdale.

"By Jove! the old dame must be somewhat of a Tartar," he exclaimed, laughing heartily. "I'll tell you what, though: I made up my mind, if you gave up the lady, or rather, if she gave up you, to go in for her myself. Depend on it, old Biddlecome was a trustworthy jackal; I'll act the part of the lion."

I told him that I thought there was no use, but he said that he had nothing to do, and that he had made up his mind to remain; so I was compelled to travel back by myself, feeling very much as a cur does sneaking away with his tail between his legs.

A few days afterwards I got a note from Scamperdale, saying that he had succeeded in introducing himself to the Ledbury family, and was getting on swimmingly; and within three weeks I received another, which did astonish me.

Circumstances had compelled him to run off with the calm, sedate Leonora. "Rather fast," he added, "but just the girl for me; and the five thousand your respected godfather got hold of was no part of her thirty thousand pounds, so congratulate me, old fellow."

### CHAPTER III.

#### SELINA.

HAVING once resolved on matrimony, I very naturally got into the habit of looking about for an object on whom to bestow my affections. After my experience of Leonora Ledbury, I had grown suspicious of quiet, country-bred young ladies, and several of my friends, speaking enthusiastically of the delights of the London season, I made up my mind to try it as soon as I had taken my degree.

I had an aunt in town mixing in very good society, who had often invited me to pay her a visit. She replied to my request that she

should have a room at my service in April, and hoped that I would occupy it for two or three months.

"Dancing men are in request," she observed; "and if you will make yourself generally agreeable, I can promise you plenty of pleasant introductions!"

Nothing could be more satisfactory. My aunt, Mrs. Archdall, was a widow with a good jointure, who gave capital parties, and her nephew, fresh from Oxford, was sure to be looked on with complacency by her guests in general.

People in London haven't the means of inquiring very minutely into the fortunes of the gentlemen of their acquaintance, however much they may wish to do so; and, provided a young man dances well, dresses well, is gentlemanly in his manners, tolerably agreeable in conversation, a fair field is open to him; if he, in addition, is good natured and ready to oblige the hostess at the houses he frequents, and executes her little behests, he is sure to be a favourite, and to have as many invitations as he can possibly accept. I soon found myself in a whirl of dissipation. I cannot say that I found it extravagantly delightful, though I might have been accused of being somewhat extravagant. I spent a large portion of my attenuated income in cabs, gloves, pumps, and neckties, but without doing so I do not see how I could have entered into the society in which I was moving. My success—if success was to be measured by the number of balls, soirées, concerts, and garden fêtes I attended—was far greater than I expected, and one family especially, the Burbury Blakes, took me up and paid me the most marked attention.

There was a Mr. Burbury Blake, but I seldom saw him, except when I dined at the house; and there was a Mrs. Burbury Blake, but she wasn't the attraction; but there was also five Miss Burbury Blakes, one of whom it was intended, I have no doubt, should become Mrs. Gilbert Singleby. Taking them in the aggregate, they were really pretty girls. I from the first affected Selina, the third, the most. She was a dark beauty with flashing eyes, full of life and animation, with a slight figure, just a little too thin—that is to say, she could not afford to lose flesh, and she looked as if, under certain circumstances, she might do so. I admired her from the first, and she soon appropriated me on all occasions.

I was not the only young man they had taken up; for there were several more or less attached to the family, all of whom had, or were supposed to have, fortunes. Sometimes I discovered that they were let down again in a somewhat summary manner, but this, I concluded, was because the young ladies discovered that the young gentlemen were not as well conducted as they considered desirable. Scarcely was one engagement fulfilled than I received another invitation to fill up a spare corner on the following day at the dinner-table, or to meet a few friends unexpectedly arrived in town, or to accompany my daughters and me, meaning the Miss Burbury Blakes and Mrs. Burbury Blake, to the theatre; and then I was very soon asked to join the family circle at dinner. After this I began to feel sure of my ground. What could it mean, but that I was looked upon as one of the family? I felt like a lover, and acted like one, or, in other words,

as my sporting acquaintance, Dick Crupper, would have said, like a fool. I was making good way with Selina, and she began to talk to me in an intimate, confiding manner, expressing her tastes and wishes. She assured me that they were very moderate; but I felt rather puzzled to know how they were to be gratified unless she was to have a far larger fortune than I supposed possible, or had expectations of which I had heard nothing. All she wanted was a pretty place in the country, with a conservatory and hothouse, graperies and pineries, an open carriage with a pair of ponies, a close carriage for the evening, a butler and footman, a house in town for the season, "where, you know," she remarked, "the simplest plan is to hire a couple of carriages and a pair of horses; and then a trip to the sea-side, or to Paris, for a couple of months or so in the year. I know that it can all be done very nicely for three thousand a year, or for very little more; that is to say, when people are young and have no children; when they have, nurse and governesses run away with a good deal of money, and parents must submit to deprivations, unless their incomes increase or they have larger ones to begin with, and are able to lay by. Do you think that is likely to be the case, Mr. Singleby?" she asked, in the most naïve and simple way.

Not quite at the time understanding her meaning, I replied that I couldn't exactly tell, but that I admired her programme exceedingly. I could scarcely picture a pleasanter sort of life, though I should like to extend my trips to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and perhaps to Greece and the Holy Land and Egypt.

"How very delightful, Mr. Singleby! So should I!" she exclaimed. "I enjoy travelling, only I know that it is expensive to do it in comfort, and I didn't like to speak of it."

"How very considerate," I remarked; but I didn't say more, for really the conversation was getting deeper than I was prepared for. I couldn't very well ask her if she had really three thousand a year and a little over, while it would have made it appear that I could have supposed it possible that she was influenced by mercenary motives, had I confessed that I myself was fortuneless, and must depend on her for income.

"I really am a very fortunate fellow," I said to myself. "She must have at least twice as much as Leonora Ledbury, and far more beauty and wit, and knowledge of the world. I am certain that Selina would never run away with such a fellow as Scamperdale."

My aunt was a very kind woman, but she had something in her manner which did not encourage me to talk about my love-affairs, or perhaps I might have obtained some advice from her as to how to act under the circumstances of the case. The next day I attended Selina and her mother with two other sisters to the theatre, to see Kean perform in the "Stranger." I had never before seen any tragic acting: my feelings were unexpectedly overcome, and my handkerchief barely concealed the tears which flowed from my eyes. I took at length a furtive glance at Selina, expecting to see her equally moved, but, instead, I could scarcely believe my senses, she and one of her sisters were positively laughing, and, what was worse, looking at each other, I felt almost certain laughing at me. When they saw that I observed them,

they stopped, and Selina tried to put on a melancholy expression. Of course I could say nothing, but it made me doubt whether her feelings were quite as sensitive and refined as I had hoped. Still, I must say this much for Selina Blake, that I never met a better partner in a ball-room. It was a pleasure to dance a polka, valse à deux temps, or a dashing galop with her; light as a feather, and buoyant as a cork, she flew about the room as if she enjoyed it thoroughly, and was never tired. Had I only met her in the ball-room I should have said, take her all in all, that she had few equals. Then Mrs. Burbury Blake was a nice motherly sort of a woman for a person who mixed as much as she did in gay society, at least so I judged from the deep interest which she took in the concerns of all the young men who visited at her house. I overheard a conversation one day with a visitor, Mr. Silas Green, lately introduced.

"Have you many brothers, Mr. Green?" asked Mrs. Burbury Blake, in a kind manner, positively demanding confidence in return.

"Oh yes, I have several," answered Green. "Capital fellows. I should like to introduce them when they come to town."

"What are their professions, Mr. Green?" asked Mrs. Blake, in the same quiet tone.

"Oh, Jack is in the army. Tom in the navy. Bill is going into a bank; and there are two little chaps at school," answered Green, briskly, for he had got on a subject which interested him.

"Have you any sisters, Mr. Green?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"Oh yes, four—one little one and three grown up," said Green. "Very nice girls. Wouldn't change them for any I know."

"Have you any single uncles or aunts?" asked Mrs. Blake, with her eyes half shut. "I ask, because I know a Mr. Green with a beautiful place near Uxbridge."

"He can't be an uncle of mine, though I have several," answered Green. "One is a lieutenant in the navy, the other is barrack-master at Bugleton, and another is in the City; but they have all wopping big families, and beat my governor in that respect."

"Is your father the eldest brother?" asked Mrs. Blake, in a tone as if the question was of no importance.

"No, I think not; my uncle, Captain Green, the barrack-master, is the eldest."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Burbury Blake, getting up and walking to another part of the room, leaving Mr. Silas Green wondering why the conversation had been so abruptly terminated.

After that day I never saw Silas Green inside the house, though I met him several times dropping his pasteboard at the door, surprised that not one member of so large a family could ever be found at home. I had now not the shadow of a doubt that Selina would marry me, and I was considering how I should make my proposal in form, when I received an invitation to accompany the ladies to Epsom. The day was lovely—Selina looked more brilliant than ever. I had got myself up at considerable expense, with a new over-coat and a veil in addition, and was prepared to do ample justice to the champagne luncheon Mrs. Burbury Blake, I well knew, had prepared. I never felt in higher spirits. I was positively witty as we drove down, animated by Selina's

bright eyes and sweet smiles in the first place, and in the second by the whirl and the bustle, the shouts of the spectators lining the road, standing at garden gates, and looking out of cottage windows, the jokes of the people in vehicles of every description, from lumbering omnibuses and vans, barouches, cabs, gigs, and costermongers' carts, past whom we whisked, or who occasionally got a-head of us; and then, as we approached the course, the thousands congregated, the stands, the booths, the curious sights which met our view, made it perfectly delightful.

"We shall have a jolly drive back again, shan't we?" I couldn't help observing to Selina. As I became more intimate, I had adopted a familiar phraseology, to which she in no way objected; indeed, she occasionally indulged in a fast expression herself. I would gladly have spent the whole day by her side, but some men of the party who had come down in another carriage, invited me to take a stroll, and I could not well refuse them. I unintentionally put my hand into hers as we parted, and she sensibly returned the pressure—in fact, I may say, gave it a good squeeze. Jane Beadon never did more. We now strolled about for some time, and, when I proposed returning, did what men often do on such occasions, lost our way, which was provoking, as I wanted to be with Selina, and the rest wanted to be taking luncheon, as they naturally concluded that they might otherwise lose a portion of their share of the champagne and sandwiches. At length we got into the right direction, and approached the carriage. Who should I see, as I caught sight of it, but Jack Scamperdale standing on the steps on one side, and Leonora Ledbury—I mean Mrs. Scamperdale—on the other, talking in the most intimate manner with Mrs. Burbury Blake and her daughters. They were laughing heartily, and casting glances towards me as I drew near—Selina even was smiling. Why shouldn't she? It might have been a very good joke that had excited their risible faculties, but I don't think it was, as far as I was concerned. I shook hands with Jack, and, was going to bow formally to Leonora, but she insisted on my coming round to her side of the carriage, and going through the same ceremony with her in anything but the tranquil manner I should once have expected.

"I thought that you were going to forget me, Mr. Singleby, and your visit to Larngaffo," she exclaimed. "Ha! ha! ha! but I won't rake up old remembrances. I have been describing your appearance and disappearance on that occasion—ha! ha! ha!"

I didn't quite like this, but knew that it was best to put a bold face on the matter, though I suspect that I must have looked rather confused. I should like also to have retaken my seat by the side of Selina, but Jack and his wife so pertinaciously kept their post, that I found that impracticable. At length, driven by hunger, I was compelled to attack the débris of the luncheon with the companions of my walk. I had been occupied with my eyes fixed on the bones of a chicken-pie, and after a little time, when I looked up, I found that Jack and his wife were gone, and, with alacrity, was about to resume my seat by Selina's side, when, to my inward vexation, I perceived that it was occupied by the son of the great brewer, young Sir Charles Butts, with whom I did not know that the Burbury Blakes were

acquainted, but at whom, I well remembered, but a short time before they had cast the shafts of their ridicule to my infinite amusement. I could say nothing, but I waited patiently, expecting to see him vacate the seat, but he leaned back in a way which looked as if he were about to occupy it permanently—at least for the rest of the day. At last, as I stood gaping by the side of the carriage, unable to edge in a word, and looking, I suspect, very like a fool, Mrs. Burbury Blake beckoned me to come round to her, and whispered as if neither the unfledged baronet nor her daughters were to hear.

"You'll excuse us, Mr. Singbaby—Singleby I mean; I beg your pardon—but you'll understand that we haven't room in the carriage to convey you back to town. I have no doubt that you'll find the means of getting there—on the top of an omnibus, or in a cart or cab—and if you haven't a purse about you, and a few shillings are likely to be of service, I shall be happy to place them at your disposal."

As she spoke, a smile played over the countenances of the rest of the party in the carriage. This was adding insult to injury with a vengeance.

"No, thank you," I answered, biting my lips with vexation, but with as much calmness as I could command; "I am not so hard up as that, and, besides, a long walk will rather do me good. Good morning. A pleasant drive, ladies."

And I turned on my heel and hurried off among the crowd. My only fear was to find myself again in the neighbourhood of the Burbury Blakes' carriage, and subject to the laughing glance of Selina's eyes. How long I had been wandering about, feeling as forlorn as Robinson Crusoe in his island, though in the midst of a crowd, I know not, when I heard a shout.

"Hillo, Singleby, jump up here! I'll whisk you up to town in time to dine and dress for Lady Snaregrove's ball to-night."

And before I knew exactly where I was, I found myself seated behind Jack Scamperdale and his wife, and alongside his small groom, in his trap, as he called his dog-cart.

"Glad to find you, old fellow—hunting for you everywhere," he continued. "Don't blame me for what has happened. I've served you a good turn. I know the Burbury Blakes of old. Those girls may have some day between two and three hundred a year apiece, and would spend three thousand if they could. If I hadn't come in they would have found you out before long, after you had proposed and were engaged, and had begun to make presents which you would never have seen again, and there would have been a blow-up, and you would have cursed your unlucky stars that you ever set eyes on them. Be grateful, therefore, and take my advice. Go to Lady Snaregrove's to-night and dance your feet off. To-morrow you will be all right."

I went to the ball as advised, where I met Jack Scamperdale, who was a nephew of Lady Snaregrove's, and he introduced me to a number of very nice girls. I was in the most hilarious spirits, and never enjoyed a ball more in the whole course of my life.



## CHAPTER IV.

## EMILY.

AMONG the partners to whom I was introduced at that ball by Jack Scamperdale were two sisters, Emily and Mary Upton, very nice girls. The eldest had a slight figure, was a thought taller than the ordinary height, and fair. The youngest was petite, with rich brown hair and brown soft eyes—a very sweet creature. They were daughters of a Colonel Upton, an Indian officer, had only one brother, in India holding a good staff appointment, and a rich bachelor uncle high in the civil service, were acquainted with my aunt, and were coming to her next ball, to come off in a fortnight. All this I learned from Jack and the young ladies in the course of the evening.

"Go it, old fellow," he whispered, as he passed me while I was dancing with Mary, who had just crossed to the opposite side of the quadrille. "No want of means there; moderate in their wishes—sensible people. You'll do."

"That will just do. No chance of a disappointment in this case," I thought to myself.

Then and there I made up my mind to fall in love with one of the Miss Uptons. I could not at the moment settle which, still I had a leaning from the first for Mary, though there could be no doubt that her elder sister was a very charming person. I had no difficulty in finding an excuse for offering to call the next day to take a song which they could not by possibility procure themselves. They were much obliged, and gave their tacit consent. I divided my attentions very equally; for I danced two quadrilles, a waltz, and a polka with each, and took them both in to supper in succession.

They didn't seem to know many men either, which was pleasant. I hate to be one of a herd of creatures hovering round a girl. I was received very graciously the next day when I called. The young ladies looked as blooming and fresh as if they had been sitting by the sea-side all the morning instead of dancing till three o'clock. The fact was, I found that they had taken a ride in the Park before breakfast, when most young ladies were still asleep.

"Do you ride early, Mr. Singleby?" asked Mary. "If you do, you will find us in Rotten Row at eight o'clock, unless it rains very hard. We take a cup of chocolate, or café au lait, first, and come home to breakfast."

I had to confess that I did not, but I did not say that I should have found it inconvenient to hire a hack, much more to keep a horse, on an income not exceeding forty pounds a year.

"Oh, then, let me advise you to do so forthwith," said Mary. "Nothing is so conducive to health. I am sure that we couldn't stand the hot rooms of a London season if we did not. Papa rides with us generally, but not always. He will be glad to make your acquaintance, and I know that you will like him; for he talks to young men just as if he were a young man; indeed, he seems almost one at times."

All this was very pleasant, and at length, having spent a most agreeable morning, I took my leave.

Colonel Upton left his card on me in due form, and of course I took an early opportunity of returning his visit, when I believed that his daughters would be at home and he would be at his club. I was not disappointed, and met them again the next evening, and I began to consider myself on the terms of an intimate friend.

"My dear Gilbert, you look pale," observed my aunt, a few days after this. "This racketing town life does not suit you."

"I don't feel ill, I assure you, though I believe if I could occasionally get a gallop in the Park I should look all the better."

"By all means then take it, Gilbert," answered the kind lady; "go to Snell, the man from whom I job my horses, and tell him to mount you and charge it to my account."

I had been accustomed to ride as a boy, and the next morning, one of the brightest in May, found me in Rotten Row eagerly looking out for the Uptons. I soon espied them riding with a fine, gentlemanly-looking man, whom I took to be Colonel Upton. I rode up, they introduced me, and I joined their party. The colonel spoke to me in a frank, cordial manner, and I felt at once at home with him. I had now an opportunity of meeting the Miss Uptons every day, and I did not fail to avail myself of it. Still I did not show any marked preference for either sister, though I may perhaps have done so at first to Mary. One morning I found them accompanied by a gentleman I had not before seen. They introduced him as Captain Sinclair. He was riding with Emily when I came up, and I therefore took my place alongside Mary, who might possibly not have attended as much as usual to my remarks, but I did not observe this at the time. When I next called I found him in the drawing-room, making himself, I should say, rather at home, and I saw him dancing with both sisters alternately at a ball on the following day. I wished to know more about the captain, but they showed no inclination to enlighten me. I now observed that wherever they went there he was. I have always had a somewhat jealous feeling when I have found dashing military officers intimate with young ladies whom I have in any way affected—not that I have seen anything in them superior to other men, but they have generally been idle, good-looking fellows, with little to do except to make themselves agreeable, and so they are very apt to cut out steady-going civilians, who have no deeds of arms to talk about, no adventures to narrate, and no time to phlander. I, however, as I had nothing to do, had not this excuse for being cut out, so I resolved to lose no more time about the matter. I would propose forthwith. But to which? there was the question; and when I had proposed, what would the colonel say to my want of fortune? Harassing questions. Still nothing risk—nothing gain. I would first ascertain to whom Captain Sinclair was paying his attentions. There could be no difficulty in that, I thought. I would then devote myself to the other, and pop the question on the first convenient opportunity. I was not left long in doubt. I was certain he was making up to Mary—so Emily should be mine. I preferred her, in reality. I had no time to lose for the latter part of my plan. My aunt's ball was to come off the next evening. I fortunately met them at the exhibition, and devoted myself to Emily. I danced with her twice as often as with Mary at a party to which I accompanied them. I rode alongside her in Rotten Row the next morning,

and framed an excuse for calling in the afternoon. That evening, at my aunt's ball, I would put the question. Of course I was nervous. How could I be otherwise? They had asked to bring Captain Sinclair. So much the better. While he was engaging the attention of Mary, I should have Emily all to myself. They came. Emily was escorted by the captain—Mary by her father. But there was nothing remarkable in that. I do not think that strangers would have discovered that the captain was anything but an ordinary acquaintance, by his manner in society, or by theirs. I had long to wait for the opportunity I sought. I tried to make myself as agreeable as possible to the other guests—danced without cessation, choosing always the ugliest girls, or those who knew no one and hadn't partners. I felt myself wonderfully virtuous.

"Thank you, Gilbert," said my aunt, with an approving nod, as I passed her. "You are doing capitally. Never had a better master of the ceremonies."

"Then do put in a good word for me with Emily," said I.

She stared and was going to question me, but some one coming up prevented her from speaking and me from explaining myself. At length I had engaged Emily to dance. We stood up, but I had forgotten to arrange a *vis-à-vis*, and we were thrown out.

"Pray come here," I said quietly, leading her to a seat in a verandah covered over and decorated with flower-pots. "The rooms are hot, and I can never talk in a hot room." I felt my arm tremble, and my tongue didn't feel at all capable of conversation. She observed my agitation.

"You have been over-exerting yourself, Mr. Singleby. You are unwell, I am sure," she said, in the kindest manner.

"Oh no, no; not at all unwell," I answered, with a rapid utterance. "But I have a very—very important subject to talk to you about, Miss Upton—Emily. I want to ask you to marry me. I love you. I admire you. I think you the most charming——"

"Oh, pray stop, Mr. Singleby!—pray stop!" she exclaimed, in a somewhat vexed and annoyed tone. "I am very sorry to hear this. At first we thought that you did somewhat admire Mary; but when papa spoke to your aunt about you, she said that you had barely an income to support yourself with the greatest possible economy, and that therefore you were a perfectly safe man as a dancing partner or riding escort, as you had too much sense ever to commit the egregious folly of even thinking of marrying. I merely repeat your aunt's words. As for myself, I am much obliged to you for the compliment you have paid me, but I have long been engaged to Captain Sinclair. Pray let the matter rest here. If you will keep your own counsel, so will I; and, as a friend, let me advise you, after you have discovered the unsatisfactory nature of the life you are leading, enter some profession, and work manfully in it till you feel that you can properly support such a wife as I am sure you will then deserve."

Really I could say nothing to this very sensible address, except to thank her cordially, and to beg that I might always be numbered in the ranks of her friends. This she promised, and proposed that we should stand up and dance the next quadrille, as if nothing had happened.

## CHAPTER V.

ELIZABETH. FANNY. KATHARINE. EVADNE. EUPHROSINE.

I COULD not, notwithstanding its wisdom, bring myself to follow Miss Upton's advice immediately. In the course of that and the following season I fell in love with a large number of young ladies, and made distinct offers, with the same lamentable results, to five—respectively christened, Elizabeth, Fanny, and Katharine, Evadne, and Euphrosyne.

## CHAPTER VI.

JANE.

At length I bethought me of Emily Upton's advice, and having an uncle and two cousins solicitors, and a head, I flatter myself, on my shoulders, I entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar. I met with more success than was anticipated; and finding Jane Beadon still single and disengaged, I again proposed and was accepted, and have every reason to believe that we shall be shortly married.

## THE GIPSIES.\*

THERE are several points connected with the gipsies which have attached interest to them. Such are their mysterious origin; their peculiar habits, manners, language, and appearance; their being a scattered people supposed not to intermarry with other races, and the "wonderful" stories told of them or by them.

Few things more sweetly vary civil life  
Than a barbarian, savage tinkler tale,

said Christopher North; and it being premised that Tinkler is the Scotch for Gipsy, it must be admitted that their modes of life are favourable for incident and adventure.

As to their origin, in Great Britain, where the Scriptures are so largely read and so much pondered upon, any theory would scarcely be accepted as complete which had not some Biblical associations. Hence the author of the work now before us assumes that the gipsies were Egyptians, subjects of the Shepherd Kings, who left their country with the Jews at the epoch of the Exodus; and that as part of the "mixed multitude" they travelled into India and acquired the language of that part of Asia. All this is mere assumption. It is an attempt to reconcile a supposed origin with the positive associations

\* A History of the Gipsies: with Specimens of the Gipsy Language. By Walter Simson. Edited by James Simson. Sampson Low and Son.

of language. If Egyptians, why should the gipsies of different countries preserve a language which has Hindhu and Sanscrit connexions, rather than that of other countries in which they have dwelt or dwell? As aliens in India, the peninsula was no more to them than any other portion of the globe in which they might be scattered. More importance must be attached to what can be made out of their language in the ethnological part of the subject than is here done. And yet the author of this Biblical theory is excessively wrath with Mr. Borrow for having said that the tale of the gipsies being Egyptians probably originated amongst the priests and learned men of the east of Europe, who, startled by the sudden apparition of bands of foreign people in appearance and language, skilled in divination and the occult arts, endeavoured to find in Scripture a clue to such a phenomenon; the result of which was that the Romas (gipsies) of Hindhustan were suddenly transformed into Egyptian penitents, a title which they have ever since borne in various parts of Europe.

"Why," inquires our author, "should the priests or learned men of the east of Europe go to the Bible to find the origin of such a people as the gipsies?" Just, we might reply, for the same reason that Messrs. James and Walter Simson do, and with the same feeling that led Bunyan, who was a gipsy of mixed blood, anxious to trace his Israelitic origin. "For finding in the Scriptures that they [the Israelites] were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy."

The fact is, that the slightest acquaintance with Oriental languages, Coptic, Arabic, Turkish, or Persian, suffices to show that what can be made out of the corrupt jargon of modern gipsies does not belong to any of the above, whilst striking analogies can be adduced with Hindhustani and Sanscrit. Our authors are indeed, while they advocate an Ethiopian origin, obliged, as we have before shown, to have recourse to a theory of a prolonged residence in India to account for this peculiarity. The only exceptions are in the names given to them in different countries. Thus, they are called Tschingenes by the Turks and other Eastern nations, Tzigany in Hungary, Cygani in Transylvania, Cingari in Italy, Gitanos in Spain, Siganos in Portugal, Zigeuners in Germany, and Gipsies in England, all of which names may be fairly looked upon as corruptions of their Eastern name, and not of "Egyptians." The terms Harami, or "robbers," of the Arabians, Heydens, or "heathens," of the Dutch, and Bohemians of the French, are mere epithets.

There are, indeed, few ethnological features to connect the gipsies with either Ethiopic or Jewish races. Neither colour, nor physiognomy, nor language, are African; and as to their being of the "mixed multitude," they would have been as likely, if so, to have preserved a religion as they have a language. But one of the great peculiarities of the gipsies is, that they have no religion peculiar to themselves. For this we have the authority of Hoyland, in his "Historical Survey of the Gipsies," and the authors of the work before us. But they have, on the other hand, preserved traditions of their passage through Tartary, from the east to the west. One Peter Robinson, a famous celebrator of gipsy marriages in Fifeshire, had, we are told,

suspended from his neck a large ram's horn, as a badge of his priestly office. Again, two ram's horns are sculptured on the tombstone of a gipsy-chief in the churchyard of Kirkcudbright. The ram was an emblem of power among many Eastern nations, even among the Jews, but nowhere so much so as among the Tartars, with whom it was the banner of tribes, and the national emblem ever sculptured in their cemeteries. Gipsies also sacrifice a horse or ass on parting with their wives. The practice is Indian as well as Tartar; but the ceremonies are more similar in their details to those observed by the Tartars. Our author relates some curious instances of the practice as occurring in Scotland. In Sweden and Denmark, as also in some parts of Germany, gipsies are always called Tartars; and Grellmann tells us that the gipsies sometimes call themselves Tartars. The last by itself would, however, be of little importance; for they also call themselves sometimes Egyptians, probably from having been told that they were so.

Sir Walter Scott spoke of the language of gipsies as "a great mystery," and Dr. Bright considered its perpetuation as "little short of the miraculous." But when we consider that the race have always associated closely, and more or less exclusively, together, and that their language, although differing slightly in different countries, has become to them like the worship of a household god, hereditary, and is spoken among them under the severest discipline, there is nothing about it so very wonderful.

It is undoubtedly to the same peculiarity that we must refer what Dr. Bright considered to rank "amongst the most curious phenomena in the history of man," the condition and circumstances of the gipsy nation throughout the whole of Europe. This condition, however marked in one aspect, is less so in another. So long as a gipsy dwells in a tent, lives in the open, and wanders about after his own fashion, earning a precarious livelihood by petty industry as a tinker or chairmender, and the women as basket-sellers or fortune-tellers, they are, although no longer pastoral, still adhering, to a certain extent, to the manners of their ancestors and the original customs of the people; but when they become settled in life, either by marriage or inclination (and they seldom leave the tent, except when their blood is diluted with the white), the prejudice against the name leads them to hide from the public their being gipsies; for they are morbidly sensitive of the odium which attaches to the name of the race being applied to them. The effect of a marriage between a white and a gipsy, if he or she is known as such, is, we are told, that the white instinctively withdraws from any connexion with his own race, and casts his lot with the gipsies. The children born of such unions become ultra-gipsies, and this, not only among the lower classes, but even in higher. An illustration of this is given by Borrow in the case of an officer in the Spanish army adopting a young female gipsy child, whose parents had been executed, and educating and marrying her. A son of this marriage, who rose to be a captain in the service of Donna Isabel, hated the white race so intensely, as, when a child, to tell his father that he wished he (his father) was dead.

It is a very common idea that gipsies do not mix their blood with

that of other people. But this is so far from being the case, that Mr. Simson says he may venture to assert that there is not a full-blooded gipsy in Scotland. The high-caste gipsies call the mixed gipsies, who are basket-makers and live in caravans, "gorgios," and hold them in contempt. If a high-caste gipsy girl marries a white man, this is the way, we are told, she brings up her children :

"She tells them her 'wonderful story,' informs them who they are, and of the dreadful prejudice that exists against them, simply for being gipsies. She tells them about Pharaoh and Joseph in Egypt, terming her people 'Pharaoh's folk.' In short, she dazzles the imagination of the children from the moment they can comprehend the simplest idea. Then she teaches them her words, or language, as the 'real Egyptian,' and frightens and bewilders youthful minds by telling them that they are subject to be hanged if they are known to be gipsies, or to speak these words, or will be looked upon as wild beasts by those around them. She then informs the children how long the gipsies have been in the country ; how they lived in tents ; how they were persecuted, banished, and hanged merely for being gipsies. She then tells them of her people being in every part of the world, whom they can recognise by the language and signs which she is teaching them ; and that her race will everywhere be ready to shed their blood for them. She then dilates upon the benefits that arise from being a gipsy—benefits negative as well as positive ; for should they ever be set upon, garotted for example, all they will have to do will be to cry out some such expression as *Biené raté, calo chabo* (good night, gipsy or black fellow), when, if there is a gipsy near them, he will protect them. The children will be fondled by her relatives, handed about and hugged as 'little ducks of gipsies.' The granny, while sitting at the fireside, like a witch, performs no small part in the education of the children, making them fairly dance with excitement. In this manner do the children of gipsies have the gipsy soul literally breathed into them."

All that is necessary, according to this view of the subject, to perpetuate the tribe is simply for the gipsies to know who they are, and the prejudice that exists towards the race of which they are a part ; to say nothing of the innate associations connected with their origin and descent. By this simple process, Mr. Simson argues, let their blood be mixed as it may, let even their blood-relationship outside of their body be what it may, the gipsies still remain, in their private associations, a distinct people, into whatever sphere of human action they may enter ; although, in point of blood, appearance, occupation, character, and religion, they may have drifted the breadth of a hemisphere from the stakes and tent of the original gipsy. Gipsydom thus ever handed down and ever kept alive is an absolute fact, absolute as to blood, and absolute as to those teachings, feelings, and associations that, by a moral necessity, accompany the possession of the blood. Remove the prejudice against the gipsies, make it to be as respectable to be gipsies as the world, with its ignorance of the race, deem it disreputable, and such is the exclusive character of this people, that Mr. Simson argues the gipsies would always remain gipsies.

A curious instance of this preservation of mental identity when all

external circumstances may be altered, is related in connexion with the Faas, the most powerful of the gipsy tribes in Scotland; to the consideration of which tribes the work before us is mainly devoted. The chief of the Faas was in 1540, or James V.'s time, lord-paramount over the gipsies in that country. One of the tribe rose to great eminence in the mercantile world, and his descendants were connected by marriage with distinguished Scottish families. This was the highly respectable family of Fall, now extinct, general merchants in Dunbar, and who were originally members of the gipsy family of Yetholm. So far back as about the year 1670, one of the baillies of Dunbar was of the surname of Faa, spelt exactly as the gipsy name. On the 18th of May, 1734, Captain James Fall, of Dunbar, was elected member of parliament for the Dunbar district of burghs. The same family gave Dunbar provosts and baillies, and ruled the political interests of that burgh for many years. Yet this family held by its gipsy origin, and to perpetuate the memory of their descent from the tribe of Faa, one of the Mrs. Falls, whose husband was provost of Dunbar, had the whole family, with their asses and gipsy-paraphernalia, as they took their departure from Yetholm, represented by herself in needlework or tapestry. One of the Miss Falls was married to Sir John Anstruther of Elie, Bart. At a contested election for the burghs in the east of Fife, in which Sir John was a candidate, his opponents thought to damage him by reference to the gipsy origin of his lady. Whenever Lady Anstruther entered the burghs during the canvass, the streets resounded with the old song of the "Gipsy Laddie" (which related the elopement of the Earl of Cassili's wife with one John Faa, in 1643). A female stepped up to her ladyship and expressed her sorrow at the rabble singing the song in her presence. "Oh, never mind them," replied Lady Anstruther; "they are only repeating what they hear from their parents." Dr. Carlyle is made, with singular inconsistency, to speak of this "Jenny Fall" (afterwards Lady A.) as "a coquette and a beauty," and yet to say that "he derived considerable improvement from constant intercourse with this young lady, for she was lively and clever no less than beautiful." Burns also noticed a Mrs. Fall as a genius in painting. The family, or, at all events, the name, is extinct. Hoyland, in his "Survey of the Gipsies," gives an explanatory clue to this by telling us that the Faas adopted the name of Fall from the Falls of Dunbar, and hence probably the latter were led to assume some other surname. We are likewise told that this eminent gipsy family was connected by marriage with the Footies of Balgoine, the Couttses (afterwards bankers), Collector Whyte of Kirkaldy, and Collector Melville of Dunbar. "We may assume," adds Mr. Simson, "as a mathematical certainty, that gipsydom, in a refined form, is in existence in the descendants of these families, particularly in such of them as were connected with this gipsy family by the female side."

Considering that the progress of absorption and assimilation has been going on for at least the last three hundred and fifty years, Mr. Simson argues that there are gipsies to be met with in every sphere of Scottish life, not excepting, perhaps, the very highest. There are gipsies, he asserts, among the very best Edinburgh families. "I am



well acquainted with Scotchmen," he says, "youths and men of middle age, of education and character, and who follow very respectable occupations, that are gipsies." One of the "pillars of the Scottish Church" is, we are told, a gipsy. The gipsies of Fife at one time possessed a foundry near St. Andrew's, called "Little Carron." Gipsies have been employed in Scotland as constables, peace-officers, and keepers. A gipsy-chief, of the name of Gillespie, was keeper for the county of Fife. He rode on horseback, armed with a sword and pistols, attended by four men on foot carrying staves and bâtons. He appears to have been a sort of travelling justice of the peace. The system, although still to a certain extent persevered in, never worked well; and an account is given of the melancholy fate of three of the gipsy constabulary force in Peeblesshire, one of whom was murdered, a second hung, and a third banished. The father of Sir Walter Scott assisted at the apprehension of one of these culprits, Keith by name.

Robert Keith and Charles Anderson, gipsies, had fallen out, and had followed each other for some time, for the purpose of fighting out their quarrel. They at last met at Lourie's Den, a small public-house in the Lammermoor hills, when a terrible combat ensued. The two antagonists were brothers-in-law, Anderson being married to Keith's sister. Anderson proved an overmatch for Keith, and William Keith, to save his brother, laid hold of Anderson; but Mage Greig, Robert's wife, handed her husband a knife, and called on him to despatch him while unable to defend himself. Robert repeatedly struck with the knife, but it rebounded from the ribs of the unhappy man, without taking effect. Impatient at the delay, Mage called to him, "Strike laigh, strike laigh in;" and, following her directions, he stabbed Anderson to the heart. The only remark made by any of the gang was this exclamation from one of them: "Gude faith, Rob, ye have done for him noo!" But William Keith was astonished when he found that Anderson was stabbed in his arms, as his interference was only to save the life of his brother from the overwhelming strength of Anderson. Robert Keith instantly fled, but was immediately pursued by people armed with pitchforks and muskets. He was apprehended in a braken bush in which he had concealed himself, and was executed at Jedburgh on the 24th November, 1772. Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd notice this murder at Lourie's Den, in communications to Blackwood's Magazine.

The gipsies were largely impressed, during the American and French wars, both for the army and navy. Many deserted, and others mutilated themselves rather than be forced into a service so much against their inclinations. So terrified are gipsies at the mere idea of the thralldom of military or naval discipline, that many are said to have mutilated themselves at the commencement of the late Russian war. They serve, however, sometimes as musicians in the army and navy, and it is said that there were gipsy musicians in the fleet at Sebastopol. It is well known how largely the genius for music among the gipsies is turned to account in Austria, Hungary, and in the Danubian Provinces.

Many of the Scotch gipsies have, we are told, betaken themselves to some of the regular occupations of the country, such as coopers, shoe-

makers, and plumbers; some are masons, an occupation to which they seem to have a partiality. Some of them are members of masons' lodges. There are many of them itinerant bell-hangers and umbrella-menders. Among them there are tinsmiths, braziers, and cutlers in great numbers; and the tribe also furnish a proportion of chimney-sweeps. Individuals of the female gipsies are employed as servants. Some of them have been lady's maids, and even housekeepers to clergymen and farmers. Almost all the individuals hawking earthenware through the country with carts, and a large proportion of those hawking japan and white iron goods, itinerant vendors of inferior sorts of jewellery, and dealers in gingerbread at fairs, are of the gipsy race. Many are horse-dealers; others keep public-houses, or shops of earthenware, china, and crystal, and have from one to eight thousand pounds invested in business.

Adopting the theory that a gipsy is always a gipsy—or, as it is once strongly expressed, "Let a gipsy once be grafted upon a native family, and she rises with it, leavens the little circle of which she is the centre, and leaves it and its descendants, for all time coming, gipsies," (p. 412)—the author and editor argue that ever since entering Great Britain, about the year 1506, the gipsies have been drawing into their body the blood of the ordinary inhabitants, and conforming to their ways; and so prolific has the race been, that there cannot be less than 250,000 gipsies of all castes, colours, characters, occupations, degrees of education, culture, and position in life, in the British isles alone, and possibly double that number. There is no doubt that, owing to intermarriages and the settling of gipsies, that there are a great many more gipsies among the English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh than is generally supposed. There are few persons of any power of observation who cannot recognise in their neighbourhoods some who bear traces of gipsy origin. But the theory, as propounded by the Messrs. Simson, is manifestly untenable. The gipsies are, after all, only (to a certain extent) in the same category as the Jews, and it is not likely that their number is much greater. That their vitality should be so much more vigorous than that of the natives of the country as always to absorb the latter races, is opposed to all ethnological and physiological experience. If the grafting of a single female upon a native family left that family for all time coming, and all its descendants, gipsies, the result would be that in the course of time the inhabitants of Great Britain must inevitably become all gipsies. Long and elaborate as is the argument that is laid before us, there remains nothing but mere assertion to show that gipsy blood cannot be absorbed in the native, as well as the native in that of gipsies. The contrary would be opposed to the known laws of nature, and would establish a peculiarity in favour of the gipsy race without a parallel, and which would be neither more nor less than miraculous.

## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MARRYAT.

## IV.

## HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

MR. WATSON was waiting anxiously in the drawing-room for the answer to the appeal he had made to Gabrielle through her mother. Proposals and marriages always seem nervous affairs, even to the most cool and collected of mortals. Certainly in this instance the usually calm, unbending figure of Mr. Watson had lost a great deal of its *sang froid*. He had commissioned Mrs. Esmond to communicate to her daughter the nature of his visit, entreating, at the same time, not to be kept in suspense. If possible, he hoped to see Miss Esmond herself on that very evening.

Nervously, when left alone, he wandered from side to side of the little apartment, first pausing before one, then attracted by another, of the fearful daubs termed paintings by their owner.

Gabrielle was some time in answering his summons; she neither sent a reply, nor did she arrive herself to give the *coup de grace* to her victim.

When Mrs. Esmond stated that Mr. Watson was a millionaire, she was not far wrong, though the exact amount of his income she was unaware of, as, indeed, were even his own immediate relations. Probably his bankers and himself were the only persons who could have answered the question with anything like accuracy.

At an early age he had been sent out by his father, who had interest in that quarter, in some official capacity, to one of the colonies. There, from the age of eighteen till that of nearly fifty, Mr. Watson had remained, plodding away through all the heat of a tropical sun; dead to his family, dead to the friends he had left in Europe—dead, in fact, to everything but one idea, namely, that the harder he worked and the less he spent, the larger would be the capital on which he would retire eventually. He, the astute, plodding individual, possessed, however, as we all more or less possess (whether apparent to the eyes of the world or not), some latent spark of romance in his constitution. His romance (and it had been that of his boyhood—the stronger, perhaps, because hid so carefully from all observers) was to accumulate wealth, without which he knew in his country importance was almost unattainable—to retire exactly at the time he *did* retire, and, after due consideration, to fix his affections upon some young English girl, make her his wife, ensconce himself in a palace in the country surrounded by ancient trees and park-like meadows—anything, in fact, which would obliterate the arid soil and sultry sun of India from his mind—there rear a family, and, with a wife and children, be happy for ever after. But he had already seen four years in his native land before any girl presented herself worthy in his eyes of becoming the future Mrs. Watson. When the ch-god is not there to blind us, it is astonishing how fastidious and how alive we are to any little defects; many a young lady had been “trotted

out" before now, but all were discarded so peremptorily, that "Watson's intended" had become a by-word amongst his friends and acquaintances.

No one, in fact, had come up to the standard of what his future wife should be, till Gabrielle met his gaze. For more than six months he had intended making this proposal, but for the same period she had kept him in a state of uncertainty. Any little act of kindness, however, which he, in his anxiety to possess her love, might have construed into a liking for himself, had emanated purely from her goodness of heart. A ruffled brow, a sigh from one with whom she was acquainted, would always call forth a tender answer, or an inquiry in a softened voice. Her natural kindness of disposition, which always led her to speak gently and soothingly to any one who appeared unhappy, would one moment raise him to the seventh heavens; whilst the evident repugnance which she evinced at any attempts bordering on tenderness on his part, would at another plunge him into the depths of despair. He was determined to win her eventually, and if once his mind was made up, he was not likely to give up his point, unless he saw the total annihilation of his project by the fact of her becoming the wife of another. Until then, he argued, the game might yet be his.

Then he had a great ally in the fair one's mother; she, he knew full well, was completely on his side; still, though the words of Mrs. Esmond yet lingered in his ears, telling him plainly that Gabrielle would be his—though the happiness he yearned so after was apparently well-nigh gained—he felt nervous and timid; the strong man became weak; overpowered by one stronger than he—all-potent love!

Mr. Watson was still pacing the room, the clasped hands behind his back twitching convulsively as he walked to and fro, when the door opened, and Gabrielle stood tremulously in the presence of her agitated admirer. She came in so gently, that the slight rustle of her garments had not attracted his attention. Advancing, she was the first to speak; unusual, I believe, in cases like these; yet one must bear in mind that she had none of the timidity of love to render her shy. She had certainly made up her mind to accept Mr. Watson's proposal, chiefly in order to please her parent and render her last years happy; the offer of wealth also was tempting to one so wanting in the world's goods as she had ever been. But, at the same time, she was determined to acquaint him with the real state of her feelings. She had too honourable, too noble a nature in her slight girlish frame, ever to accept the position his wealth would afford her, without telling him that her heart, at least, was not his. She esteemed him greatly; she had heard his good qualities spoken of freely by various friends of the family, his devotion to his maiden sisters, and his generosity to a scapegrace brother; and she had resigned herself to the dreary lot which she intuitively felt would be hers if passed with the suitor now before her.

Poor Gabrielle! she advanced nervously. The click caused by the handle of the door as it was loosened from her grasp awoke Mr. Watson from his reverie. He started, and lessened the distance between them by a few steps. Holding out both his hands, he took her cold, unresisting fingers in his. The mournful look on her usually light, happy features caused him, however, to repress any intensity of rapture which her presence might have called forth.

"Mr. Watson," she said, speaking quickly, "of course I know why you are here, and why I am sent to meet you. Mamma has just told me all. No! Before I listen to one word, before you do me the honour to acquaint me with what I know already, namely, that your heart is mine, I must tell you—indeed I must, much as it may pain you—that I, on my part, have no heart to offer. I esteem you very much. I should not be with you now did I not esteem you, and deem you worthy to become my husband; but I cannot enter into wedded life with any deceit towards the man I am to marry. I do not love you Mr. Watson. I will try to do so, and I will try and make you a good wife. You know now the truth. If this avowal does not satisfy you, you are still at liberty; no word of yours has as yet bound you to me. You understand me clearly, don't you?" she said, looking up straight into his face. "I might, I know, have spared your feelings by allowing you to suppose that I returned your love; but I prefer candour, and I feel sure you have sense enough, and I hope affection enough for me, to see the truth of what I have just said."

And Mr. Watson, as he stood there gazing earnestly at her lovely form, what were his thoughts? I think he scarcely knew himself. Happiness seemed very near to him when she spoke of her willingness to become his wife; she had said she would try to love him. It was noble and loveable of her to tell him the truth; still, this was not quite what he had dreamt of. Gabrielle was the only one of her sex whom he had ever loved, the only one whom he felt he ever could love, and yet here he was obliged to listen to the avowal that what he most coveted—her heart—could not be his at present. This was not quite the realisation of his Indian dream.

Foolish Mr. Watson! And had he really arrived at the sober age of fifty-three, and now was he abruptly to learn that dreams, however fond they may be, however much dwelt upon in imagination, seldom, if ever, come up to the vision in the actual realisation?

However, whether this was his first lesson in the treachery of day dreams or not, he was not the less startled by the present awakening.

None of the fond raptures which he had anticipated when the blushing avowal should have been drawn forth from the fair one that she lived for him, and him only, could now be his. No, certainly the dream was not realised!

As these thoughts passed through his mind, making the already stern face look harder and sterner, he glanced down, and the large tender eyes of Gabrielle met his gaze. Gabrielle had a wealth of love in her eyes if she chose to bring it forth; but another feeling—pity—would sometimes cause them to dilate and fill with tears.

She pitied him truly now as he stood there, showing plainly how much he loved her, and how her avowal had wounded his heart. Her eyes were filled with tears, and her figure seemed so slight and fragile by the side of the tall, manly one of her suitor.

He looked into her face; all he saw, all he felt, was that, standing before him, was the prize he had so wished for, so sought to gain; standing there ready to pledge her troth, her figure bent and her face averted, from shame at having been obliged to tell him all she had; her long dark lashes still wet with the tears in her lovely eyes. Could he part

with her? His heart said "No," not for worlds; her love might yet be his. So Mr. Watson did what he thought, in his blindness, poor fellow! the wisest thing to do; he bent over her, gently wound his arms round her, pressed her to his heart, and told her that all the love he had in the world was hers, had been hers since the first day they had met; he never could be happy without her, that her love must belong to him eventually; he would be patient and wait.

And so, one short quarter of an hour after she entered the little drawing-room, these two were standing quietly by the mantelpiece, betrothed to each other for a life-long servitude either of love or antipathy, for I do not think there are many intermediate stages of affection between people of different sexes bound on the pilgrimage of life together.

Miss Esmond glanced up at her lover as she stood at his side. Happiness is supposed to beautify the owner, at least at any rate the first transient blush of happiness ought to cast a tinge of beauty on the countenance of its possessor. In his quiet undemonstrative way he was supremely happy. He wished ardently to become the guardian of his wife's heart: wishing it so eagerly, he seemed almost to forget that she had, not half an hour ago, told him it was not his. But theoretical possessors are ever the most sanguine of human beings. Yes, he was *au comble du bonheur*.

This did not seem, however, to make him beautiful in Gabrielle's eyes. As she scanned his features; naturally hard and stern, his was not a face capable of relaxing under any emotion. Immensely tall (I don't think I have yet mentioned what he was like to my readers), with a thin spare figure, naturally rendered more so by his long residence in India, light flaxen hair, freely intermingled with grey, beautifully formed hands and feet, the *tout ensemble*, though not very attractive, was not altogether without redeeming points. No modern innovations ever found their way into Mr. Watson's toilet or manners; all young men of the present day he abhorred, deeming them fops and dandies. His bad points were his eyes and his mouth; perhaps you will say the most salient ones in a life portrait. They may be so; I only paint the man as he was. Hard, cold, and determined were the small light-blue eyes which met your gaze with a cool unflinching look. His mouth was small; perhaps any one but a keen observer would have passed it over and called it good; the lips were thin and narrow, and scarcely covered the long prominent teeth, which, together with a curious hard expression at the corners of the mouth at certain times, gave one the impression that once angered he could be inflexible; that, once his wrath fully raised, a tiger in his den could hardly be more cruel.

Still every one did not see this, and still less did Gabrielle, as, with a certain feeling of discontent, she listened to the lengthened description he was entering into, of the place he had seen and deemed fit to become the Elysium wherein he could place his heart's chosen.

Mrs. Esmond came in at this juncture; perhaps it was as well she did, for Gabrielle was beginning to feel weary, the evening had been a trying one; and moreover, when Mr. Watson, after a long sentence, began to blow his nose in a most sonorous and trumpet-like fashion on one of the coloured silk handkerchiefs imported by himself, her strength almost gave way. The vision of a long tawny moustache, and a handkerchief with a

crest in the corner faintly diffusing an aroma of "Jockey Club;" and of garments made and worn in a way, to her at least, never so worn or put on before, all swam before her gaze.

Poor Gabrielle! after having just plighted her troth to Mr. Watson, it was certainly very wicked, very ungrateful, to let such visions dance before her eyes. But then she did not ask them to appear; they only made her melancholy and ready to cry; and, after all, when a lover just accepted blows his nose on a coloured handana handkerchief, a few moments after he has been made happy, with a noise resembling that of a trumpet, I think there is some excuse if we fly away in thought to more pleasant subjects.

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A fortnight had passed since Gabrielle had become one of those interesting individuals in the eyes of the world, namely, a bride-elect. During that fortnight she had had little time left her for reflection, if, indeed, she ever wished to allow herself leisure for any. Reflection is not always a pleasant pastime when we feel convinced, however much we smother our feelings, however much we try to brave it out, that we are plunging headlong into an abyss from which we may never eventually rise. So, now that she had made up her mind to marry Mr. Watson, and also knew, if she wished, it was too late to recede from her vow, she did what perhaps, after all, was the wisest thing; she cast reflection to the winds, she tried to live only in the present, she set her heart manfully to work in order to obliterate, if possible, the past. If she never possessed vanity before, any one must now, indeed, have been blinded sorely by her fascinations who allowed her to be exempt from that failing, for her daily thoughts—indeed, her whole heart—seemed set on the attire she was to assume as the wife of the rich Mr. Watson.

The mornings, indeed, gave little leisure for day-dreams of the past. They were spent in consultations with milliners and milliners' apprentices. Mysterious "tryings on" and "fittings" took place. Gores and gussets became familiar as possible to the at-first-bewildered ears of her sober bridegroom. Many were the gyrations which took place up-stairs before the glass. Gabrielle, in virtue of her forthcoming position, had been installed in a large bedroom, where a cheval glass reflected back all the pretty airs and graces these elaborate toilettes called forth. The afternoons were devoted entirely to Mr. Watson, who generally, instead of the comfortable *tête-à-tête* anticipated, had to accompany them, and toil from shop to shop, matching this and changing that, and patiently sitting out all the hours spent by Gabrielle in conversation with the obsequious, oily-faced gentlemen behind the counter, giving his advice, when asked, in the most absurd and incomprehensive manner, mostly at random (thinking in his heart of the blessed time when Gabrielle would be his wife, and shopping a thing of the past), as to the feasibility of this or that shade suiting that lovely pearl-grey, &c.

He was still in treaty for his country-house; the one he coveted went beyond the price he had set by for that object. However much he prized anything, he was not one to swerve from his resolve, once formed. He had settled in his mind that it should cost so much; having done so, a mere trifle over the amount would weigh heavily in the scale against all the annoyance and vexation endured by having to relinquish the object

in view. Mr. Watson called this his firmness of disposition, and prided himself much thereon. It might be a feeling worthy of calling forth pride in its possessor, but, unfortunately, few of his acquaintances appreciated the feeling. What he termed firmness, others simply called obstinacy. They may have misjudged him; whichever it was, however, it proved often the cause of a great deal of unhappiness both to himself and those in any way connected with him.

If the fact of her engagement had made a change in the hitherto childish mind of Gabrielle, and rendered her dead to everything, save the power of wealth, it certainly had effected also a total revolution in the domestic arrangements of the generally quiet household. Before the advent of Mr. Watson and the announcement of his intended marriage, had it not been for the casual rat-tat of the postman, leaving generally a letter addressed to Mrs. Esmond, and earnestly requesting "immediate attention," or the single knock of some idle errand-boy not choosing to avail himself of the open area-gate, the knocker might, indeed, have grown rusty on its hinges. Many were the gay carriages which had daily driven in quick succession past the door, but not one had ever stopped to inquire if the inhabitants of No. 7 were alive or well.

The case was altered now. The circle of Mr. Watson's acquaintances was necessarily limited; his long residence in India accounted for that, but relations he possessed in no small quantity; these were all anxious to satisfy themselves as to the truth of the much-vaunted charms of their kinsman's bride. Gabrielle was much astonished at finding herself also suddenly surrounded by energetic and sympathising friends of her own; cousins and aunts, even to the third and fourth degree, now positively besieged the house, anxious to pay their homage. Congratulations were given, and well-feigned sorrow expressed as to the tardiness of their calls. Ill health, or a long absence from London, generally was the obstacle which alone had kept them apart. A brother of her mother's, Monsieur le Vicomte de St. Jean, was to come over expressly from Paris, in order to act the part of father and give the bride away.

If Gabrielle evinced no great emotion at the idea of beholding her French uncle, if the tardy visits of all these sycophant friends and relatives were seen through and appreciated at their full value, at any rate Mrs. Esmond was, for the nonce, a happy woman. She forgot her ailments, forgot even to be ill-tempered, as she complacently re-read some letter full of flattery as to the brilliant future looming on the family, or mentally reviewed the delightful *empressé* manner of some long ago forgotten friends, miraculously resuscitated at the announcement of the forthcoming event in some conspicuous corner of the daily journals. She is quietly ensconced in her favourite chair at the present moment, half asleep and half awake; nature and inclination urge strongly the necessity of a nap, but vanity and success plead also strongly against such a course. Her well-satisfied, well-pleased mind is hankering after a little mental satisfaction which she feels it will obtain by a repetition of all that has been done, and said, and thought of, and resolved on, during the last four-and-twenty hours. So there she sits, a complacent smile pervading the corners of her mouth, until, nature prevailing, from sheer lassitude she falls off into a comfortable doze. The nodding of her head half rouses her; she starts, and commences again the recapitulation of her



grandeur and the glories awaiting her daughter. A sharp quick knock at the door of the sitting-room awakes her effectually, and the fiery face of her landlady, hot from the exertion of cooking the dinner, at the entrance greets her with :

"I beg your pardon, mem, but really, mem, thinking that I might at last be so lucky as to find you alone, I make so bold as to say that Ann's legs, mem, they are that worked off by the constant worrit of running up and down stairs, attending on visitors what usen't never to be, and what I never didn't expect when you engaged with me, that really, unless you is willing to pay extra for attendance, cooking, and wear and tear of apartments, I must beg you to suit yourself at once."

The ill-temper, which appeared to have so effectually vanished from Mrs. Esmond's constitution since the change in affairs, seemed likely enough now to break out with redoubled force from long abstinence, had not the firm tread of Mr. Watson been heard on the staircase.

The nature of the fracas being fully explained, he retired outside, in company of the still offensive landlady. On re-entering, peace seemed to have been restored to the establishment; he had applied with his own hands a salve, wonderful in such cases, he said, to the legs of the suffering female, Ann. At any rate, from that day till the one of the wedding no more was heard of her malady; at the slightest wish of the future bridegroom she ran with alacrity. Salve such as Mr. Watson had imported with him from India generally does effect a speedy cure, and render people less ill-educated than was poor Ann, doubtless, perfectly at the beck and call of its possessor.

And now came the long-looked-for day, namely, that of the wedding. I am not going to afflict any one with a lengthened or tedious account of the company, dresses, &c. All weddings are more or less alike to lookers-on; moreover are not all these doings duly chronicled in a corner set expressly apart for them in some fashionable paper? there go and learn the amount of tulle, lace, feathers, and finery displayed on the bodies of the various fair ones on the occasion. The bride's dress, too, no doubt was also mentioned. Gabrielle did not lack ornaments on that occasion, for Mr. Watson had endowed her with enough to adorn ten brides, had he possessed that number. The church was of course St. George's, Hanover-square, the hour that of eleven. Breakfast there was none. If the fiery-faced landlady would have submitted to it, certainly the apartments could never have contained half the guests; so they met and parted at the church.

There was no want of pretty bridesmaids, in still prettier attire; the number swelled so fearfully as time grew on, that at last Gabrielle feared people would expect more than one bride, the train was so long. It was not a gay affair, however; on the contrary, very heavy and slow. How could they be gay in the church? Indeed, had the idea of no breakfast been fairly explained at first, I think the company would have diminished instead of increased as the day approached. But it was Mr. Watson who, at the last, had counteracted all Mrs. Esmond's little schemes; he wanted a quiet wedding, and no obstacle to his departure by an early train for the Continent.

The crowning disappointment to the already exasperated bridesmaids was the advent of the bridegroom and his attendants. There were only

six, all staid, elderly men, long past the idea of a flirtation, and quite heedless of the little interesting attitudes which it always pleases the twelve young ladies in attendance on a bride to place themselves into at any given occasion. As they each knelt, or rose, or bowed their pretty chapleted heads, in obedience to the ritual, the half-averted face, or the bouquet to the right or to the left, as the case might require, was all lost on these elderly beaux.

"I wish I had not wasted a dress on such a dull affair," was echoed from mouth to mouth after it was concluded.

"Never mind, dear, our dresses will make up nicely for Chiswick, so don't fret; and Mrs. Watson is sure to have a good house in town next year, and then we shall have some balls."

And so Gabrielle, who, even after having sacrificed herself to please her mother, and in order to acquire riches, had married a man she did not love, even at the church porch almost, had invidious remarks made upon her. The hundred and one dear intimate friends did not esteem her half so dear after it was all over.

"By Jove! there's a wedding; rather a swell affair, I fancy," said one gentleman to another, as they both emerged, linked arm-in-arm, from the corner of Maddox-street. "Wait a moment, the bride is coming out, I declare."

The sun shone bright and clear, shone full in the face of the bride as she ascended into the chariot in waiting. On seating herself she raised her eyes, the glass was down. A convulsive start, and Gabrielle had recognised the form of Captain Travers, as he stood, in obedience to Raymond Gore's request, to see the bride pass out.

He recognised her also. What business had he to be there, just at this hour and on that spot, on this very morning? It was not intentional; there, at least, he was not in fault. Fate, or whatever you may call it, led him there.

Gabrielle shuddered as she threw herself back in the carriage; she shuddered because she thought the die was cast in this world; they could never meet again. It would have been far better for her had it been so.

## V.

### O BEL ÈTA DEL ORO.

WHO is there now-a-days who has not visited Florence? and even if they have not been inhabitants of that fairest of cities, they have done the next best thing, for they have read of it in books, gone over the whole of it, seen all its beauties, and taken part in all its gaieties, in company of much better cicerones than I could ever prove.

Firenze, la bella! who has not admired her host of campaniles, and gazed in wonder at her churches and chapels? The Boboli Gardens, crowded with exquisite statues, gleaming out from beneath the shadow of the ilex or cypress—gardens made for pleasure, made for lovers, with their secluded, shady, mysterious walks and bowers. Who has not mentally, if not personally, roamed morning after morning through the vast galleries, rich with works of art—galleries sacred to the Medicæan Venus, and to the chef d'œuvres of Titian and Michael Angelo? Then again

the Cascine, that resort of the upper ten thousand, have we not driven in company of those we love along its pleasant shady alleys, our laps and hands laden with the fragrant bouquets, thrown to us by the energetic smiling flower-girls. Tuberoses and Nespoli d'amore are common things with us now.

We halt at the general standing-place before making the "gran' girò," anxious to see who is already arrived, what carriages contain those familiar to us, what cavaliers are there, favoured by our notice.

Returning from Fiesole, in the cool of the evening (where we have vainly, alas! tried all our powers to induce the seedy-looking old monks to waive ceremony and disregard for once our sex, and show us over their inmost habitations), the fireflies flit around us and settle amongst the folds of our clear muslin dresses, as we gain the Lung'Arno, and alight finally at our hotel.

Yes! more or less we all know Florence; those who have been sojourners there for any length of time, perhaps more vividly and more acutely feel all they have lost in leaving that delightful clime. We linger in her, we regret Italy, regret the never-to-be-excelled grapes, the dear little green figs, the succulent ortolans; regret her flowers, and her poderes, and vineyards.

Whatever her faults, we shall never find a better land to rest in; and as our thoughts wander back to the far-away past, seated perhaps by our own fireside, memory kindly wafts us there again. We pluck her scented grapes and forget her tasteless apricots; we climb again the hills, we feel the kindly breeze, and again forget the fearful heat which oppressed our frames; we wander on her ancient Ponte Vecchio; again we traffic easily for all her store of jewellery, and we dismiss the idea that her romantic-looking dealers dearly love to cheat and overcharge us if they can; that her corners swarm with filth, her streets with beggars, and her courts with fleas. The fragrance of the tuberose and violets, presented with such grace, rise pleasingly in our thoughts; again we inhale their odour with delight, and fail to recollect that Josephine, that inexorable tyrant, presented us on parting with a bill large enough to have purchased Covent Garden Market for a year.

Like the lover, who in the absence of his mistress sees only her beauties, and is blind to her defects, so we, now in a far-off land, praise all that was beautiful, and forget all that annoyed us in the sunny land of Italy.

The day was already sufficiently advanced, and the sun blazing away in a manner only known to those who have inhabited Florence during the months of July and August, when Captain Travers alighted from his horse, threw the reins to his groom, and commenced ascending slowly, step by step, panting as he went up, the large broad stone staircase of a palazzo he inhabited in the Via de l'Amorino, in that city.

The house was large and airy, if air could be found when the thermometer stood at one hundred and two in the shade, and every breath you inhaled seemed like the blast from some fiery furnace instead of a cool refreshing breeze.

Captain Travers advanced into the principal room of the establishment, a long wide salle with four windows, looking on to the piazza just in front. The shutters and windows were all closed, after the fashion of the place. Total darkness and a want of air is supposed to keep the apart-

ments cool in the absence of their owners. Throwing up the casement with an impatient gesture, he opened the shutters; a blaze of light and sun shone in, revealing the wide square, with its pleasant cool-looking fountain, where various peasant women were seen grouped around, enjoying a gossip, through all the heat, as they filled their pitchers and bore them off, gracefully poised on their heads. The square was not empty; the vendors of the *cocomero*—the water-melon of the country, were busily plying their trade. Established in the shady side of the piazza, with their long tumble-down looking wooden benches before them, covered with a cloth of large green leaves, whereon reposed slices of the article in question, looking cool and pretty, surrounded by lumps of ice, to keep it from fading in the intense heat of the air. Piles of uncut melons, mixed with grapes and peaches, laid in picturesque confusion at their feet. An epidemic was raging at the time; few dared partake of this favourite, homely repast. Many of the inhabitants of Florence had even fled the town, and retired to villas in the vicinity till the pestilence should be past. Sundry little dark, half-clothed children, though, fit subjects for the brush of a Murillo, were crowded round the stalls, eager to spend their *grazie* before being interdicted by their mothers. The vendors of coffee, chocolate, and lemonade, however, got more customers at this time of the year, with their ambulatory conveyances shining in the mid-day sun, and making a merry sound, as they tinkled the little bells attached to their carts.

La Signora Contessa is seated opposite in the deep-cushioned recess of the shady window. Accustomed to it from childhood, she does not feel the heat. By her side lingers the young Conte Alphonso de Lucca, cavalier servente to the fair one in question. She is toying with her enormous green fan, and laughing, as she utters in the harshest of female voices, rendering even the dulcet tones of the south grating to our ears, "What an absurd idea it is of 'Questi Inglesi' always to rush out in the heat of the sun! He is a fine, handsome man, though, is he not?" she continues, much to the disgust of the said dark Signor Conte, who knits his brows, and swears he sees nothing to admire in this talked-of captain, and that English now-a-days are *de trop* in Florence. "But this wife of his, she looks quite a *fanciulla*," she continues, as her eyes still glance across the piazza and follow the movements of Captain Travers, as he paces restlessly about the wide apartment. "She goes out early each day with her maid; goes to the galleries, I hear, *poverina!* Ah!" she resumed, "how stupid are these English! They marry as children, they have handsome husbands who run after other women, and they have not even the good sense to take a lover. Alphonso caro, the lemonade—*mille grazie!*"

The Conte Alphonso, though, does not seem in a very good humour, as, handing the favourite beverage, he intimates his desire to leave; the open windows of the Palazzo del Grecco are always a sight which causes his temper to rise.

The husband of his lady-love, however, now enters; he has spent all his morning at Doney's, the café, where, amidst cigars, ices, and lemonade, the hours have fled speedily. He is never happier than when he can welcome his dearest friend and the dearest friend of his wife, the Conte Alphonso. He is fully aware of the state of affairs, and leaves all the bothers of the establishment, all the love-making, and all the jealousy

and whims of his wife, in the keeping of a younger and more able man—namely, the one before him.

"Confound this place," exclaims Captain Travers, divesting himself of every superfluous garment, the wavy curls of his brown hair closely stuck to his face by the intense heat, aggravated by his own irritable movements. The open window has only added to the suffocating feel of the atmosphere; but "these English will never be guided," says the chef down stairs to his subordinate, the *facchino*. "What the dickens can Sybella be doing all this time? Again at that plagued gallery, I suppose! I wanted her particularly to write those letters in time for the mail; *I can't* do it, by Jove—not in this heat. Here, Hill," he resumed, as a red-faced looking individual in top-boots and a streaming countenance made his appearance at the open door. "Here, I say, who has been across to the post-office? Not you? And why not, pray, when I left an order this morning? You gave the passport to the *facchino*, you say, and how long do you suppose that lazy brute may not take to go there? Start off after him, and bring back the letters at once."

Being ordered to start off forthwith in all the glaring heat of an Italian sun, with the pavement sending up a blast into your face, as if every stone was a red-hot sheet of iron, is one thing; but obeying the same order was apparently another—so, at least, appeared to think the English groom of Captain Travers, as, with his coat off, he proceeded to open a well-thumbed and greasy-looking little book, wherein could be seen dialogues of Italian on one side and English on the other.

He has also his little private love-affairs; the sparkling Teresina has entirely bewitched his heart, so he resumes the lesson he had set himself before the sharp tinkling of the bell intercepted him, and, desiring the Italian servant to call him directly the *facchino* re-appears with the letters, flings himself full length on his bed, and recommences the chapter headed, "Conversations on matters relating to love and marriage."

Just one year had passed since we left Captain Travers in England, madly in love, as he imagined, with Gabrielle, yet anxious to obey his father and administer at the same time to his own comforts in this world, by a union with Miss Harcourt.

What measures were used I know not; perhaps Mr. Travers put forth some potent spell in order to induce his youthful ward to listen graciously to his son's demand for her hand; or the handsome figure and face of the wooer himself may have pleaded his own cause; at any rate, one whole year had passed, nine months of which time Sybella had been his wife. The marriage had been hurried on, without the preliminaries general on such occasions, for Mr. Travers seemed anxious, once the matter settled, to have the whole business concluded, especially as several of his son's creditors were pressing forward with their claims. Mr. Gregson, the joint guardian of Sybella, was waited for with great anxiety, by both father and son; he failed, however, at the last, a serious illness preventing any business matters being gone through. The marriage could be delayed, suggested his partner, for a short while; this, however, Mr. Travers would not listen to. "Marry her directly, Jack," he said; "once her husband you will have a right to bring Gregson to book, and the entire affairs shall be taken out of his hands."

But that one may marry in haste and repent at leisure, has often before been proved. Here was an instance of it. In several letters re-

ceived lately from England, it appeared that Mr. Gregson's illness was a base sham—that his reluctance to attend and settle matters before the ceremony arose from something of a very grave nature; in fact, treachery was hinted at, and Captain Travers's mind had been harassed daily by hints conveyed in his father's letters, that on investigation Gregson was likely to have proved a thorough scoundrel as regarded the property and bonds entrusted to his care by Sybella's father just before his death.

Mr. Travers remarked one evening, before he had secured Sybella's consent, that nothing made a woman so soon of a young girl as an offer of marriage. How far he might be right there, we leave others to judge. If, however, the position of an engaged young lady had failed to sober and tame the once light-hearted, childish Sybella, that of a wife, neglected and uncared for, left for hours and days alone in a foreign country, had had the desired effect in a marvellous manner.

On first starting for their marriage tour, a few weeks had been spent at Paris; here Sybella's childish nature was enchanted at all the novelty. She was never weary of sight-seeing, never weary of making her remarks upon all she saw. During these first few weeks it amused the blasé man of fashion to witness the outpourings of this innocent fresh young mind; but all things pall in this world, at least they generally did so with Captain Travers, and this new freak of leading about a wife had done so as soon as any other; by the time, therefore, that they had visited Brussels, and were on their way to Spa, Sybella was placed on the shelf. In her ignorance, she had never once imagined he had married her to keep a house above his head, and to satisfy the rapacity of certain Israelitish gentlemen. He swore he "adored her," said she was "the sweetest girl on earth," and she believed him. And yet Sybella was far from being a fool, and, what was more, the time she had always now left her for reflection, and for the study of her favourite books, was fast rendering her not only less childish, but changing her into a sensible, thoughtful woman. Poverty, you will find, always renders the possessor (if it *can* be called a possession) very acute in worldly matters; children born of parents with small means, more especially if they belong to the upper classes, will always be older, wiser, and more thoughtful than those of wealthier people of the same age. So it was with Sybella—only the poverty to which she owed her knowledge was of a kind still harder to bear. She was a complete child, new to the ways of this wicked world, when she engaged herself to Captain Travers; but she soon learned what life was, and the lesson was not lost upon her.

Neglect taught her what, had she been differently situated, she might not have learned for years. I don't imagine at any time that Captain Jack could have been moulded into a model husband, still the worst of us have generally some good left, and had Sybella been less of a child at the time she was married, she would have acted differently. At the first blush of her disappointment, when she discovered that being petted and taken out daily at Paris was not to be renewed at Brussels, still less at Spa, she vented her annoyance on her husband with continual tears and daily pettish remarks.

Spa is not a bad place to reside in when your domestic arrangements are not conducted in the most satisfactory manner. The gaming saloon became one of Captain Travers's favourite resorts, and a burst of childish passion would always send him flying across the room for his hat, and see

him depart forthwith, not to return till late in the evening. He was naturally kind hearted, though selfish, and had she been old enough to see that by yielding to him in some things she would have gained her own way in many others, the marriage might have been a happier one. As it was, Sybella was now fully aware that her husband's love, if he ever possessed any for her, was gone. She unfortunately never tried by soft words or kind ways to regain it; she was slighted and scorned—her pride was hurt; she never made the slightest murmur, but any feeling she may have possessed she stifled. If Captain Travers could be cool and nonchalant, so could his wife. The world had but little opportunity of making their remarks, for any place of amusement to which at the commencement of their visit Captain Travers offered to take her was instantly put a stop to. She wished to go nowhere except to the galleries, where, accompanied by her maid, she was seen daily. Her little child-like figure flitted about, absorbed either in contemplation of one or other of the numerous masters; or, perched up at her easel, copied, with a touch envied by many more advanced than herself in painting, some well-known picture out of the Imperial Gallery. "Yes, Travers has a wife," was sometimes heard issuing from the lips of one or other of his male companions, as they were grouped together in the Cascade or at Doney's, "a little thing, very small and rather dowdy, I should say. I called once there; she came in covered with paint, and smelling highly of varnish and turpentine. No wonder Travers does not take her out; I believe he's ashamed of her."

Captain Travers had, unfortunately for himself, fallen in with several of his old chosen friends, several in his old corps, who were taking their long leave in the sunny land of the south. He was still called captain, in fact the sobriquet seemed not likely to be dropped easily, although a year almost had elapsed since he had bid adieu to his jovial companions in the 119th Dragoons.

The long-expected post had not yet arrived; the facchino probably was pursuing his favourite game of "mora" with some boon companion under the shade of the ramparts, the English letters and passport lying securely inside his wide-brimmed felt hat. An hour had passed, during which time Captain Travers had lounged listlessly with his cigar towards the window, and there, by sundry gestures and oillards, made the lovely little *contessa* opposite imagine that the handsome Signor Capitano was dying for love of her.

"And why, in the name of all goodness, Sybella, did you not come in earlier?" said he, turning round sharply as the tired figure of Mrs. Travers, accompanied by her maid, armed with her paint-box, brushes, &c., was seen at the door. "By Jove! I have waited here till I am half dead with all this confounded heat, for you to finish that letter to my father."

Sybella quietly untied her bonnet, gave it and her mantle to the attendant, and drawing out the table whereon the writing things were usually kept, proceeded without further comment to wait, pen in hand, for his instructions.

"What an abominable smell of paint you carry about with you, Sybella. Upon my life I shall fancy soon that I am wedded to a pot of varnish. And so I might be, for the matter of that, as far as any remark you ever honour me with is concerned. I wish to goodness you would

change your dress when you sit in the same room as myself; but your untidiness is proverbial."

Sybella rose, flung the pen down across the sheet of paper open before her, and left the room. Had she remarked what was uppermost in her mind, namely, that the wish to serve him as an amanuensis had made her neglect to change her painting attire, it might perhaps have healed the breach instead of widening it.

These seem little things, but many a time during the hours she had for reflection in her after life Sybella wished, oh! so ardently, that she had borne in mind that all men more or less are tyrants, all exacting, all selfish. Happy those who light upon the opposite characters; their lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places, let them be duly grateful for it.

The letters at last. Captain Travers advanced eagerly, took them from the hands of the obsequious Hill, who was trying as hard as he could to impart a certain look to his already rubicund countenance which would convey to his master the idea that he had been diligently searching after the recreant facchino, instead of lying leisurely on his bed, learning the *Lingua Toscana*, in order to court his bewitching Teresina.

Whether he would have succeeded or not, however, still remains a mystery; for, at the first sight of the letters, the one uppermost, bearing the well-known handwriting of his own lawyer, was quickly opened by Captain Travers. It contained but few words; the import, however, of these lines must have been terrible, for the strong man staggered, and would have fallen had not his attendant still been there to lead him to a chair.

"Good God! Good God!" he almost groaned out. "Oh! that infernal scoundrel!" he said, rising and clenching his hands, as he paced wildly up and down the apartment. "All, all lost! What is to be done?"

He was so taken aback, as it were, at the dreadful news, although it had been looming in the distance, that he seemed hardly to be able to comprehend the extent to which he was a sufferer. Half an hour or so went on, during which time he still tore wildly from room to room. The sight of his wife, as she looked up earnestly and inquiringly into his haggard face, first brought him to a sense of what was required.

"Poor little girl!" he thought, as his eyes rested on her slight figure. "God knows I have wronged her. Well, if I have not loved her, I will henceforth try and be more worthy of her. Sybella," he said, putting out his hand as she passed the still open door. But Mrs. Travers rushed on, with a look of scorn in her eyes. "Did you hear me speak?" he said, hoarsely, following her into the passage. "Did you not hear me, Sybella?"

"Yes," she replied, "I heard you. And what is more, I have just heard one of our own servants talking freely of the intrigue which is even now going on between yourself and that Italian opposite. Leave me," she exclaimed, petulantly, as he again tried to touch her hand, "I hate you!"

"And I," he answered, almost wrenching the slender arm out of its socket with the force with which he twisted her round towards him in his fierce rage, "and I—I *always* hated you. Go!" And he hurled her from him till she almost fell to the ground with the force of his thrust.

Poor child! with a sharp, piercing cry she fled into her own room,



locked her door, and gave way to a passionate burst of rage. She would leave him—she would go at once—she would write to her guardian that very day. He had never heard from her one word of his son's conduct; now she would relate all.

We are certainly short-sighted mortals, and it takes very little sometimes to make or mar a lifetime. Captain Travers was brutal in his conduct towards Sybella; his rage at the moment overcame all other feeling, and made him forget, for the time being, that he was a gentleman; but, again, the motive which prompted him to advance towards his wife at that unlucky moment, was altogether worthy of him; had she been sensible, forgiving, and wife-like at the time, these two might eventually have become a model couple, and perhaps learned to bless the day on which their fortune left them. *Chi lo sa?* As it was, they did nothing of the kind. Neither knew what had exactly been the secret impulse of the other, and therefore they remained, alas! with feelings still more bitter in their hearts towards each other than ever.

All was bustle and confusion shortly after this. Sybella, through her closed doors, heard a great deal of talking; voices were earnestly vociferating in a mixture of English and Italian. Her maid knocked for admittance, and she then learned what ought to have softened her rebellious heart—namely, that one of the other letters, unopened by her husband in the first excitement of the bad news, was from a friend of the family, urging him to return to England forthwith if he wished to see his parent alive, as the mental shock he had sustained on learning Gregson's infamous conduct had so affected his health that his life was at present despaired of.

But she obstinately refused to ask any elucidation concerning the state of affairs; she was in perfect ignorance of the cause of his first excitement—probably attributed it to some *contretemps* in a love intrigue; also, as we know, she was unaware of her husband's contrition and promises of amendment on that afternoon, when, in her jealousy and anger, she repulsed him so wildly. She was fearfully grieved at the news of her guardian's severe illness, and, in obedience to her husband's request, the packing was continued with all energy and zeal.

So on they travelled to their native land, husband and wife, each with a load at their hearts, each hugging their sorrows, and avoiding all approach to an explanation.

It certainly was not a pleasant journey, and the remembrance of it often caused Sybella to shudder and turn pale. All speed was used, and Dover seldom witnessed four more jaded, anxious-looking travellers than Captain and Mrs. Travers and servants presented on landing.

He regretted the loss of all he had sold himself for, and, we will do him the justice to say, regretted his father. Sybella mourned for the loss of Italy and her painting, but mourned still more over her lost girlhood and her guardian's illness. Hill, no longer the rubicund, grieved for the parting with his beloved Teresina, before the vocabulary had sufficiently taught him how to express his love correctly; and the pert, mincing abigail, no doubt, was not without her woes; she grieved, perhaps, because she had hit upon no swain to regret in the land she had quitted. At any rate, she had her complaints ready at hand. Would she have been a woman, and, what is more, a lady's-maid, had she been found wanting in a supply at command?

## THE MONUMENTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE very appropriate selection of Westminster Abbey as the burial-place of Lord Palmerston revives two questions, which possessed considerable interest after the death of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and which have still greater interest and importance upon the present occasion. The one, whether busts and other monuments are fitting erections within the Abbey?—the other, whether there is a justification for the large fees required by the chapter for their permission to such erections?

The metropolis is fortunate in possessing in Westminster Abbey an interior in which a very high degree of beauty is strikingly combined with that solemn but not oppressive grandeur which best consists with Christian worship. If the monuments could be so subordinated as not to spoil the appearance of the edifice, there are few persons, we imagine, who would fail to join in the wish that hallowed memorials of men, whose course of life has been that of signally guiding, or defending, or ennobling our country, should still be placed in this, its most revered minster, in company with the monuments to those who have already passed along the same glorious paths. The thought which inspired the cry, "Victory or Westminster Abbey," is one that should, if possible, be perpetuated.

Yet, with regard to persons who, however celebrated, have been buried elsewhere than in the Abbey, we fail to find sufficient reason for memorials to them within any portion of the Abbey buildings, or, at all events, within any portion used for public worship, even if there were ample space for such erections. This is a question which can be discussed apart from that of the payments to the chapter; for if monuments to such persons are unsuitable, the payments do not remove the impropriety; and if their erection is appropriate, the payments to the chapter will be shown to be improper. The undeniable fact is, however, that the erection of memorials of any sort to those who have not been buried within the Abbey, gives to it, *pro tanto*, the unsuitable character of a national hall, and detracts to the same extent from its true character as a caputular church. But with respect to monuments to those who have been already buried within the Abbey, or to any whose services to their country in present or future times may render their memories worthy of being honoured by the like interment of their remains, no such theoretical objection can be maintained. That existing monuments may be bad and too numerous is only too evident; but that they are essentially out of place in the Abbey cannot be reasonably alleged. Mural inscriptions to those buried below have in every age been admitted into places of worship, and the addition of sculpture is only a necessary consequence of an advance in civilisation. And it is too much to demand, as some have done, that every portion of a sculptured monument in a church shall be expressive of a Christian sentiment. It would not be more extravagant to require that every word of the inscription upon a mural tablet shall have a direct reference to the life to come. We may rightly object, in a monument, to the introduction of any accessories that are inconsistent with Christian life; but, on the other hand, we may as fittingly allow

all other accessories that indicate with propriety and moderation the past career of the dead man, as we may make mention of his deeds in an ordinary epitaph. To deny the admissibility of the former is to deny the propriety of the latter. Nor can we agree with those who think that it is only mediæval art which is fitted for Gothic churches. To suppose that nothing but the grim austerity of the figures in many Gothic altars and monuments can be "in keeping" with the graceful tracery, deep rich mouldings, and clustered columns of the best period of Gothic architecture, is to mistake an accidental connexion for an intrinsic correspondence. That such was the character of much mediæval sculpture arose, no doubt, partly from the circumstance that the taste of the artists was not improved then, as in later times, by the study of the human figure from the life or the antique. It was owing, also, to the fact that the monuments were so commonly to the memory of ecclesiastics who held that an essential of piety was to reduce to repulsive attenuation the bodies which had been created pleasing and attractive. In some of the *recumbent* effigies, however, in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, we have figures as finely conceived as it is possible to hope for—the productions of the highest talent of the day; but no one can contend that monuments in churches should be uniformly composed of recumbent figures. We may require, too, that the sculptor's work shall present, not indeed a stereoscopic copy, but still a decided resemblance to the ordinary appearance of the person whom it is intended to commemorate, as he was seen daily among us; and some of the works of Chantrey show the practicability of blending grace with solemnity in such representations.

Among the monuments in the Abbey, there are certainly not a few which are as bad as bad can be; but the paramount objection to them as a whole is the ridiculously over-crowded manner in which they are jumbled together. They are, undoubtedly, too numerous, as was pleaded with reference to the bust of Sir G. C. Lewis. What then is the course adopted by the chapter, under the circumstances? Do they refuse to allow the erection of more memorials of any kind? No. They will make exceptions when they see fit, but they won't see fit unless they are also paid a large sum of money. We subjoin the letter from the late dean, as read in the House of Commons by Sir George Grey in 1863:

"The power of granting or refusing permission to erect monuments in the Abbey rests exclusively with the dean, except when the House of Commons, by a vote and grant of public money, takes the matter out of his hands. I have invariably refused to allow the erection of statues, as encroaching on space which ought to belong to worshippers, and is already unduly encumbered with stone and marble. The fine and fees, amounting to 200*l.*, which have been charged for the erection of a bust and tablet to the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis (being the same as were paid in the case of Sir James Macintosh), will be thus distributed: Fabric fund, 184*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*; dean and canons, 4*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; clerk of the works and other officers, 11*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*; total, 200*l.* The above sum of 184*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*, apportioned according to fixed usage to the fabric, is not so much spared to the dean and chapter which they must otherwise have spent for the sustentation of the building; inasmuch as a fixed proportion

of their income is annually assigned to that object, entirely irrespective of any incidental additions of this kind. If the fees seem high, I can only urge that we are anxious to reduce, as far as possible, the number of monuments admitted into the Abbey."

Now if the chapter really relied upon the charge of a sum of money to have the effect of keeping down the number of monuments, the sum charged should be very much larger. To serve as an effectual damper to applications for space, it is clear that 200*l.* must be a very insufficient fine, if a mere payment decided the question of admission. We could understand this ground for a charge, if the chapter, aided by the public voice, found it impossible to decide what applications were worthy of being acceded to. But they do not profess to be under any such difficulty. They will not think of granting the permission to any and every one who is ready to pay; they will decide for themselves whether the application is made in respect of the memory of a sufficiently worthy or eminent person. Upon their own showing, therefore, the money payment has, or should have, no influence in the matter; or, in other words, it does not effect its alleged purpose. Then why make the charge at all? We hardly know whether to call an affirmative decision by the chapter favourable or unfavourable, for it seems that no sooner do they decide that a man is worthy of a monument, than they proceed to render the monument unworthy of the man and of the Abbey by mulcting the subscription-list to the extent of 200*l.* per bust and tablet, and a much higher fine for a full-length statue. And their case reaches the extreme of infelicity when we find that the late dean took care to explain in his letter that the moneys thus extorted are added to a repair-fund, which thrives very well without them—a first charge (as it certainly should be) upon the proceeds of the enormous estates with which the Abbey is endowed. Such, then, is the pretext—inexorably illogical—put forward for the hard bargain driven in this matter upon the plea of "usage," by those on whom the nation has bestowed the sacred honour of guarding the bodies of its noble dead.

The metropolitan Abbey has, as a matter of course, been filled more quickly with monuments than any other church of its size. During the last century the nave was very rapidly stored, and large monuments were erected to persons who were not only buried elsewhere, but whose celebrity is virtually limited to the tablets in the Abbey. The proper remedy may appear to be a bold one, but it is warranted by the exceptional circumstances of the case of this church. It is to remove a number of such uninteresting monuments and tablets from the Abbey to its cloisters or other precincts, and so allow of the rearrangement of some of the remaining monuments, and also leave space for future erections to the memory of the most illustrious of the men by whom England has yet to be served. Judging from the manner in which monuments in other churches have been dealt with upon the restoration or re-erection of the edifices, we apprehend that the chapter would not doubt their right to deal as freely with most of those in the Abbey if they saw fit. But inasmuch as many of them were erected at the national expense, and as the payment of fees on the erection of others has constituted a species of contract with the Abbey authorities, an empowering Act of Parliament

should be passed before the chapter could make the changes indicated. A commission might be appointed for the purpose of drawing up a detailed scheme of rearrangement, and it could be stipulated that no monuments should be removed without public advertisement of the intention to do so, in order that any objections or wishes on the part of persons possibly entitled to express them should be fairly considered.

We will venture to refer to two or three monuments by way of indicating the class which we have particularly in view. A memorial to a Mr. Johnstone blocks up part of a window on the north side of the nave; he was buried in a cloister, so let his monument be placed there too. The monument of Miss Ann Whytell, erected to inform us that she died August 17, 1788, helps to spoil another north window. The tablet to the sculptor Banks does the same. Certainly he need not be now deprived of his memorial in the Abbey; but he was buried at Paddington, and his sculpture was not of that extremely rare excellence but that his memory would be duly honoured if the unsightly block of which his monument consists were transferred from the window in the nave to the cloisters. Sculptors have, indeed, an advantage over all other persons, as they perpetuate their own memories by the works which they may execute for the Abbey. Instances of other such cases would be wearisome except to a person walking through the Abbey; but these indicate a class of monuments which should be the first to be removed, and spaces would be thus gained for the reception of worthier memorials. Granite stones bearing brasses or inscriptions, and let into the floor of the Abbey, would be suitable substitutes for many of the monuments to persons of comparatively small note. And with regard to some of the largest erections, it would be perhaps allowable—considering the exigencies of the case—to discard the huge pedestals and their accessories, and to re-erect simply the figures of the men to whom the monuments were raised.

In the course of the remarks upon this subject with which Lord Houghton closed his connexion with the Lower House of Parliament, he stated that there is room between the several arches throughout the whole nave for a full-length statue of some illustrious person. The suggestion met with a little ridicule at the time, but it is warranted by precedents, and it indicates a resource left to us when all other spaces shall have been fittingly appropriated. None, however, but recumbent statues could be allowed there, and these should be placed upon very low pedestals, or they would be seriously detrimental to the architecture of the nave. The transfer of some monuments from the transepts to the nave when it shall have been partially cleared, would materially increase the space available for the ordinary congregations at the morning and afternoon services. To them the nave is useless, and monuments placed in it are in the way of none but the frequenters of the special services held in that part of the Abbey on the Sunday evenings of three or four months in the year.

Stress has been laid upon the necessity of providing accommodation for the worshippers at these services. No doubt the nave is often crowded at such times; but does any one seriously believe that the crowd in the Abbey upon these occasions is owing, not to the attractions of the special services and the preachers, but to the "spiritual destitution" of the class of persons who attend them? If we are to regard the Abbey as the

chapter appear to do, not primarily but solely as a place for worship, it is at once reduced to the level of any other church, and we may fairly confine our attention to the accommodation of its ordinary congregation, and take no more account of the numbers present at these extraordinary services than we should of the crowd that may throng a place of worship to hear an archbishop's sermon, or to witness a baptismal immersion. The importance which the Abbey possesses beyond an ordinary church is that which it derives from man's work in its glorious architecture, and from man's memories in its venerable shrines. It is very probable that some members of the chapter have lost all impressibility respecting these matters, which have become to them as common-place things of every day. But to the public, as a whole, the case is far otherwise. There are few who can pass the graves and monuments in close succession of wise, brave, and holy men, without feeling a worthy emotion and an elevation of mind, or receiving an equally salutary lesson of humility. And are we to have such an invigorating stream of glorious memories shut off from this time forward, lest on one or two dozen of the Sunday evenings in the year a score or two of persons may have inferior accommodation, or even no accommodation at all, at those very excellent, very praiseworthy, but still somewhat sensational services in the nave?

The cost of the alterations indicated would properly fall upon the national purse; and the close prospect of another financial arrangement respecting the Abbey renders it important that the consideration of the subject should be no longer postponed. Westminster will have its turn in the arrangements which are being made between the Ecclesiastical Commission and the several capitular bodies in succession throughout the kingdom, for forwarding the restoration of the respective cathedrals and collegiate churches whilst making provision for the future incomes of their ecclesiasties. This circumstance, and the present question respecting the future appropriation of the chapter-house, show that it is not too soon to urge that along with any plans for the restoration and future repair of the Abbey and its precincts a decision should also be arrived at for a thorough rearrangement of the huddled jumble of monuments which now disfigure the Abbey, but which might by judicious selection be rendered its appropriate embellishments.

Quite apart from these negotiations, however, is the question of the extortion of fees by the chapter for monumental sites. It is to be hoped that these will be renounced for ever, whether it do or do not turn out that a monument to Lord Palmerston will be one of those cases (referred to in the late dean's letter) in which the House of Commons, by a vote of public money, takes the matter into its own hands. When the subject of the fees was discussed in the House of Commons with reference to the bust of Sir G. C. Lewis, a gentle official remonstrance against the practice of the chapter in exacting the fees was made by Sir George Grey. None, however, were more ready than the premier himself in declarations of the worth and virtue of his deceased colleague; but it would have been obviously inexpedient, and open to misconstruction, if the question had been discussed by *him*. It was apparent to every one that at no distant day the same question would in all likelihood be raised after his own death. This occasion, alas! has now arisen.

## MRS. RANBY:

TYPICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

TEN to one, the reader has never heard of Mrs. Ranby.

She is to be heard of in a book, once popular, after a sort, which twenty to one—or say, and quite safely say, ten thousand to one—the reader has never read, and never will read; the delectable “Cœlebs” of Miss Hannah More.

Good things, in more than one sense, there presumably are in that well-meant and unreadable composition. Among those good things Mrs. Ranby is one of, if not *the* best.

She is a professor—as the phrase goes. But in her anxiety about a very few important particulars, this pietistic lady exonerates herself from liability in matters of detail. Even that prim pattern of all the proprieties in profession and practice too, Cœlebs himself, is coldly characterised by her as a “legalist,” and one that has “but a low view of divine things.” She rates her husband for obstinately persisting in reading a printed form at family prayers, which she is persuaded can do nobody much good. The poor man, who is “really well disposed,” very properly defends himself by saying, that he hopes his own heart goes along with every word he reads; and that as to his family, he thinks it much more beneficial for them to join in the well-weighed words of a judicious divine, than to attend to any such crude rhapsody as he—a retired trader—should be able to produce, whose education had not qualified him to lead the devotions of others. Whereupon the lady observes, with some asperity, that “where there were *gifts* and *graces*, it superseded the necessity of learning.”

Mrs. Ranby's zeal is fiery because her temper is so; and her charity is cold because it is an expensive propensity to keep warm.

But the salient feature in her character is the resentment she displays if taken at her word when avowing herself a miserable sinner. She will declare herself laden with iniquities—but woe to the wight who evinces acquiescence so far as even to suppose her capable of a single shortcoming.

There is humour and lively perception of character in the following passage, illustrative of this piquant inconsequence on the lady's part: “In the evening, Mrs. Ranby was lamenting in general and rather customary terms her own exceeding sinfulness. Mr. Ranby said, ‘You accuse yourself rather too heavily, my dear: you have sins, to be sure——’ ‘And pray what sins, have I, Mr. Ranby?’ said she, turning upon him with so much quickness that the poor man started. ‘Nay,’ said he, meekly, ‘I did not mean to offend you: so far from it, that hearing you condemn yourself so grievously, I intended to comfort you, and to say that except a few faults——’ ‘And pray what faults?’ in-

terraptured she, continuing to speak, however, lest he should catch an interval to tell them. 'I defy you, Mr. Ranby, to produce one.' 'My dear,' replied he, 'as you charged yourself with all, I thought it would be letting you off cheaply by naming only two or three, such as——' Here, fearing matters would go too far, I [Cœlebs] interposed, and softening matters as much as I could for the lady, said I conceived that Mrs. Ranby meant, that though she partook of the general corruption——' Here Ranby interrupting me with more spirit than I thought he possessed, said, 'General corruption, sir, must be the source of particular corruption. I did not mean that my wife was worse than other women——' 'Worse, Mr. Ranby, worse?' cried she. Ranby, for the first time in his life, not minding her, went on, 'As she is always insisting that the whole species is corrupt, she cannot help allowing that she herself has not quite escaped the infection. Now to be a sinner in the gross and a saint in detail, that is, to have all sins, and no faults, is a thing I do not quite comprehend.'

"After he had left the room, which he did as the shortest way of allaying the storm, she apologised for him, saying, 'he was a well-meaning man, and acted up to the little light he had;' but added, 'that he was unacquainted with religious feelings, and knew little of the nature of conversion.'"

Indeed, Mrs. Ranby, accounting Christianity a kind of free-masonry, thinks it superfluous to speak on serious subjects, we are told, to any but the initiated. If they do not "return the sign," she gives them up as blind and dead. She thinks she can only make herself intelligible to those to whom certain peculiar phrases are peculiar—the Shibboleth of all her sect, the badge of all her tribe; and all others, however correct, devout, and practically pious, she repudiates as unworthy of intercourse with her.\* Mr. Ranby is, of course, one of these outsiders. Unto her, in matters spiritual, he is almost as a heathen man and a publican—an alien from the commonwealth of her Israel.

It is hard lines for the male Ranbys to be mated with souls feminine so self-consciously and superciliously their spiritual betters. One thinks of *Truewit's* warning to *Morose*, as to the choice of a wife: "If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or most of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause will cozen you over and above."† It is Mr. Carlyle's constant guess that the worthy Landgraf of Thüringen, who left his romantic old hill-castle (Wartburg) in the thirteenth century, to join the Crusade, where he died straightway, was impelled to that course by the fact of his being "husband of the lady since called *Saint Elizabeth*, a very pious but also very fanciful young woman." "I always guess his going on the Crusade," says Mr. Carlyle, "was partly the fruit of the life she led him; lodging beggars, sometimes in his very bed, continually breaking his night's rest for prayer, and devotional exercise of undue length; 'weeping one moment, then smiling in joy the next;' meandering about,

\* See, *passim*, ch. v. of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife."

† Ben Jonson, *The Silent Woman*, Act II. Sc. 1.



capricious, melodious, weak, at the will of devout whim mainly!"\* Don't Lady Walham know, her son Kew asks her, that that good Colonel Newcome, who seems to *him* about the most honest and good old gentleman he ever met in his life, was driven into rebellion and all sorts of wild courses by old Mrs. Newcome's strict carryings on? "I often have thought, mother," adds the ex-rake and fast-flyer, "that though our side was wrong, yours could not be altogether right; because I remember how my tutor, and Mr. Bonner and Dr. Land, when they used to come down to us at Kewbury, used to make themselves so unhappy about other people."†

Are zealous matrons of the Ranby type really intent on converting and renewing their lords and masters? Strange that they should be so forgetful of an apostle's monitions, for any such case expressly made and provided: Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands: that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear.‡ A Mrs. Ranby and afraid? What reck she of the husband-winning ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of St. Peter, and of Heaven above him, is of great price? What thinks she of his praise of the holy women of old who were studiously and systematically "in subjection unto their own husbands . . . even as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him lord"? Surely Mrs. Ranby would incline to call St. Peter carnal, and yet under the law; just as Luther, for doctrine' sake, called St. James a man of straw, or at least scouted his epistle as an epistle of straw.

Poor Mrs. Lavington! (in Kingsley's "Yeast"). She had married, at eighteen, a beef-eating squire, her inferior in intellect; and had become, as often happens in such cases, a prude and a devotee. The squire, who really admired and respected her, confined his disgust to sly curses at the Methodists (under which he used to include every species of religious earnestness, from Quakerism to that of Dr. Newman). "Mrs. Lavington used at first to dignify these disagreeables by the name of persecution, and now she was trying to convert the old man by coldness, severity, and long curtain-lectures, utterly unintelligible to their victim, because couched in the peculiar conventional phraseology of a certain school. She forgot, poor earnest soul, that the same form of religion which had captivated a disappointed girl of twenty, might not be the most attractive one for a jovial old man of sixty."§

In salient contrast with her in this respect stands the "Calvinistical prim wife" of honest old John Avenel, in Sir E. B. Lytton's *Varieties in English Life*; of whom we read that "never from those pinched lips of hers had come forth even one pious rebuke to the careless, social man,"|| first bat in the Cricket Club, first voice in the Glee Society, and most popular canvasser of the True Blue Party in all their election contests.

If a husband has any decided opinions, and any strength of character, he is sure, we are told, to bring his wife to think like him; and it has been called one of the prettiest of sights to see a young wife innocently nestling into her husband's beliefs. Nor is it argument, according to an

\* History of Friedrich II., vol. i. p. 119.

† The Newcomes, ch. xxxviii.

‡ 1 Peter iii. 1, 2.

§ Yeast: A Problem, ch. vii.

|| My Novel, book xl. ch. xvii.

essayist in the *Saturday Review*, that works the change, but the silent weight of force of character operating in a sphere of circumstances that is the same to both alike. Religious differences, he remarks, would be the bane of serious couples, in these days of minor controversies, if this were not so. "The man might be Low, and the lady High, or *vice versâ*, and they would always come one at a time out of their mental retreats, like the Jack and Gill in the toys that show the fluctuations of the weather, and never meet or have any friendly interchange of thought with each other. But time and a silent good humour will rub off any woman's angularities of persuasion. She could argue till you were deaf, and would perversely do the most disagreeably devout things to provoke you; but she cannot stand the quiet, jolly, unargumentative assumption that you are all right, and she is a dear little thing."\* One can hardly fancy Hannah More's dame thus operated upon, with much prospect of success.—But we must not confine ourselves to that lady's management of her husband; there are other aspects to be noted in her as a type of character.

The now self-accusing, now self-absolving tactics of Mrs. Ranby and her kind resemble what the author of *Hudibras*, in one of his satirical Odes, imputes to a certain spurious saint at the hour of prayer to his Maker; when he

Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands  
Upon high terms and bold demands;  
Excepts against Him and His laws,  
And will be judge himself in his own cause.†

So long as she has all the good talk to herself, Mrs. Ranby is, in her professions and confessions, all Publican and no Pharisee. But show that you take her, on her own argument, for the former; and, handy-dandy, which is Mrs. Ranby then?

Coleridge is severe on the thousands that abuse themselves by rote with lip-penitence, and who at the very time they speak so vehemently of the wickedness and rottenness of their hearts, "are then commonly the warmest in their own good opinion, covered round and comfortable in the wrap-rascal of self-hypocrisy."‡

Alas, muses Mr. Anthony Trollope, how many of us from week to week call ourselves worms and dust and miserable sinners, describe ourselves as chaff for the winds, grass for the burning, stubble for the plough, as dirt and filth, fit only to be trodden under foot, and yet in all our doings before the world cannot bring home to ourselves the conviction that we need other guidance than our own!§

So again an elder, keener, and not less popular moralist. "As you and I, friend, kneel with our children round about us, prostrate before the Father of us all, and asking mercy for miserable sinners, are the young ones to suppose the words are mere form, and don't apply to us?—to some outcasts in the free seats probably, or those naughty boys playing in the churchyard? Are they not to know that we err too, and pray with all our hearts to be rescued from temptation? If such a knowledge is

\* *Saturday Review*, vol. vii. p. 618.

† *The Friend*, vol. i. essay xiv.

‡ Odes of Samuel Butler.

§ *The Three Clerks*, ch. ix.

wrong for them, send them to church apart. Go you and worship in private; or, if not too proud, kneel humbly in the midst of them, owning your wrong, and praying Heaven to be merciful to you a sinner.”\*

And in “The Virginians,” too, Mr. Thackeray repeats the homily, on the text of *Madam Esmond* Warrington. “We are all miserable sinners: that’s a fact we acknowledge in public every Sunday—no one announced it in a more clear resolute voice than the little lady. As a mortal, she may have been wrong, of course; only she very seldom acknowledged the circumstance to herself, and to others never.”†

It is a sort of French Mrs. Ranby that Boileau depicts in one of his satires:

Sur cent pieux devoirs aux saints elle est égale;

Elle lit Rodriguez, fait l’oraison mentale;

\* \* \* \*

Tous les jours à l’église entend jusqu’à six messes;

Mais de combattre en elle et dompter ses faiblesses . . .

Et soumettre l’orgueil de son esprit rebelle,

C’est ce qu’en vain le ciel voudrait exiger d’elle.

Et peut-il, dira-t-elle, en effet l’exiger?‡

Puritans of all denominations, Hartley Coleridge remarks,§ are much addicted to confession and contrition: Every man of them, if you will believe him, is the chief of sinners; but then their self-abasement is always meant to degrade human nature, “which is not a gentlemanlike propensity.” This is said in regard of the author’s proposition that it is hard to praise another with a manly grace, still harder to praise one’s self—but that to dispraise one’s self in a becoming manner is hardest of all.

The apotheosis of saints, observes Sir James Stephen, is no less idolatrous than that of heroes; and they have not imbibed Whitfield’s spirit, for instance, who cannot brook to be told that he had his share of the faults and infirmities which no man more solemnly ascribed to the whole human race.||

To the point and the purpose are some of the shrewd words of Increase D. O’Phace, Esq., at an Extrumpety Caucus in State Street, as reported by Mr. H. Biglow:

I’m willin’ a man should go tollable strong

Agin wrong in the abstract, for that kind o’ wrong

Is ollers unpop’lar an’ never gits pitied,

Because it’s a crime no one ever committed;

But he mustn’t be hard on partickler sins,

Coz then he’ll be kickin’ the people’s own shins.¶

Besides the false humility under cover of which we desert the duty of censuring our fellow-creatures, Mr. Henry Taylor points out others by which we evade or pervert that of censuring ourselves: the most common of spurious humilities of this kind being that by which a general language of self-disparagement is substituted for a distinct discernment and specific

\* The Newcomes, ch. lv.

† The Virginians, ch. iv.

‡ Boileau, *Satire x.*

§ In his admirable essay, *Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman.*

|| Stephen’s *Ecclesiastical Essays: The Evangelical Succession.*

¶ The Biglow Papers, No. iv.

acknowledgment of our real faults. "The humble individual of this class will declare himself to be very incontestably a miserable sinner; but at the same time there is no particular fault or error that can be imputed to him from which he will not find himself to be happily exempt. Each item is severally denied; and the acknowledgment of general sinfulness turns out to have been an unmeaning abstraction—a sum-total of cyphers. It is not thus that the Devil makes up his accounts."\*

We might apply to the Ranby species certain of the lines composed by the Laureate for his saint of the column; and suppose them too to say, with the alteration of one word only,

Altho' I be the basest of mankind,  
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,  
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet  
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy  
I will not cease to grasp the claim I hold  
Of saintdom.†

Swift expatiates on the security with which, here in England, you may display your utmost rhetoric against mankind at large, and tell them that they are all gone astray; that there is none that doeth good, no, not one; that knavery and atheism are all but universal; that honesty is fled with Astræa; and so on with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. "'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company."‡ But, on the other hand, turn from these prudent platitudes to pertinent personalities, argue from universals to particulars,—charge A, B, or C, individually, with non-exemption from the accepted formula of None righteous, no, not one,—and you shall see what you shall see.

Of many a Mrs. Ranby might it be said, by those of her creed and connexion, as once it was by Orgon of his household god:

Mais vous ne croiriez point jusqu'où monte son zèle  
Il s'impute à péché la moindre bagatelle;  
Un rien presque suffit pour le scandaliser.§

But then, in the Ranby case, the scandal must be self-ascribed, the sin must be self-imputed. And woe to the matter-of-fact blunderer that should either hint at spot or wrinkle or any such thing on that immaculate surface, or should take the lady at her word when exaggerating her transgressions, and stolidly suppose her to have meant it, or any part of it. What though she startle you from your propriety by adopting to the last comma, colon, and full stop the self-abasing, self-abhorring, self-abominating style of Molière's *facile princeps* in that trick o' the tongue:

Oui, mon frère, je suis un méchant, un coupable,  
Un malheureux pécheur, tout plein d'iniquité,  
Le plus grand scélérat qui jamais ait été.

\* Notes from Life, by Henry Taylor, p. 49.

† Tennyson, St. Simeon Stylites.

‡ Preface to the Tale of a Tub.

§ Tartufe, Acte I. Sc. 6.

Chaque instant de ma vie est chargé de souillures ;  
Elle n'est qu'un amas de crimes et d'ordures.\*

To imagine that Mrs. Ranby, in any such avowal, intended you to acquiesce in a single clause of the indictment, or that she would for a moment tolerate your preferment of it, amended and modified into the mildest conceivable shape,—would argue your consummate ignorance of human nature in general, or at any rate of hers in particular. She would resent, indeed, and with almost sacred effusion, your slightest exception-taking to the conventional terms of her unbounded self-accusation. This she would resent in the hallowed cause of dogma. But still more peremptorily, and far more sensitively, would she resent your acceptance of her self-impeachment, as really telling, in any one item of its sum-total, against her entirely exceptional and most inconsequent self.

The mere conviction of our ignorance and fallibility, writes Dr. Channing, is of little value. Every man in a degree possesses it. Every man will tell you, and tell you with sincerity, that his views are narrow, that he has often erred, that there are many things too vast to be grasped, many too intricate to be traced, and many too subtle to be detected by his imperfect vision. "Still all men are not humble. It is one thing to admit a truth, and another to reduce it to practice. . . . We are humble only as far as we possess and discover the dispositions and habits which these sentiments are suited to produce."†

In one of his letters, the same good man has a hit at national Ranbyism, —when he says of Miss Martineau, and her strictures on North American foibles: "Her unpardonable sin is, that she is honest. Who of us would bear the honesty which should tell us all our faults? No country is worthy of respect. So says the minister every Sunday, who acknowledges in prayer, and rebukes in preaching, the corruptions around him; and yet, when a stranger tells us of our follies and ~~sins~~, we wonder at his or her abusiveness. Such occasions show us the real blindness of a people to its own moral evils."‡

After his wont, the ready-witted squire of Hudibras is logical and practical too, in his exposition of the matter in hand:

*Quoth Ralpho*, You mistake the matter,  
For in all scruples of this nature,  
No man includes himself, nor turns  
The point upon his own concerns.

\* \* \* \* \*  
So no man does himself convince,  
By his own doctrine, of his sins :  
And though all cry down self, none means  
His own self in a literal sense.§

A little more or less of kin to Mrs. Ranby, and much less than kind, are the good people—over guid, in fact—who are apt to find imaginary fault with you, pick a quarrel with you, blame you harshly, get very unbecomingly angry, and then wind up by nevertheless undertaking to pray for you that you may be forgiven. If this sort of thing be not adding

\* *Tartufe*, Acte III. Sc. 6.

† *Life and Letters of W. E. Channing*, vol. i. part ii. ch. iii.

‡ *Dr. Channing to Dr. Tuckerman*, June 14, 1837.

§ *Hudibras*, part ii. canto ii.

insult to injury, you are at a loss for the import of that hackneyed phrase. The good people in question—too good to be true (to their profession)—are simply and severely unjust to you in the matter supposed; the fault, what fault there may be, is theirs; and so is the loss of temper; and so are the hard words. And then, by way of climax, and a grand climacteric it is, they are ready to pray that you, *you*, may be forgiven.

You, in return, are ready, at this issue, to invoke blessings on their innocence; or their impudence: which is it?

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, is the counsel of an Apostle; and he adds, that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—But it is the distinctive characteristic of the Ranby type not to confess individual faults. And whether their fervent prayer, in the case proposed, availeth much, is at least open to doubt.

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us,

is the applauding comment of Lord Rivers on Gloster's prayer that Heaven pardon\* certain persons. But unfortunately, Gloster's prayer was for those he was wronging, and doing scathe to, and intending to do a deal more. It is all very well where both parties have been at fault, to make it up in the reciprocal style of Gros-René and Marinette, in Molière, where he says,

Touche, je te pardonne.  
Et moi, je te fais grace,†

is *her* rejoinder, retort, or retaliation, whatever we may think, or please to call it. But where the wrong-doer affects supernatural grace and magnanimity, in working himself up to the pitch of forgiving the sufferer,—this, to ordinary flesh and blood is hard to bear. If men have, as in the case exemplified by a French satirist,

—ont ri du vaincu pardonnant au vainqueur,‡

equally are they apt to laugh, not amiably, at the culprit who forgives his victim. When Captain Howard Walker's doting and penniless wife visits that embarrassed scamp in Cursitor-street, and is roared at and cursed by him for dawdling on the road,—his indignant Why didn't she take a cab? being met by her timid demi-semi-reproach, "O Howard! didn't you take—didn't I give you my—my last shilling?" he does turn rather red, and says, "Well, love, never mind. . . . It is no great odds. I forgive you."§ It is Mr. Thackeray again all over, to make my lord say to Samuel Titmarsh, "I have been speaking to Mr. Preston, the gentleman with whom you had the memorable quarrel, and he has forgiven it, although he was in the wrong."|| For they ne'er pardon who have done in the wrong, is the rhythmical rule; and exceptions but prove it.

Let the wrong-doer forgive his victim, then, if he will. But don't let him go on to pray for him. At the best, and even where there may have been some provocation on the other side, such volunteered intercession,

\* King Richard III., Act I. Sc. 3.

† Le Dépit Amoureux, iv. 4.

‡ M. J. Chénier, Pie VI. et Louis XVIII.

§ Men's Wives: The Ravenswing, ch. v.

|| History of Samuel Titmarsh, ch. xiii.

so demonstratively and gratuitously offered, has the disadvantage of a spiteful look. It seems like saying one's prayers backwards, witches' fashion; and that's not canny. Poor Mrs. Primrose ends her objuratory welcome to her penitent returning Livy with a "but I hope Heaven will forgive you;" which rouses the Vicar to a very stern matrimonial rebuke.\* Dryden says, in one of his prologues, of certain equivocal gentry, given to equivocal praying,

Sure Heaven itself is at a loss to know  
If these would have their prayers be heard or no.†

And the sense of that couplet is applicable to the almost malice aforethought of acidulous intercession. Gibbon may be for once allowed the sneer at those clamorous Christians who protested that prayers (and tears) were their only weapons against that impious tyrant, the Emperor Julian, while they were implacably devoting his head to the justice of offended Heaven.‡ There is a passage in John Wesley's journal in which he records, somewhat early in his career, this item of public ministration: "I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitely used me and persecuted me." If Wesley meant by name, and for the individuals, this, observes Coleridge,§ was a sad indication, if not a relique, of the vindictive character of his former state of feelings. Mr. Boyd, in one of his clerical essays, relates of a right reverend father even, name and bishopric ungiven, that on one occasion, "at prayers in his house," he "uttered this supplication on behalf of a lady visitor who was kneeling beside him: 'Bless our friend, Mrs. —; give her a little more common sense; and teach her to dress a little less like a tragedy queen than she does at present.' "||

Obi, the chief of the Ibo country, who visited this country in 1841, under the auspices of Sir Fowell Buxton and his friends of the Niger Expedition, excited admiration by his courageous bearing and self-possession under trying circumstances. But upon one occasion, his serene resolution failed him quite. Prayers being about to be read on board the ship which conveyed him over, the stalwart savage, six feet high out of his stockings, was requested to kneel down. "This he did; but when the service concluded, he was found almost overwhelmed with terror, the perspiration streaming down his face. He had thought, it seemed, that the white men were invoking curses on his head."¶ And he might almost have thought right, had it been some white men, in some frame of mind, or indisposition of body, who expend their spleen in that particular form.

In the olden time, when hangings wholesale were the doom of petty malefactor as well as big ones, it was once remarked by a caustic commentator on laws and lawgivers, that when the Judge has no mercy, he makes it known by this sign, that he invokes the Lord's on the behalf of the prisoner's soul. Applicable enough to the type of acrimonious intercessors now under review.

Mr. Hopley, the convicted schoolmaster, professed to have prayed with

\* Vicar of Wakefield, ch. xxii.

† Prologue to King Arthur.

‡ Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. xxiii.

§ In his marginal notes to Southey's *Life of Wesley*, sub anno 1738.

|| Concerning People who carried Weight in Life.

¶ *Life of Sir Thos. Fowell Buxton*, ch. xxxi.

the boy he was flogging to death ; and his censors of the press only remarked thereupon, that, had cant been the fashion a century ago, it is quite supposable that Mrs. Brownrigg prayed, or would have said she did, with her victim between the intervals of the lash.

Papal allocutions, and the like, not uncommonly beginning with a scream, are equally apt to go off in what is by courtesy a prayer. Some years ago, when a correspondence was discovered by the French government between a high authority at Rome and a person of ecclesiastical eminence in France, it was observed by the press that although the language of those pastoral fulminations was apparently loyal, and although the most complete confidence was expressed in the Emperor, still, a prayer was added that he might be kept in the right road, "and nothing is easier than to word a prayer so as to convey the impression that it can scarcely be expected to take effect." The indirect form of abuse which consists in a prayer that an adversary may be preserved from holding the opinions he notoriously maintains, is justly said to be an old weapon of theological offence.\* Pio Nono, in 1860, subjected himself to some cutting comments when, "after employing mercenaries to butcher an inoffensive populace"—referring to the massacre of his subjects in Perugia—he calmly assured a company of faithful admirers that the only vengeance he could entertain was that of praying for his enemies.† Then came the Papal Allocution, in the autumn of the same year, with its profusion of canonical vituperation,—the whole concluding, "in the fashion of enraged ecclesiastics, with a prayer of remarkable bitterness for the 'desired conversion' of the offenders' hearts."‡ An effusion of Archbishop Cullen's, about the same time, at the "Requiem Ceremonial" in Dublin, justified the reflection, that as there is no abuse so bitter as a good hearty prayer, so few methods of party warfare are as telling as an effective religious celebration.§ But this by the way.

Sais-tu bien, cependant, sous cette humilité,  
L'orgueil que quelquefois nous cache une bigote,  
Alcippe, et connais-tu la nation dévote ?||

asks Despreaux, in one of his best satires. Fielding's rascal of a Blifil concludes one of his oily, malignant missives to Mr. Jones with "offering you my advice, as a Christian," to "seriously think of amending your life. That you may be assisted with grace to do so, will be always the prayer of your humble servant, W. Blifil."¶ Much later in that chequered history of a foundling, when Mrs. Miller is standing up for Jones to Squire Allworthy, "I see, sir, now," interposes Blifil, with one of those grinning sneers with which, says Fielding, the devil marks his best beloved, "Mrs. Miller really doth know him. . . As for my character, I perceive, by some hints she hath thrown out, he hath been very free with it, but I forgive him." "And the Lord forgive you, sir," says Mrs. Miller; "we all have sins enough to stand in need of His forgiveness;"\*\*—and especially, maybe, those of us who, having wronged another, are demonstrative in our readiness to forgive him.

The exasperating shrew in Richardson's polite and prolix fiction, who

\* See article headed "Diocletian," in the *Saturday Review*, No. 213.

† Cf. *ibid.*, No. 224.

‡ *Ibid.*, No. 260.

¶ History of a Foundling, ch. lxvii.

† *Ibid.*, No. 259.

‡ Boileau, *Satire x.*

\*\* *Ibid.*, ch. cxxxvii.



aggravates her husband more and more by constantly affecting to put him in the wrong, and to be herself the sufferer instead of the wrong-doer, keeps on exclaiming, "Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, no more of these airs! and I tell you, I will forgive you"\*—allowing him no time to squeeze in a word of protest against her impudent assumption throughout.

Treating of Florence, in the times of the Medici, Lord Macaulay pointedly remarks, that she had to endure degradation and extortion, to submit to the mandates of foreign powers, to buy over and over again, at an enormous price, what was already justly her own, and to ask pardon for being in the right.†

Rousseau could be on occasion as sarcastic as sentimental; and he found or took occasion to be the former in a letter to one towards whom he *had* been the latter: "*L'Evangile ordonne bien à celui qui reçoit un soufflet d'offrir l'autre joue, mais non pas de demander pardon. Vous souvenez-vous de cet homme de la comédie, qui crie en donnant des coups de baton?*" "*J'allai chez Grimm,*" writes Jean-Jacques, in another place, but in the self-same spirit, "*comme un autre Georges Dandin, lui faire des excuses des offenses qu'il m'avait faites.*"‡ To nervous patients, what George Eliot calls the tone of benevolent remonstrance is intolerable. As when Captain Wybrow, in Mr. Gilfil's Love-story, having inflicted a great and unrepented injury on Catarina, assumes an air of benevolence towards her. "This was a new outrage. His profession of good will was insolence."§ "Well!" says Mr. Dickens's Mrs. Chick, with a sweet smile, "after this, I forgive Fanny everything." It was a declaration in a Christian spirit, and Mrs. Chick felt that it did her good. Not that she had anything particular to forgive in her sister-in-law, nor indeed anything at all, except her having married the brother—in itself a species of audacity||—considering that the brother in question was the magnificent Mr. Dombey. Mrs. Dombey dies at the close of the chapter; and the next one opens with "I shall never cease to congratulate myself," says Mrs. Chick, "on having said, when I little thought what was in store for us,—really as if I was inspired by something,—that I forgave poor dear Fanny everything. Whatever happens, that must always be a comfort to me!"¶ "We have all our faults," says Mrs. Chick, weeping and shaking her head, at a later period: "I dare say we have. I never was blind to hers. I never said I was. Far from it. Yet how I loved her!" And a vast satisfaction it was, we read, to Mrs. Chick,—a common-place piece of folly enough, compared with whom her sister-in-law had been a very angel of womanly intelligence and gentleness,—to patronise and be tender to the memory of that lady; in exact pursuance of her conduct to her in her lifetime; and to thoroughly believe herself, and take herself in, and make herself uncommonly comfortable on the strength of her toleration. "What a mighty pleasant virtue toleration should be when we are right, to be so very pleasant when we are wrong, and quite unable to demonstrate how we come to be invested with the privilege of exercising it!"\*\* "No, John," says Mr. Pecksniff to honest Westlock, with a calmness quite

\* Sir Charles Grandison, vol. iv. letter xxxvii.

† Essay on Machiavelli.

‡ Rousseau, Les Confession, deuxième partie, livre ix.

§ Scenes of Clerical Life.

|| Dombey and Son, ch. i.

¶ Ibid., ch. ii.

\*\* Ibid., ch. v.

ethereal; "no, I will not shake hands, John. I have forgiven you. I had already forgiven you, even before you ceased to reproach and taunt me. I have embraced you in the spirit, John, which is better than shaking hands." "As to your forgiveness, Mr. Pecksniff," replies the other, "I'll not have it upon such terms. I won't be forgiven." "Won't you, John?" retorts Mr. Pecksniff, with a smile. "You must. You can't help it. Forgiveness is a high quality; an exalted virtue; far above your control or influence, John. I will forgive you."\* A better stroke still of genuine Pecksniff occurs in a subsequent chapter, when Anthony curtly snubs a Pecksniffian peroration with the request to that gentleman not to be a hypocrite. "A what, my good sir?" demands Mr. Pecksniff.—"A hypocrite," repeats the other.—"Charity, my dear," then says Mr. Pecksniff to his elder daughter, "when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit; who has done me an injustice."† The enjoiner is characteristically uttered in a very bland voice, and aside, as being addressed to his daughter's private ear. But a stage aside is a well-known stage effect.

Martin Luther was about as free from the Pecksniff taint as mortal man can be; but one is somehow reminded of the kind of prayer which was all Mr. Anthony could hope for when one comes across such bits in Luther's table-talk as this about the Cardinal-bishop of Salzburg: "It would be a great joy to me, if in time he be won over to the truth, and repent: but there is little hope thereof. I would rather believe and hope the same in Pilate, in Herod, and Dioclesian, who sinned openly.—I have hitherto prayed for this bishop, *categoricè, affirmativè, positivè*, with my whole heart, that God might convert him, and have essayed, by repeated letters, to bring him to repentance. I pray for him now *hypotheticè* and *desperabundè*."‡ To be prayed for by a theological adversary *categoricè, affirmativè, positivè*, was bad enough. But this is worse still.

Nor was there about such a man as Robert Southey a jot or tittle more of the Pecksniff element than in Brother Martin. But one is again incidentally reminded of Charity and the chamber-candlestick when reading Macaulay's rather bitter review of the Laureate's Colloquies on Society. Almost the only mark of charity, said the Edinburgh Reviewer, which the poet in prose vouchsafes to his opponents, is to pray for their reformation; "and this he does in terms notun like those in which we imagine a Portuguese priest interceding with Heaven for a Jew delivered over to the secular arm after a relapse."§

It is shrewdly remarked by "George Eliot," in describing Romola's passive demeanour—or impassive, rather, it might perhaps be called—after the wrong-doing of Tito has shattered her happiness; that when the stricken person is slow to recover and looks as if nothing had happened, the striker easily glides into the position of the aggrieved party; he feels no bruise himself, and is strongly conscious of his own amiable behaviour since he inflicted the blow.|| Applying the remark, it may be said that forgiveness to the injurer doth belong; and that, in spite of epigrammatic couplet to the contrary, they do sometimes pardon who have done the wrong.

\* Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. ii.

† Ibid., ch. iv.

‡ Luther's Tischreden, 274.

§ Macaulay's Essays: art. "Southey's Colloquies on Society" (1830).

|| Romola, vol. ii. p. 178.

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER I.

## LEGITIMATE PREY.

"HE is just the man to marry again, and soon, my dear Mrs. Errol!"

"I sincerely hope not."

"Hope not! And why? So domestic as he is, and so fond of poor Mrs. Charlton as he always was, and with such a delicate little girl as Laura, and his beautiful place and handsome fortune, and quite a young man still—I am sure a second marriage seems almost a duty in his case."

"I trust *he* may not think so."

"But do tell me why."

"For many reasons."

"Tell me some of them."

"Well, it is really no business of mine or yours, but, in all that concerns him and his child, I must always feel an interest second only to what I feel for my own family."

"Certainly! Every one knows you were the dearest friend Mrs. Charlton had; but, you know, she could not take her husband and child into the grave with her, and that being so, it seems self-evident that a good-natured, bright-tempered second wife would be the very best thing in the world to cure Mr. Charlton of his moping ways, and to make Laura like other children."

"I do not approve of second marriages in the abstract, and, in this particular case, I think a wife would not add to Mr. Charlton's happiness, nor that of Laura. It is only natural, surely, that Mrs. Charlton being little more than a year dead, her husband should have no taste for general society, but as for 'moping,' I can assure you there is nothing of that; he is almost a child himself in his sympathy with Laura, and they are as happy together as two people can be who have sustained such a loss as theirs."

"Perhaps so; but it really does seem a pity to see Charlwood without a mistress, and servants do so impose on a gentleman."

"Not in this case. Mrs. Marsh is almost a lady in manner, quite so in principle and feeling; she came there when Mrs. Charlton was married, and her interests are identical with those of the family; there is not a better-ordered household in the county than Charlwood."

"Oh! I know Mrs. Marsh is a very superior person, but, Mrs. Errol—you will excuse me—but people do think that you and Mr. Charlton will—and a very suitable thing it would be, means and age, and both widowed, and the children so fond of each other, and the long affectionate intimacy, and all."

Mrs. Errol's pale face grew crimson beneath her widow's cap, and her eyes looked as dangerous as a very gentle pair of eyes could look.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Abershaw?" she asked, in a cold, constrained voice.

"Nothing that could offend you. I declare, you look quite angry; and I am sure I only repeat what all the world says, 'That it would be a very good thing if you and Mr. Charlton married.'"

"All the world is very kind to take so much interest in my affairs, but you may tell them that their sagacity is in this instance quite at fault; I shall certainly never marry again, and, as I said before, I hope Mr. Charlton may not. Assuredly he never has thought of me, and never will do so, but, indeed, I am certain he has no idea of the kind in connexion with any one."

"Well, I said myself it *would* be a little too soon, but, after a time, I can't see where would be the objection."

"Mrs. Charlton was a woman in a thousand, and the man who has had the happiness of being her husband is not likely to put any one else in her place; moreover, Laura would be his first consideration in the matter, and there are few women who could be at once sufficiently judicious and tender to take a mother's place to so sensitive and peculiar a child."

"That is just why you would suit so admirably. Your own children are so delicate, you would quite understand her."

"Be good enough to put my name quite out of the question, Mrs. Abershaw. Of course it is most unpleasant that I cannot obey the last wishes of my dearest friend, in giving all the attention I can to her child, without occasioning petty gossip; but it shall make no change in my conduct; I shall go just as often to Charlwood as I did before I heard this idle, impertinent chatter. A woman of my age and character, who has lived a widow for twelve years, may surely defy the misconstruction of her gossiping neighbours!"

"I assure you, I would not have said a word of it had I thought you would have taken it so badly. But I hope you don't blame me; I only repeated what I was told."

"Of course, if you think fit to repeat what you hear, it is your own affair; but please not to repeat any more such stories to me. I *should* be *very* angry, were the thing not altogether absurd."

"Oh! just as you please. But I cannot see the harm of making a friendly suggestion."

"I dare say we shall never think alike on the subject, Mrs. Abershaw, and you will oblige me by saying no more about it; it disturbs me in a most uncomfortable way."

Mrs. Abershaw, a most inveterate gossip, looked as much "put out" as was possible to her, and, after an awkward effort to make conversation on less personal topics, she rose and took her leave. How much effect Mrs. Errol's indignation had on her, may be gathered from her private thoughts, as she was borne away on her round of visits. "How furious she was! Angry at being found out, that's it! As if everybody did not know what all her attention to him and his die-away monkey of a daughter meant! And I suppose it will be a match—she has the game in her own hands—for they see no one else, I may say. It's a thousand pities; my Jane would make him so much a better wife than an old thing like that."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Errol had only spoken the plain truth. She and Mr. Charlton were but friends, and neither had any thought of a nearer connexion; but Mr. Charlton's neighbours had resolved that he should marry again, and Mrs. Errol herself, knowing her friend thoroughly, feared that such might not improbably be eventually the case. Amiable, indolent, domestic, and peculiarly open and unsuspicious, he was just the man to walk, smiling and thoughtless, into any snare set for his unwary feet. However, as far as she could, Mrs. Errol guarded her unconscious friend; she selected for little Laura the oldest, plainest, and most strong-minded governess she could find, and even over her the anxious lady kept a careful watch, for she knew that Mr. Charlton could scarcely say "No" to a woman, and Miss Hornby was so very destitute of the ordinary weaknesses of her sex, that it was really uncertain how far she might go.

Poor Mrs. Errol! she might have spared herself much trouble and uneasiness had she been able to see a little way into the future.

Mr. Charlton's fate declared itself in this way. Laura had been born after her parents had for some years regarded a living child as a blessing which was not to be granted them, and it was difficult to judge whether father or mother lavished most love on their late-sent treasure. Mrs. Charlton died when the child was six years old, and thenceforth the widower devoted himself to his motherless child.

Delicate and precociously sensitive, as delicate children often are, Laura's health and pleasure and well-being were her father's constant study; and when, during the second winter following her mother's death, the little girl took cold in some unaccountable manner, and rapidly lost flesh, strength, and spirits, her father's anxiety became excessive; half a dozen doctors were summoned, and the result of their deliberations was that Laura was ordered to winter in the south of France. Thither she was taken, guarded by her father, Miss Hornby, and a staff of attendants, and there Mr. Charlton's destiny appeared.

Mrs. Clarence Gordon Lenox, the widow of a lieutenant-colonel, who had during his lifetime given her good reason to be thankful for her widowhood, was a very good-looking woman, who tried to pass for thirty, might have passed for thirty-six, and was in reality—well, no matter. Piquante and buxom in style, fond of pleasure and luxury, with very limited means, and three daughters to provide for, Mrs. Lenox had gone abroad in attendance on a distant relative, who had the power to leave her something in her will.

It so chanced (if anything ever does "chance" in this world) that the same dull French village held Mrs. Lenox and her charge and Mr. Charlton and his party. The rest came about gradually, so gradually that Mr. Charlton had no idea of his danger until he found himself engaged; and when he returned home in spring, it was to prepare his house for the reception of his second wife. Mrs. Lenox was well known by reputation to Mrs. Errol and other friends of Mr. Charlton's. Undeniably well connected, needy, intriguing, and with a reputation for cleverness and pleasantness, Mrs. Errol knew her to be a most unfit wife for Mr. Charlton; but the affair being settled, and interference as useless as ungracious, the lady of Feltham Abbey disguised her feelings, and made her congratulations with the best grace she could command. Of course public opinion was divided on the occasion; some people said Mr. Charlton was

inexcusably silly to choose so gay a woman, so fond of amusement, and having two grown-up daughters, and a third at school; others, delighted at the prospect of the union of Mrs. Lenox's taste for gaiety with Mr. Charlton's ample means for its indulgence, anticipated with joy the future pleasures of Charlwood. Of those who either approved or disapproved of the projected union, few indeed troubled themselves to think of Laura's concern in the change, and of those few Mrs. Errol was foremost.

And so the months wore on, and at the close of the third year after the first Mrs. Charlton's death, her successor was installed in her new dignities. At first all was sunshine; the bride was all sweetness and compliance, so pleased to know, so ready to value, all her predecessor's friends; so tender to Laura, so anxious to make things pleasant for everybody; but by-and-by an imperceptible change made itself felt. The two elder Misses Lenox, miniature copies of their well-developed mother, were to be at once "brought out;" and Mr. Charlton and his daughter quietly subsided into the background. Indeed, it may well be questioned whether Mr. Charlton's repentance for his rashness had not begun before he was actually married; certain it is that his careless light-hearted demeanour was a thing of the past. He received the congratulations of his friends with ill-dissembled uneasiness, and from the time of his marriage seemed to grow rapidly old. He knew he was no longer master in his own house, and his dread of being worsted in the combat prevented him from ever making an effort for victory. His taste for quiet and retirement was utterly disregarded; old articles of use or ornament, on which from custom and association he had grown to look with tenderness, were condemned as "barbarous," "ugly," or "unfashionable," and consigned to dusty garret or pitiless sale-room. His house was made a kind of inexpensive half-way inn for certain grand connexions of his wife, people with titles and half titles, or perchance people who, though not exactly roses themselves, had from propinquity imbibed something of the rose's fragrance, but all of them persons of a certain style and standing in the world of fashion—for Mrs. Charlton acknowledged no ignoble connexions. Hospitality came natural to Mr. Charlton, and even his fastidious wife had no reason to blush for the thorough gentleman she presented to her friends. But many of the guests had the bad taste to ignore the so-called master of the mansion after the first introduction, and the amusements and pursuits in which they delighted were such as Mr. Charlton felt too old in heart to enjoy, and so by degrees he began to spend more and more time in his library, dozing chiefly, or took objectless strolls about his grounds alone, or with his little girl trotting at his side,—he felt that he and she were out of place in his own house, and sorely, bitterly did he repent of that which no repentance could undo.

Mrs. Errol noted all these changes with pain; she had taken the trouble to ingratiate herself with Mrs. Charlton, in order that she might be even yet of some possible use or comfort to her old friend and his child, and as Feltham Abbey was the grandest house in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Errol held a leading position in the county, her advances were received with pleasure, and she was permitted to have Laura at the abbey as often as she would.

Mr. Charlton had a divided heart, he could hardly bear Laura's absence, but as Miss Hornby had been dismissed, and an accomplished French

lady engaged in her stead, he saw quite well that his daughter's education was the last thing thought of by any one in the house save himself, and he knew the child was lonely and unhappy. With Mrs. Errol she was quite another creature, and he therefore gave her up often when for his own sake he would have kept her near him. Nobody but himself missed her; and for him, he felt that he had brought himself to his present state by his own folly, and therefore endeavoured to bear his lot with what philosophy he might.

Marion and Clara Lenox "came out," and took their places as the belles of the county. No other girls dressed as well, had so much energy and spirit in forming and carrying out plans of amusement; nor, in truth, were any so pretty in their own style—healthy, buoyant, and blooming, with plenty of good nature, and an abundance of animal life and high spirits. Adelaide, the third girl, was five years Laura's senior, and only came to Charlwood for her vacations. And so the loveless, frivolous life went on, Laura more and more at the abbey, and her father becoming every day more inert and sluggish, sitting longer after dinner over his wine, and seeming neither to see nor to heed the incessant chase after pleasure which had so changed his home.

## CHAPTER II.

### DREARY DAYS.

I HAVE said that Feltham Abbey became in a manner Laura's home, and thither her father used to follow her, satisfied to be near her and his old friend, and free to show his affection for his daughter, without exposing himself to covert sneers. Mrs. Errol, much distressed at the change in him, endeavoured, without allowing him to see that she was aware of the state of affairs at Charlwood, to persuade him to take more interest in what went on there, or, at least, to rouse himself from the apathy into which he had sunk, sufficiently to occupy himself in his outdoor pursuits, which, for the two years since his second marriage, had been altogether entrusted to his steward. Whether her efforts might have been successful or not, it is impossible to say, for all her thoughts were soon most painfully occupied with a matter which came nearer home. Her two children, Arthur and Mary, had always been objects of no common solicitude to her; their father had died of consumption, and their peculiar beauty and delicacy of health seemed to mark them as doomed. Arthur, now a lad of eighteen, appeared to have outgrown the hereditary taint; but Mary, who was a year or two older than Laura, increased rapidly in stature, while all power of exertion and enjoyment left her. "She must go to Italy," said the doctors. Poor Mrs. Errol had heard that sentence before; *then* it had been but the beginning of the end, and now it seemed to re-open the closed wound and bring back all the weary suffering of the past. It was already October, and no time was to be lost. Arrangements for a probably protracted stay abroad were made, and the family departed on their sorrowful journey. Laura stayed with them till the last, and then returned to Charlwood, full of sorrow for them and for herself.

But even in the haste and grief of her departure, Mrs. Errol had been

mindful of her favourite. She represented to Mr. Charlton that the French governess was the appendage of Marion Lenox and her sister, and took no charge whatever of Laura; and she urged that he must assert himself for his daughter's benefit, and either see that the child had her share in the good that was to be had from Mademoiselle de Mathon, or be provided with a proper teacher, who was to be more immediately responsible for the care and education of the presumptive heiress of Charlwood. Mr. Charlton promised, and meant to perform; we shall see how he succeeded.

"My dear, it seems to me that Laura does not get on with her education; she is now more than eleven, and it is time she should have regular hours of study."

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, Mr. Charlton. You are always cautioning us about her delicate health, and yet you would take the very way to make her a confirmed invalid."

"I did not mean that she should study too much, but I think a little application would do no harm."

"Of course! I am always wrong. You shall have your own way, however, as you always *do* have, and when you see your daughter with a curved spine, or dying of consumption, you may, perhaps, wish you had taken my advice."

"My dear Lucy, I did not mean to vex you, or interfere in any way in your arrangements. I merely mentioned that Laura's health is now sufficiently good to admit of her making amends for lost time, and I should not wish her to grow up in ignorance. Mademoiselle has informed me that *she* would have nothing to do with so young a person as Laura; her *métier* being the perfecting of young ladies who are grown up. Until then, I had thought she was Laura's governess, seeing that your girls are already in society."

"I must confess, this conduct takes me by surprise!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlton, looking excessively confused; "that my husband could condescend to underhand means for obtaining information was a thing I could not have believed, had you not confessed it."

"Be reasonable, Lucy—do not so misunderstand me. I have been thinking the matter over for some time, and have been feeling uncomfortable about Laura; her time seems altogether at her own disposal. She would be far happier if she had intervals of employment; and to-day I found her curled up in my chair in the library reading this book." And he produced one certainly not fit for a child's perusal. "I looked for you, but you were nowhere to be found, so I attempted to remonstrate with mademoiselle, and her manner was, I must say, little short of impertinent; she told me she was the *gouvernante* of the demoiselles Lenox, and neither could nor would look after Mademoiselle Charlton. I do not think this exactly fair."

Mrs. Charlton burst into a flood of tears, sobbing out wildly various disjointed sentences, such as, "He grudges my poor girls the trifling advantages I am able to procure for them. He excites and worries me at a time when he ought to shield me from all annoyance."

The poor squire was quite unmanned by this hint, and speedily made submission. Mademoiselle was retained; but, as a concession to her husband, Mrs. Charlton also employed a daily governess—a broken-



down, hopeless gentlewoman, who every day, rain or shine, trudged from the little town in the valley to Charlwood for Laura's especial benefit.

Mrs. Charlton had served a hard apprenticeship to poverty; for years she had groaned under the yoke of an improvident, drunken, and cruel husband, and when his death set her free she was at first inclined to welcome the diminution of her income, which, while it curtailed her creature-comforts, at least was hers in peace. But I have said she loved all the good things money could give. Proud, vain, pleasure-loving, insolent, arrogant, unprincipled, and worldly—not an estimable nor amiable character—she speedily wearied of the constant struggle for appearances, the wearing, carking anxiety as to how she was to meet this and that pecuniary difficulty; and, although her second marriage rendered all such troubles unnecessary, she still retained her old habits, and scraped and saved in private, that she might indulge in lavish extravagance in the sight of the world. The dress and appointments of herself and her daughters were marvels of richness and good taste, her entertainments, which were very frequent, were all that the most fastidious could desire, but the sordid economy which hoards “cheese-parings and candle-ends” was the delight of her soul.

Poor Miss Webb (the visiting governess) knew how her remuneration, scanty as it was, was pared down if she dared to arrive five minutes too late, or left too soon; servants told queer stories of shabbinesses and meanesses without end, and Mrs. Charlton, relying on her own power of carrying herself through with a strong hand in whatever she undertook, Laura was made to wear well-darned hose and shabby frocks, till the whole countryside cried shame on Mr. Charlton for allowing his motherless girl to be so treated. Of course he suspected nothing of it, and time seemed only to confirm his listlessness and apathy. On rare occasions, indeed, he appeared, as by a sudden revelation, to see something of the true state of affairs, and he would be energetic and indignant for an hour or a day, as the case might be; but, alas! in a dark corner of his *escritoire* stood a little bottle containing a dark-brown fluid, it was never quite empty and never quite full, but it held the key to the poor gentleman's rapid decline in his own esteem, as well as in that of his friends.

Miss Webb was conscientious, and did her utmost for her pupil, and Laura profited by her instructions, but there were long hours for the bestowal of which nobody catered. Her father had long given up the library, and now almost lived in a dingy room at the back of the house; to him even she had not always admittance, for his deplorable habit had not yet deadened him to the sense of shame and degradation in the presence of his child, and for hours together his door was locked against all comers. The young ladies and their mother were always occupied in their own pursuits, and Laura took refuge in the unused library, where no one disturbed her. Here she nourished a portion of her idiosyncrasy, which had better have been left to Nature's teaching, or schooled into less inexpressibility. Her feelings and imagination were fed on such food as would, to a temperament like hers, have been sparingly administered, and she rapidly assimilated the dangerously-pleasant nourishment; she read with avidity plays, poems, romances,—all that could excite her reamy nature to a precocious and unhealthy activity, and teach her to look with disgust on her colourless daily life. From the Errols she often

heard; Mary was neither better nor worse, and their stay abroad was likely to be indefinitely protracted; strange people had taken the abbey, and, except her powerless and half-stupefied father, there was no one to love or care for Laura. She had, however, some interest in the household; she had now two little baby sisters, in whom she delighted, and who loved her more than anything in the world. They kept the isolated, lonely heart from becoming utterly lost to all sense of external things; and so *they* grew on from infancy to childhood, and she from her childhood to the first dawn of womanhood, for she was now nearly seventeen.

I am sure you must have known such girls as she was at that age—pale, languid, as if a weariness of life were growing stronger within them every day. You wonder what is the matter with them; they may be occupying a good position, and have a sufficiency of the things which make life pleasant to most people, but it is easily seen that there is a worm somewhere at the gourd; *you* cannot tell where, and neither could the object of your curiosity, were you to suggest the inquiry to her. If she were to say out all that is in her heart, she would probably frighten and shock you; you might consider her a monomaniac; certainly you would think it your duty to preach contentment to her, and in your secret thoughts you would set her down as a wild young person of unchristian and discontented mind. But charity might ask you to look back, and see if you could recal no such interval of lassitude and heart-weariness in your own life. Happy for you if it be not so! You have escaped a great misery, not the less overpowering because scarcely to be grappled with. Surely there is a mistake somewhere! Girls above a certain station, unless they possess some decided talent, have but few resources; and if the daily routine does not satisfy them, where can they find an object in life? Full of unused and unneeded energy, high aims, and lofty dreams, they would fain do something, but there is nothing to be done; and then if there be no wise and gentle, but firm guidance, to force their minds from dreamy reverie to the actual wants and sufferings of their kind, and to the solace of aiding others, as well as to *higher* sources of patient, prayerful endurance, ten to one all flavour and hue vanish from their lives, hypochondria and sourness usurp the place of lassitude, and they go to swell the lists of the spirit-broken, the ailing, or the early dead. Some find an object, they marry, and find all they need in the circle of home cares and joys. But every day shows us that society has more and more unappropriated women—women who could have loved well and truly, and who have, perhaps, done both, but who live lonely, companionless lives for all that. Ah! it would be well for the world if those who have the care of young, imaginative, and susceptible girls, gave their minds healthy food, and taught them to look on marriage as a remote possibility, which may or may not be their lot, and not as the great aim of life, failing the attainment of which they must regard themselves as having missed all which makes existence enjoyable.

Just at this time a suitable lover made his bow to Marion Lenox, and as that young lady was quite ready to bestow her affections on any eligible parti, the wedding was to come off immediately. Adelaide was now brought home from school, where she had been kept, greatly to her own disgust, long past the time when she was qualified to enter into the gaieties which her sisters shared. But Mrs. Charlton was wise in her gene-

ration. Adelaide was a very perfect beauty, and it would have been very rash to have her come out before either of her sisters had been disposed of. Clara now took the place vacated by Marion, and Adelaide was promoted to Clara's post of youngest Miss Lenox. For Laura there was no place, or rather she was put in and out of many places, as it suited the convenience of her stepmother. She had not outgrown her delicacy of constitution, and that furnished Mrs. Charlton with many an excellent excuse. However, Miss Webb was now a thing of the past, and Laura and Adelaide were subjected to the grace-giving sway of mademoiselle.

People called Laura "plain." We were wont to hear a great deal of "beauty unadorned," and "loveliness needing not the foreign aid of ornament," but in these days we take that pretty much for what it is worth. Dress *has* a great deal to do with beauty, and the "lovely young Lavinia" would appear to us now as a dowdy young country wench whose complexion was ruined by exposure and hard work. Laura had that clear moonlight pallor of colouring which many think quite as beautiful as brilliant bloom; her hair was pale soft brown, with a large natural wave in it, and her eyes, thoughtful, imaginative, and sad, would have redeemed a really insignificant face from the charge of plainness. As to her figure, it was too slight, but then she was very young, and even through the awkwardness of girlhood at that stage there shone a peculiar grace of movement and gesture which promised well for the future. There was not a striking tint or outline about her, but there *was* a charm quite indescribable, but easily to be felt in her quiet, gentle expression, and the refinement which was the special attribute of her appearance. If a lily or a stephanotis be "plain," then so was Laura, and beside the vivid colouring and sparkling animation of Adelaide Lenox she looked like a faintly-outlined and tinted pencil sketch contrasted with a bright painting. I have casually alluded to the power of dress in its relation to youth and beauty. Laura's wardrobe was kept down quite as much as its mistress. To say truth, ample as was Mr. Charlton's fortune, and liberal as was his allowance to his wife, that lady was always in financial difficulties, they seemed to be her normal state, for it was quite evident that she was never to be free from them. A running account at the first French millinery house in London is not conducive to a plethoric state of the purse, and when five ladies have to be supplied with French silks, muslins, bonnets, mantles, slippers, boots, and gloves, not to mention laces, ribbons, and the small et cæteras which swell a bill to such a fearful height, any one who understands anything of the matter will readily comprehend that the fifth lady, poor Laura, had but a nominal share in the entrancing produce of that French house; she was kept to grey and black for morning wear, and white for the evening; all good colours, in which it would need great ingenuity to show bad taste; but youth loves bright colours—and what did Dr. Johnson say? "Sir, ladies are the butterflies of the world, and like the butterflies should array themselves in gay colours."

I do not know but he may have been partly right; and for Laura, she was tired of her everlasting whites and greys; and as the masses delight in vulgar and violent contrasts of dress, complexion, and character, so, when her more attractive companions were by, Laura was utterly disregarded, or called "plain." Some few had better taste. All old people

and all children loved and appreciated her; and, after all, her toilet troubles were even by herself regarded as very petty, and only swelled the general volume of discomfort, as each drop of water, however small, swells the torrent.

She certainly was persistently kept in the shade—she had a contralto voice of rare richness—and was never asked to sing, except when some straightforward old lady or gentleman broke through the fine-spun web of Mrs. Charlton's manœuvres, and asked for a ballad as old-fashioned as themselves. But Mrs. Charlton did not like the effect produced on these occasions; neither Marion nor Clara had any voice, and Adelaide's was a thin, sharp, well-drilled soprano, which did well enough for frivolous chansonnettes, for which no one cared, but was good for nothing else.

Marion was married, and gone to France, whence she and her husband meant to go on to Italy and Greece. And with them went Adelaide, full of youth and health and pleasant anticipations of the future; and a dullness settled on those who were left behind; for the debts of Mrs. Charlton, largely increased by Marion's trousseau, and all the other expenses of the wedding, had begun to press painfully. Clara had had some early designs on the man who had married her sister, and was moreover jealous that Adelaide had been chosen to go abroad with them, so she grew peevish, and not so pretty as of yore, and fancied herself delicate. Mr. Charlton moped on in his solitary room, and his heart seemed dead to all but Laura, so that for *her* it was not an entertaining life.

Presently, too, the nursery governess was dismissed, as had *mademoiselle* also been, and Laura was asked "just to look a little to the children's lessons for a few weeks, until an efficient substitute could be found." She had a room which, as it was unpleasantly situated, overlooking the stable-yard at the back of the house, nobody cared for, and it had come to be called "Laura's room." Here she had been used to draw, wretched drawings they were indeed, chiefly weak masculine profiles, with a great deal of forehead and curling hair, straight noses and small mouths, or lop-sided cottages and castles, with queer dubious trees, and generally a flight of crows sailing overhead. Here also she had written very sentimental verses, and, above all, here she had read and dreamed and been alone for five years, for it had been so long since the Errols had been away. She was alone no longer, for the two mischievous little girls came thither every morning after breakfast, and slates and smeared copy-books covered the little round table. She hardly thought whether she disliked it much or not, for her mind was full of sterner troubles. Something she had begun to divine of her father's state, and her misery at the horrible suspicion was intense. And then Mrs. Errol's letters were more and more despondent, the end of Mary's short life was very close at hand, and Arthur had been summoned from Oxford to see her. A week or two further on, and the black-edged letter told that all was over, and Mary laid in the English burying-ground at Nice. And the next news was that the Careys, who rented Feltham Abbey, were about to leave, and Mrs. Errol and her son were coming home.

It was June when Mary died, but it was the end of May before the bereaved mother and brother came to England, for a severe nervous fever had quite prostrated Mrs. Errol after her daughter's death, and Arthur had begged her to winter abroad, and come home with the summer.

## CHAPTER III.

## AFFAIRS OF THE TOILET AND AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

EARLY in that spring, Mr. Charlton had a severe illness, for some days it was thought that he could not recover; but he had been an unusually strong man, and even his life of late had not quite sapped the foundation of his constitution. When he was about again, he looked a wasted and bent old man, but he never more indulged to any great extent in the pernicious habit which had so nearly proved fatal to him.

He was a sad wreck, mentally and physically, and the violence he did his inclinations, in refraining from his former indulgence, re-acted on his temper. His ordinary mood was quiet and subdued as of yore; but there was also a frequent recurrence of captious ill-temper, when even Mrs. Charlton quailed before his wrath. Unfortunately, the relapse into stupid indifference was always proportionate to the violence which had preceded it; but while his self-asserting power lasted, he certainly kept his managing lady in order. One of those demonstrations took place on his becoming aware of his wife's embarrassments. These had become so overwhelming, that it was impossible to keep them any longer concealed, and the result was a storm, which lasted long enough, and was sufficiently violent, to terrify not only the culprit, but the whole household, save Laura, whose presence always had power over her father's mood.

One morning news came that the Errols were returned, and, after a few days, Mrs. Charlton announced her intention of calling on them. Of course Laura naturally expected that she should be included in the party, but her stepmother had willed otherwise.

"Poor Clara must go; Adelaide had met the Errols abroad, and had sent some cameos by Arthur for her mother and Clara."

Arthur had forwarded the cameos to Charlwood at once on his arrival; but there was one mentioned in Adelaide's list which was not in the box, and Clara was so anxious about it, five minutes of explanation would satisfy her more than a hundred notes; besides, she was so delicate, and the drive would do her good. Of course it was quite right, and very nice of Laura, to desire to pay an early visit to her kind friends, but she could go any day, and those two poor old Miss Wrextons had begged almost with tears that Mrs. Charlton would take them the first time she went. Laura knew they had no means of going unless some one took them in that way; and they lived altogether on the annuity allowed them by Mrs. Errol, so that it was of the last importance that they should call without delay. Laura could go any day she pleased; surely she would not be selfish enough to keep those friendless old women from enjoying this nice opportunity.

In short, Laura saw that it was determined she should not go; and she knew by experience that, even should she succeed in getting her own way, "*le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle*," and sadly enough she saw the carriage set off with its load. Mrs. Charlton was a schemer in grain, even when there seemed no appreciable object to be gained, she plotted for the mere love of plotting; but in this instance she had her reasons. Arthur Errol was nearly four-and-twenty, and the best match in the

county; "Clara might——" and so on, through all the pitiful, contemptible speculations of a confirmed matchmaker. Mrs. Errol, disappointed at not seeing her favourite, asked eagerly why she had not come; and although Mrs. Charlton said nothing which could not afterwards be explained away, if need were, yet her manner was intended to convey the impression that Laura had been pressed to come, but had declined to do so. The impression *was* conveyed, but Mrs. Errol, so true and loving herself, explained the girl's unwillingness in this way to her own thoughts: "Poor child! she dreads seeing me for the first time, but it must be got over, and the sooner the better. I shall go to her."

And the very next day she arrived unexpectedly at Charlwood. Mr. Charlton roused himself to welcome his old friend; and when the first emotion was passed, Laura felt happier than she had done since she had last seen Mrs. Errol.

"Let me look at you, Laura," said the lady, pushing back the thick soft hair from Laura's forehead. "I can as yet scarcely realise that you are the little girl I left six years since, you have grown into a woman; but I wish I saw you looking stronger. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"She mopes," replied Mr. Charlton, who was this day in a mood to fall foul of his wife's delicate finessing—her mental corns suffered fearfully when this humour took him. "She sits all the morning teaching those two tiresome children. I'm sure I spend money enough in other ways—a governess might be got; it's not Laura's business."

Mrs. Errol divined something of the truth; she saw an angry red spot on Mrs. Charlton's cheek, and a baleful light in her black eyes, and she felt that tribulation was being prepared for somebody, so she hastened to say, pleasantly, "Laura was always a lazy child; she needs some one to rouse her, and as I allow no inactive people about me, perhaps, Mrs. Charlton, you will kindly lend her to me for a time. I pledge myself to restore her in very different order."

What could Mrs. Charlton say? She extremely disliked giving her consent; but Mrs. Errol was not to be offended, and then the step-mother was quite aware that her consent was by no means necessary, so she gave it with the best grace she could summon on so short a notice. And Mrs. Errol departed, with the understanding that her visitor was to come to her on the next day but one.

Laura was then subjected to some unpleasant treatment. Malicious women have a tremendous power of assault—they can give wounds invisible, but striking deep, and smarting keenly; and some such stabs were dealt to Laura on the departure of her friend, for Mrs. Charlton was very angry indeed. However, Laura felt a new power of resistance, imparted by the happiness she felt at the prospect before her; and not being at all superior to human weaknesses, she allowed Mrs. Charlton to see the faintest shadow of a smile on her face, which, by proving that the girl was unhurt, finished the exasperation of her tyrant. As soon as the ordeal was over, Laura rushed up, two steps at a time, to her own room, where, with quite a new interest in matters of dress, she passed her wardrobe in review. The examination was not satisfactory: several white dresses, more or less dilapidated, a black and white large check, a ditto small check, a grey alpaca, a black silk, all well enough, but not

fresh nor gay—not suitable for Laura's present mood, in short. Her best bonnet! Well! it did not look nice. Other *et cæteras* were similarly unsatisfying, and Laura sat down on her bed to think. The Lenox girls were always well dressed, why was she, her father's own daughter, not in like case? Yes, she had a right to have things proper for her station and years; there was no time to be lost, she would go and speak to her father.

Mrs. Charlton was in her husband's so-called study, standing by the table while he filled up a cheque for her; Laura hesitated for a moment, but the necessity in which she found herself lent her courage, and she went up to her father's side.

"Papa, may I have the ponies and phaeton to-day?"

"I suppose so, dear. Where do you want to go?"

"To Carton."

"Very well, pet. I meant to ride there myself, as I must see Leonard about Howie's farm; but as you are going, I shall drive with you."

"You cannot have the ponies," answered Mrs. Charlton. "Clara has gone to Forest Hill to arrange with the Foresters about the archery fête."

"We can have the open carriage, then," returned Mr. Charlton. "Get your bonnet on, Laura."

"If I may venture to ask a question of so very independent a young lady," interposed Mrs. Charlton, as Laura was moving towards the door, "may I ask what you want in Carton?"

"I want a bonnet, mamma; my old one is not good enough to take to the abbey; and I must have a hat, and a mantle, and two dresses at least."

"Oh!" (with scornful emphasis) "what was good enough for all the country beside, is *not* good enough for Mr. Erroll. I thought as much; people who profess to be better and wiser than their neighbours are only so till a worthy object comes in their way. For my part, I like girls either not to profess more self-renunciation than their neighbours, or else to act up to their professions."

"I do not remember to have professed anything about it, ma'am. I always liked to be well dressed, if——" She was going to add, "if I had had the chance to be so," but stopped herself, and finished her sentence in another way. "But it was not of so much consequence at home as it is now that I am going to visit. If you think I ask for anything I do not really need, perhaps you will come to my room and see my things; or, if you choose, I can have them brought down here."

"Certainly not. I cannot presume to dictate. Your father will, no doubt, agree, as he always does, to your demands."

"I should think so!" he broke in. "Precious few of *her* demands I have had to consider, and, by George! she *shall* be considered. You and *your* daughters have what you please, and *my* girl, now that I look at her, would look like a housemaid, were it not that she is too much of a lady to look otherwise than what she is in any dress. When are we to have luncheon, Mrs. Charlton? Please order it up at once, as we shall not be back till dinner, and it is half-past one."

Mrs. Charlton saw that the squire was "raised," as the Scotch call it, and when he rang, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in half an hour, the lady left the room with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Now, Laura," he said, turning to her when they were alone, "once for all, when you want anything, order it, and have the bills sent to me. People who are no kith and kin of mine dip pretty freely into my pocket, and no leave asked, while you are really shabby. I won't have it so. Quick now, on with your things, and come to the dining-room; I want something to eat, for I made no breakfast, and the carriage will be round before I have finished."

"But, papa, if I want too much, you need only tell me so. Perhaps you cannot afford it."

"Nonsense, child! I should be in a sorry condition, indeed, if your bibs and tuckers were of any moment to me. *They*"—and he motioned his thumb towards the door—"they have been frightfully extravagant, and it was necessary to put a stop to that. Anything in reason I don't mind; but for *you*, Laura—I am a rich man, and all I have, or nearly all, will some day be yours—it is only fitting that you should dress in accordance with your position. I know nothing about these things, but I suppose you know what you ought to have, and let me see you, now and always, have it. Go now, we are losing time."

So Laura furnished herself with a very sufficient and tasteful outfit, and was quite in a pleased flutter over her delicate muslins and pretty silks; and the second day after her purchases were made, her father took her to Feltham Abbey.

Here a new life opened to her. Since she had begun to grow up she had had so little consideration accorded to her, that the distinguishing attention with which she was treated at Feltham was at first bewildering and embarrassing, and then inexpressibly pleasant. Mrs. Errol treated her as if she were her own daughter, and as for Arthur—my dear reader, when I tell you that Arthur was in the throes of first love, and that Laura was his object, you will readily understand *his* behaviour. You will understand it more clearly, perhaps, when you have heard what kind of young man he was.

Tall and slim—too slim for manly vigour, of which there was little about him, mentally or physically—he had the transparent, pure colouring, soft hair, and delicate features of a woman; and womanlike also were his sloping shoulders, and white, beautifully-moulded hands. His tastes and habits partook of the same character; tender-hearted, honest, true, and highly principled, there was still a good deal which marred the completeness of the character. He had been educated at home by a tutor, had known little or nothing of society, and, when he went to Oxford, his habits had been too fully formed to admit of any decided change. He would have made a thoroughly admirable woman, but he was an effeminate, and, at times, a slightly ridiculous man; ridiculous, I say advisedly, because he was vain, not of his position, or wealth, or pretty person, but of his refinement and his accomplishments; and without any very decided talents—those accomplishments were, in truth, varied and delightful. Having lived so much abroad, and dearly loving music, he had had the benefit of the best instruction, and played very sweetly on several instruments, besides singing in a well-cultivated and true, but weak voice. He drew and painted in various styles, and very creditably for an amateur, and he had a studio, where, in a holland blouse, he chipped away at marble and stone, and made copies from grand



antique models. (He made really pretty paper weights, and such trifles.) He was the sort of young man you would not have been surprised to see netting purses, or doing embroidery; but if sometimes one laughed at him, one could not help loving him at the same time, he was so unselfish and kind, so devoted to his mother, and was himself so loving. He wrote verses, and set them to music; the airs were generally sweet and plaintive and the words not very original, but, such as he was, his mother thought him absolutely perfect, and Laura quite agreed with her.

You see the girl had never seen any one like him, and being, as I have said, unaccustomed to attention, was flattered beyond measure at those observances he lavished on her. He was enchanted by Laura's voice, and pleased himself by training it; he rode with her, drove her and his mother in the little park-phaeton to every place of interest or beauty in the neighbourhood; and on all this Mrs. Errol looked with silent, placid delight.

Above all women, she desired Laura for the wife of her darling, and interference was quite unnecessary, for all things were progressing towards the wished-for end, without any help from her. The atmosphere of love and kindness surrounding Laura had a marvellous effect on her; she seemed developing into a new creature, with a sweet, gentle archness, which sat very gracefully on her. She was removed from the constant irritation of her stepmother's petty oppressions, and, above all, she was more at ease about her father, who paid frequent visits to the abbey, and had more of his old self about him, since Mrs. Errol's return, than his daughter had seen for years. The only relapses into reserve and sadness which Laura had, were caused by the appearance of Mrs. Charlton and Clara, who came very often, and were charmingly cordial to all parties. With the tenacity of a bull-dog, Mrs. Charlton still clung to her project for establishing Clara at Feltham; but Arthur showed no inclination to assist in laying the first stone of that *Château en Espagne*, of which the fair Clara and himself were to be joint tenants.

Arthur had a pleasure-boat on the river which bounded one side of his property, and it was his happiness to seat himself beside Laura in the stern, and be rowed (he had too much regard for his hands to take the oars himself) by beds of floating lilies, golden and white, and forests of sighing reeds and sedges, watching the glory of sunset flushing the bright water, and whispering poetry and graceful fancies, and veiled compliments, into his companion's ear.

One evening they had gone farther than usual, and the summer stars and the moon's "slender boat of silver" were shining in the tender blue of the sky, when they landed at the little wharf where the boat usually lay. There was a long mile's walk before them, and the path lay through the woods and young plantations of the wilder parts of the park. Arthur had been unusually personal and tender that evening, and Laura shrank from the long walk home alone with him, for her woman's instinct warned her of an approaching crisis. However, it was not to be avoided, and they set out on their way.

"How quickly you walk, Laura!"

"Yes, the air on the water grows chill at this hour; your mother, too, will be anxious. We are out unusually late."

"Don't be uneasy about her. She knows—that is, she thinks—she

expects, dear Laura—dearest Laura, stay one moment. I must say out what is in my heart.”

And then it was the same old story—old, but ever new, ever beautiful, that was told under the golden summer stars that night.

If Mrs. Errol were troubled about them, her trouble had time either to cool or grow to an alarming height; but I do not think she was very unhappy on their account, for she sat by a bright wood fire, which all summer through she had lighted in a small drawing-room, more especially devoted to her own uses, and her face had a half-sad, half-happy expression, which brightened into a smile as she heard her son's footsteps grinding the gravel of the circular sweep before the door.

The young pair came in. Arthur, radiant, flushed, and happy; Laura, troubled, downcast, and trembling. Mrs. Errol saw all at the first glance, and eagerly advanced to meet them; and Arthur gave his love over to his mother's embrace, and clasping both women in his arms was happy, with a happiness such as loving tender souls like his can fully appreciate.

Mrs. Errol was crying, as women generally do in joy or sorrow; and Laura cried also. I am not quite sure that Arthur's eyes were quite dry. Laura could hardly lift her eyes, and blushes came and went over her sweet pale face, like shadows over a summer field. Arthur and his mother, one on either side of her, to spare her manifest confusion, talked to each other, only occasionally calling on her for a word; and by-and-by came prayer-time, and the servants filed in, orderly and demure, and went out again when the evening devotions were over, without having looked once (so far as could be seen) at the group of their mistress and the young lady on the sofa. But the affair was perfectly well understood in the servants' hall that night, and there was, in consequence, a great deal of simpering and bridling amongst the women; while the men, in the reflected glory of their master's good fortune, waxed consequential and gallant. Meantime, Arthur had bade his mother and Laura good night at the foot of the staircase, and Mrs. Errol attended the girl to her own room, where, when the door was shut on them, there was another accolade, and a few more tears, and then they sat together on the little ehintz couch by the small glowing grate, and Mrs. Errol spoke out her heart.

“My own dear daughter, I have hoped and prayed for this hour, even while I tried, *so hard*, not to set my heart too much on it; but Laura, darling, I know no other girl who would have suited Arthur, and come up to my ideal of a wife for him.”

“Dear, dear Mrs. Errol! how very good you are to me!”

“My child, you were always dear to me, now a thousandfold more so than ever. Ah! how fortunate he is to win the love of the only girl whom he could have chosen! And my daughter, you must not think me over-vain when I say that I think you quite as happy in your choice as he; there is no one like Arthur, so good, so true, so talented and refined—my blessed, precious son!”

“I know well how good he is; too good, too noble for me. I am so young, so ignorant.”

“Darling, he is more than satisfied; and so am I.”

“It is all so strange,” said Laura, putting her little hand to her forehead.

"Yes, love! of course it is; but you will soon grow accustomed to it all. And now, my little daughter, good night, and God bless you! Go to bed, and to sleep, for Arthur has a right to scold now, if you should come down pale and heavy-eyed in the morning."

So, with many more tender kisses, this good woman and sorely-tried mother went to her own chamber, there to rejoice over her boy's happiness, and pray for his welfare, and that of his young love.

And Laura? Well, she sat on like one in a dream, till the fire had sunk low in the grate, and then, as she slowly brushed her brown locks, she tried to realise all that had passed, and to familiarise herself with her new position; still more she tried to understand herself, but how few of us can do that? And she was not of the introspective school of young ladies, being, besides, quite new to this kind of thing, and thus being placed at a sad disadvantage. Her toilet finished, she said her innocent prayers, and went to bed, to go over and over the puzzled entanglement of hopes and doubts and fears which filled her, till sleep came at last.

Yes, she was Arthur Errol's promised wife; but, ah me! she had had her pretty half-childish dreams of a lover, as had "Ellie by the river" in Mrs. Browning's sweet poem, and although Arthur was perfect, yet he was not like the ideal. There was capability for deep passionate love and noble self-sacrifice in her veiled and but half-developed nature; she had thought of love as a power which could make sunshine in darkness, happiness in misery, home in the bleakest, wildest desert, so that the beloved were there. But *her* feeling for Arthur? Ah! that was tame, cold, and commonplace beside the glowing picture she had fancied; but, on the other hand, Arthur was her first lover, and any one who knows anything of the lore of the female human heart will understand that *that* is in itself a strong recommendation to mercy; then she dearly loved him and his mother, and would have suffered much herself rather than cause them pain; and her life as Arthur's wife, as Mrs. Errol's daughter, would be so different to her snubbed, cheerless life at Charlwood, where she was "nobody" in the estimation of all save one old man, who himself was "nobody." She had never seen, never hoped to see, any man so worthy of all love and admiration as this handsome romantic suitor of hers, and all these considerations turned the balance.

She rose next morning with a strange bewildered feeling, and lingered so long before she could resolve to go down, that Mrs. Errol came to fetch her, and Arthur, with "accepted lover" written on his bright face, met them at the door of the breakfast-room. Laura was very silent during the progress of the morning meal, and when it was over, Mrs. Errol bade her son take Laura out, as the morning was so lovely, and she, Mrs. Errol, had accounts to look into with her housekeeper. So Laura got her hat, and the young people (not unmarked by prying eyes from windows, where Jane the housemaid and John the footman stood in ambush) set out on their first properly accredited walk as betrothed lovers.

Laura had no thought as to the direction in which their steps were bent; but Arthur, with the usual cunning of his sex, led her to a bower, or alcove, or summer-house, in a secluded part of the grounds, in truth a somewhat mouldy and earwiggy building, but then it was garlanded with anadian vines and roses and passion-flowers, and commanded a lovely view, and Arthur was romantic. He placed himself on the bench beside

his shy ladye, and again struck up the time-honoured strain ; he told her nothing he had not told her the night before ; but tautology is bearable sometimes, at least if it were not what would become of the world ? She would not let him take her hand, nor would she admit of a still more tender attention he would fain have paid her ; and then he became despairing, and behaved in a manner supremely ridiculous, although Laura was moved to tears by it, and he himself was deeply in earnest. And then Laura spake, like a good pure innocent child as she was ; her heart was troubled as to her right to accept this adoring love without returning an equivalent, and she now told her lover all that was in her mind. He listened, deeply touched, more than ever charmed, and with a half smile on his lips ; and when she had finished, he took both her hands, and said :

"Do you love, or think you could love, any one man you have ever seen better than me, Laura ?"

"No !" (very emphatically.) "Who is like you?"

"Very well ! Now, are you happy with me ? Can you look forward to spending your life with me, and being for me the dearest, most cherished creature in all the world ? Can you think without distaste that you are to be my very own ?"

"An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own," quoted Laura, with an arch light on her face which enraptured Arthur. He insisted on a categorical answer, however, and he got it, and it was "Yes."

"I am happy then," he said, and this time he disregarded any prohibition as to the performance afore-mentioned. "You love no one else, you *do* love me, and by-and-by you will *know* that you love me. My dear, sweet Laura, you cannot yet understand your own feelings, but I am satisfied. My mother is, however, for once preposterous, she insists that we must wait a year before you are to be really mine. Your father must manage that for me, she will listen to him."

"Please no, Arthur. A year is such a short, short time ; and I have had such a long childhood, I must have time to accustom myself to so great a change."

You can see that she was now more at her ease with him, and I dare say the most timid and gentle girl in the world must of necessity become a tyrant when a man grovels in the dust before her and puts her foot on his neck. Laura's tyranny was as yet very mild, but it sufficed to gain her point, and Arthur promised her that he would say no more as to shortening the term of probation.

Yes, Laura was pledged now, and there was nothing for it but to lock away her old imaginings in the dark and dusty lumber-room which most of us keep for such relics. If those phantasies had found a living hero on which to hang themselves, Arthur would have had but a poor chance. As it was, they were but the "opium dreams of too much youth and reading," and being such, they died easily without struggle or moan. Would they ever come to light again ? We shall see perhaps.

# THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Fourth.

### THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES.

#### I.

##### MONCALIERI.

HAD it rested with Bourbon, after the victory of Romagnano he would have followed Bonnivet across the Alps, and invaded France. But the ambitious design was frustrated by the jealousy of Lannoy and Pescara, while Sforza and the other chiefs of the Italian league, perfectly content with the expulsion of the French from Lombardy, declined to engage in a war from which they could derive little advantage, and at once withdrew from the Imperial army.

After pursuing the flying French as far as Susa, Bourbon took the army to Turin, where he was well received by Carlo III., Duke of Savoy. This sovereign, who was nearly related to both the contending powers, being brother-in-law of the Emperor, and uncle to François I., endeavoured, though with imperfect success, to preserve a strict neutrality. He generally inclined towards the winning side, and since at this juncture fortune had declared herself in favour of the Emperor, he veered round in the same direction, and not only allowed the victorious army to encamp near his capital, but gave its leader a most distinguished reception.

Meanwhile, efforts were made by the Pope to bring about peace, and with this view he despatched envoys to Charles V., to François I., and to Henry VIII., proposing a truce for a year, and offering to act as mediator. But the proposition was rejected by the three monarchs. Elated by the success of his army, the Emperor was bent upon fresh conquests, and felt more disposed to invade France than to make peace with its ruler. Henry VIII. was of the same opinion; while François I., exasperated rather than intimidated by the defeat he had just sustained in the Milanese, peremptorily refused to enter into any treaty in which Bourbon should be included.

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In Lannoy and Pescara, as we have intimated, Bourbon had secret enemies, and it was owing to their representations that the invasion of France was delayed. At the instance of the Viceroy of Naples, who had proceeded to Madrid to hold a conference with his Imperial master, Charles V. consented to suspend the execution of his enterprise until the determination of the King of England could be ascertained, and some time elapsed, owing to the intrigues of Wolsey, before Henry VIII. gave his adhesion to the project.

During this long interval, Bourbon remained at Turin, impatiently awaiting the Emperor's decision.

The Imperial army, which now consisted mainly of Spanish soldiers and German *lanz-knechts*, with some few Italian and Swiss mercenaries, was encamped at Moncalieri, a charming village situated on the declivity of a hill, forming part of the beautiful Collina di Torino. A princely habitation, belonging to the Duke of Savoy, crowned the summit of the hill, and here Bourbon resided. From the terraces of the palace of Moncalieri a splendid view was commanded of the Alps, of the rich plains of Lombardy traversed by the Po, and of the fair city of Turin. The sides of the hill were covered with vineyards, in the midst of which rose a few flat-roofed habitations, with a church and a campanile.

At the foot of the hill and extending to the right bank of the river Po, which flowed past it, lay the camp. Its supplies were derived from the numerous villages around it, as well as from the adjacent capital.

Nothing could be more enchanting than the palace of Moncalieri, with its superb saloons, its stately terrace, and exquisite gardens. Yet its delights could not lure Bourbon from the camp, and he spent the greater part of each day in inspecting the troops and practising military manoeuvres. His aim was to win the regard of the soldiers, and in this he completely succeeded. They idolised him, as Bayard had been idolised by the French army.

Of late, the Imperial army had been joined by three leaders of distinction, the Marquis del Vasto, the Comte de Hohenzollern, and the Comte de Lodron. The two latter had been appointed by the Emperor to the command of the *lanz-knechts*. Of the former we must say a few words. Don Alonso Avalos, Marquis del Vasto, was a nephew of the renowned Pescara, and, though barely twenty-one, had already acquired a brilliant military reputation. He deeply regretted that he had not been a sharer in the campaign which had just terminated so gloriously for the Imperialists in the victory of Romagnano. Bourbon, who felt a genuine admiration for the high military qualities of the young marquis, would fain have attached him to his side, but Del Vasto, influenced by Pescara, held himself haughtily aloof. De Hohenzollern and De Lodron, however, manifested no such jealous feelings.

Though considerably reduced by the withdrawal of the Italian troops, the Imperial army still formed a large force, comprising nineteen thousand foot, eleven hundred lances, and fifteen hundred light horse. Of this force the greater part were experienced soldiers, fond of warfare, and ready for any enterprise.

One morning, in the early part of June, Bourbon took a solitary walk upon the terrace of the palace, occasionally glancing down upon the camp, and noting with interest the movements of the soldiers. The atmosphere was so soft and balmy, that it might have tranquillised any breast less troubled than his own. But Nature failed to soothe him then. All her charms were displayed in vain. The glorious picture stretched out before him caught his eye, but did not fix his attention. The mighty Alps were unheeded. Unheeded also was Turin, with its duomo, churches, palaces, and convents, encircled by the Dora and the Po. His thoughts were elsewhere, and his mental gaze was directed towards distant scenes.

He had been some time on the terrace, pacing to and fro, and had just made up his mind to ride down to the camp, when he perceived a party of horsemen ascending the hill. As they came from the direction of Turin, the hope was instantly awakened within his breast that these horsemen might be the long-expected envoys. And so it proved. Presently, a chamberlain came forth and informed him that the ambassadors from the Emperor and from the King of England had arrived, and besought an immediate audience.

Instantly re-entering the palace, Bourbon proceeded to a cabinet, and caused the ambassadors to be brought into his presence. They were announced as the Comte de Beaurain and Doctor Pace. The latter was a man of middle age, and possessed a handsome countenance, marked by great quickness and intelligence, a tall, commanding figure, and a dignified and courteous manner. He was attired in a gown of black velvet, and wore a close coif of the same material on his head. Long residence in Italy had given him something of the look and manner of a native of the country—a resemblance which was heightened by his dark complexion and dark eyes.

Doctor Pace had studied at Padua under the learned Bombasius, and on his return to his own country, being recommended to Cardinal Bainbridge, Archbishop of Canterbury, he accompanied that dignitary to Rome. Subsequently, Doctor Pace was made secretary of state by Henry VIII., and enjoyed in an eminent degree the favour of that capricious monarch. Some few years prior to our history, Pace had been created Dean of Saint Paul's, but he had little opportunity of discharging his ecclesiastical functions, since the chief part of his time was spent abroad. Shortly before Bourbon's defection he had been sent to Venice to nego-

tiate between Charles V. and François I., and his conduct on that occasion established him in the good opinion of his own sovereign. From Venice he proceeded, by Wolsey's directions, to Rome, with the secret object of ensuring the elevation of the ambitious Cardinal to the Papacy. In this he failed, and consequently incurred Wolsey's displeasure. He still, however, retained the king's favour, and was employed by him on the present mission to Bourbon.

Well aware of his distinguished abilities, Bourbon received the English envoy with great consideration, and expressed a lively satisfaction at seeing him as well as the Comte de Beaurain.

"I hope you bring me good tidings, messeigneurs," he said. "But I shall deem nothing good unless you tell me it is agreed that I shall immediately cross the Alps with the army. By Saint Louis! I have tarried here long enough."

"Your highness can scarce complain that you are indifferently lodged," remarked Doctor Pace. "For my own part, I could be content to remain for ever in this delightful palace."

"I will surrender it to you with pleasure," said Bourbon. "But keep me not in suspense. Am I to cross the Alps? Have my royal allies decided to invade France?"

"Such is their determination," replied Beaurain. "And they entrust the command of the enterprise to your highness."

"Thank Heaven for that!" exclaimed Bourbon, joyfully. "Now I can listen patiently to details."

"We have come to propose a new treaty to your highness," pursued Beaurain, "having the same object as the last, which, unfortunately, miscarried—namely, an invasion of France, and a division of the kingdom among the conquerors."

"That is all I desire," replied Bourbon; "but, to ensure entire success, France ought to be simultaneously invaded through Provence, Languedoc, and Picardy. By attacking François at these three points we shall compel him to divide his forces, so that he can offer no effectual resistance. Nevertheless, if it be desired that I should undertake the invasion single-handed, I am ready to do so. Two roads are open to me—one by the Lyonnais, the other by Provence. Lyons is only fortified on one side, and with an adequate force may be easily taken. All the nobles of Dauphiné, Auvergne, and the Bourbonnais will rally round me. Of that I am well assured. But it will be as easy to reach Lyons through Provence as by Dauphiné. The Duke of Savoy will give me a free passage through his states, and supply the army with necessary provisions. In less than a week I can cross the mountains, and then, skirting the sea, make my way to Provence. The Imperial fleet, under the command of the Admiral Ugo de Monçada, is now in the Mediterranean, and will support me during my march along the coast, and furnish



reinforcements in case of need. But I do not think I shall require much help. The castle of Monaco, which, as you are aware, is very strong, and favourably situated for the disembarkation of troops and artillery, will be opened to me by the Bishop of Grasse. From Monaco I will march on along the coast to Marseilles, which I will besiege and take."

"If your highness can take Marseilles, the Emperor will be well content," remarked Beaurain. "He desires to have a port in Provence, as the King of England has a port in Picardy. With Marseilles, Genoa, and Barcelona, he would have the command of the Mediterranean."

"His desire shall be gratified," returned Bourbon. "Marseilles will not long hold out when I appear before it. Three cannon-shot from the heights will bring forth the timorous citizens, key in hand, and cord round the neck—suppliant for mercy, and willing to accept any terms."

"Your highness makes light of the matter," observed Beaurain, smiling. "I trust I may be wrong, but I do not think Marseilles will be easily taken. It has been put in a perfect state of defence by Renzo da Ceri, who has been there ever since he surrendered Lodi. The Imperial fleet, under Admiral Monçada, will render you all possible assistance, and will transport your artillery from Genoa to Monaco, but you must not forget that our bitter enemy, Andrea Doria, with his galleys has recently joined the French squadron, now cruising in the Mediterranean, and may give us much trouble. Tidings have just reached me that the valiant young Prince of Orange, who had sailed in a brigantine from Barcelona to Genoa to join our army, has been captured by Doria."

"What do I hear? the Prince of Orange captured!" exclaimed Bourbon. "That is a heavy loss indeed. No braver or better captain than Philibert de Chalon can be found. He would have been my right hand in the proposed expedition."

"Are we to understand that your highness agrees to the terms of the new treaty?" demanded Beaurain.

"Let me hear them once more, and you shall have an answer," said the duke.

"First then, as regards your highness," rejoined Beaurain. "It is agreed that, on the conquest of France, if haply such shall be the result of the expedition, you shall be put in possession, not only of the provinces heretofore belonging to you, and of which you have been unjustly deprived by François I., but of those to which you lay claim—namely, Provence and Dauphiné. And the Emperor undertakes to erect these provinces into a kingdom, of which your highness shall be sovereign."

"So far good," said Bourbon, well pleased.

"The remainder of France," pursued Beaurain, "is to be divided between the Emperor and the King of England."

"To that I raise no objection," remarked Bourbon.

"I have now an observation to make," said Doctor Pace. "It is expressly stipulated by my royal master that he shall assume the title of King of France, to which realm he has all along laid claim, and shall be so recognised by your highness."

"Henry become King of France!—that cannot be!" cried Bourbon. "The stipulation was proposed to me at Montbrison, and I then refused it."

"Things have greatly changed since then," said Pace. "My royal master peremptorily requires that your highness shall swear fidelity to him, and pay him homage as King of France."

"Were I to take the oath you propose," rejoined Bourbon, "the Pope would infallibly declare himself against us, and I should alienate all the French nobility, who would shrink from me, and join the hostile standard. If the oath of fealty must be taken, let it be deferred till the conquest has been achieved."

"It cannot be deferred," said Doctor Pace. "The king my master is obstinate, as you know. Unless your highness consents, he will assuredly take no part in the invasion."

"Nay, then, I must yield," said Bourbon. "But I do so with great reluctance."

"I do not discern the dangers which your highness seems to apprehend," remarked Beaurain. "After all, it is a small price to pay for a kingdom."

"What assistance will the king render me?" asked Bourbon of the English envoy.

"He will contribute a hundred thousand ducats towards the payment of the army as soon as your highness shall have crossed the Alps," replied Pace, "and thenceforward will continue to furnish a like sum monthly, till the object of the expedition be accomplished. His majesty is making active preparations for a descent upon Picardy, and is sending a prodigious number of soldiers, both horse and foot, to Dover, to be transported thence to Calais, where they will join the Burgundian cavalry and the Flemish lansquenets. When required, this army will march into the heart of France."

"On the part of the Emperor," added Beaurain, "I am empowered to furnish you with two hundred thousand ducats, to be employed in payment of the arrears due to the troops. The expedition, therefore, can be undertaken without delay."

"I will set forth at once," said Bourbon, joyfully. "Preparations shall be made for our immediate departure. Come with me to the camp. Your presence will be desirable while I lay the plan before the generals."

The party then quitted the cabinet, and, mounting their steeds, rode down the hill to the camp. On arriving there, Bourbon summoned all the principal leaders to his tent, and informed them that an immediate invasion of France had been determined upon.

The announcement, which was confirmed by the two ambassadors, was received with enthusiasm by the Counts de Hohenzollern and De Lodron, but very coldly by Pescara and the young Marquis del Vasto.

"Let those go who list," said Pescara, haughtily. "I have no desire to take part in the expedition."

"Neither have I," added Del Vasto.

"I counsel you to think twice ere you withdraw from it, my lords," said Beaurain. "The Emperor will be highly displeased."

"They will scarcely withdraw from an expedition which must infallibly cover them with glory," said Bourbon. "Hear me, marquis," he added to Pescara. "The supreme command of the army rests with me, but as I desire to have the full benefit of your great military skill, I appoint you captain-general of the entire forces."

"Nay, my lord, this is more than I merit," said Pescara.

"Not so, marquis," said Bourbon. "I am rejoiced to be able to evince my sense of your valour and skill. It gratifies me also that I can prove the estimation in which I hold the military talents of your distinguished nephew. Marquis del Vasto," he added, turning to the young nobleman, "I appoint you captain-general of the Spanish forces. You will be next in command to your renowned uncle."

"I trust I shall not disgrace the appointment, my lord," said Del Vasto, bowing.

"No fear of that," rejoined Bourbon. "And now, messeigneurs," he added to the assemblage, "give heed, I pray you, to what I am about to say. With your aid, and with the aid of the brave army under my command, I will strive to wrest the crown of France from the unworthy monarch who now wears it, and place it on the head of Henry VIII. of England, to whom, in your presence, I solemnly plight fealty and homage."

All bowed as the words were uttered, and immediately afterwards the assemblage broke up.

Orders were then issued by sound of trumpet throughout the camp that the army would march towards France on the morrow.

## II.

### THE CASTLE OF MONACO.

ACCUSTOMED to active warfare, and delighting in it, the soldiers of the Imperial army were well pleased to learn that they were to start on a fresh expedition, and their satisfaction was by no means diminished when they received their arrears of pay. On all hands, preparations were made for the march. The artillery, which would have greatly impeded the passage of the troops over

the Alps, was sent on to Genoa, to be conveyed thence by the Spanish fleet to Monaco.

Next morning, tents were struck, and shortly afterwards the whole of the well-disciplined host was in motion. Bourbon, with the two ambassadors, remained for a day at Turin, to take leave of the Duke of Savoy, and then following the army, overtook it at Cuneo.

The Alps were crossed by the Col di Tenda, and the passage being at that time free from snow, no difficulty was experienced. Making his way by Giandola and Sospello, Bourbon arrived at the little village of Turbia, situated in the mountains, behind Monaco, with his army in excellent condition and in high spirits, on the eighth day after leaving Moncalieri.

A magnificent prospect was offered to the soldiers as they quitted Turbia, where they had halted for the night, and descended towards the coast. Before them lay the whole of that superb bay, extending from Mentone to Cape Sant' Ospizio, in the midst of which stood Monaco, with its haughty castle. Smooth almost as a mirror on that beautiful summer morning, the blue Mediterranean spread out like a lake, with a few small vessels becalmed in the offing. If Bourbon and his host contemplated this striking picture with admiration, they themselves were regarded with equal interest by the inhabitants of the town of Monaco, and by the soldiers of the garrison. The descent of the army from the mountains formed a very striking spectacle, and as battalion after battalion came in sight, their burnished arms glittering in the sun, the admiration of the beholders rose to enthusiasm.

Situated on a lofty headland jutting into the sea, the Castle of Monaco reared its proud towers as if in defiance of any foe. So strongly was it built, and so well fortified, that it was deemed impregnable. Whether facing sea or land, its battlements bristled with ordnance of formidable size. A lovely bay formed a safe and commodious harbour for friendly shipping. Though of no great size, Monaco was the capital of a small sovereignty, and was nominally ruled over by Prince Onorio Grimaldi, the descendant of an illustrious Genoese family. Nominally ruled over, we say, because Onorio was still of tender years, and the government of the petty principality was entrusted to his uncle, the Bishop of Grasse, between whom and Bourbon a very friendly feeling subsisted.

As Bourbon approached Monaco, the Bishop of Grasse, accompanied by his nephew, the young Prince Onorio Grimaldi, a very handsome stripling of some thirteen or fourteen years, came forth with a large attendance of richly-attired esquires and gentlemen to meet him. Courteously greeting the duke, the bishop placed the castle at his disposal, and the young prince gracefully seconded his uncle's proposition.

Bourbon gladly accepted the proffered hospitality, and he and all the principal leaders of the army were lodged within the

castle, and sumptuously entertained. The camp was pitched on the farther side of the Bay of Monaco, about a league from the town.

Nearly a week had elapsed since Bourbon's arrival at Monaco, and no tidings having been heard of the Spanish fleet, which was to bring the artillery from Genoa, he began to fear that some disaster had happened, especially as it was known that Andrea Doria and the French fleet under La Fayette had left Marseilles, and were cruising about in the Mediterranean. However, as for several days a dead calm had prevailed, the slow progress of the ships could be easily accounted for.

At last the wished-for breeze sprang up. The smooth blue expanse became ruffled, and the wind being favourable, the fleet might be speedily expected.

One morning, Bourbon, accompanied by Pescara and Del Vasto, and followed by a troop of two hundred mounted Spanish arquebusiers, was riding from the Castle of Monaco to the camp, when, perceiving several vessels in the distance, he halted to look at them, feeling sure they must be the expected squadron. He was right in the supposition; but his satisfaction was speedily damped, when it became manifest that the ships were being chased by a hostile fleet far their superior in number, and were making all possible sail to place themselves under the protection of the guns of the Castle of Monaco. But it was doubtful whether they could accomplish their object. Clearly they were pursued by Andrea Doria, and in him, as Bourbon and Pescara well knew, they had to deal with one of the most resolute and skilful naval captains of the age.

For a short time, the ships on either side, pursued and pursuers, seemed to maintain their relative distances, being more than half a league apart, and a strong hope was felt by the beholders that the former would escape. But this impression was shaken when it became manifest that the French were gaining upon the fugitives, the still freshening breeze aiding their efforts.

It was with indescribable rage and mortification that Bourbon witnessed this scene. Though he felt that Monçada was unable to cope successfully with a fleet greatly superior to his own in number, and that he therefore acted prudently in avoiding an engagement which might probably result in his own discomfiture, and in the loss of the artillery and stores he was bringing for the Imperial army, Bourbon could not constrain himself, but gave loud utterance to his wrath, and Pescara was scarcely less indignant.

The foremost of the French fleet had now got so much nearer the Spaniards, that deeming they were within range they fired a few guns at the latter, but the shots fell short, and the discharge was not replied to by the fugitives, who pressed on as swiftly as they could. All the ships were now dashing quickly through the

waves, and the chase was watched with the keenest interest, not only by Bourbon and those with him, but by hundreds of spectators collected on the walls of the city, along the harbour, and on the battlements of the castle.

On the towers and ramparts the cannoniers were at their post, match in hand, and, with shotted guns, ready to fire upon the French fleet should they venture within range.

The chase had now reached its highest point of excitement, and in a few minutes more the fate of the Spanish fleet must be decided. More guns were fired at them by the foe, but though some of the shots struck, little mischief was done, and the fugitives still held on their way. The French, however, continued to gain upon them, and so critical had become their position, that Bourbon, and almost all the others who looked on, had given them up for lost, when, contrary to all expectation, their escape was ensured by a manœuvre of Doria, whose galley, as could be discerned from the broad flag floating at its stern, was foremost in pursuit.

Having come up with the fleet, Doria dashed among them, and turning three galleys out of their course, got between them and Monaco. Feeling sure that these luckless galleys would be captured, Doria directed his attention to the other ships, and poured a broadside into the vessel nearest him. But he failed to disable her, and with her companions she got safe under the castle guns, which were instantly opened upon her pursuer with such effect as to check his further advance. Ere many minutes more the Spanish fleet, which had sustained little damage, entered the harbour amid the shouts and congratulations of the beholders, while the hostile squadron was kept aloof by the guns of the fortress.

Meanwhile, the three galleys intercepted by Doria did their best to escape, and giving up all idea of gaining the harbour, made for the nearest point that could be reached. This was on the farther side of the bay, near Roccabruna, and too far off to be protected by the castle guns. Though closely pursued by the French fleet, the three galleys were here run ashore, and abandoned by their officers and crews.

Bourbon was infuriated at the sight.

"It were a shame and dishonour to the Emperor, as well as a grievous loss to the army, if those galleys should fall into the hands of the enemy!" he exclaimed. "Their capture must be prevented. Come with me. Not a moment must be lost."

Followed by Pescara and Del Vasto and the troop of arquebusiers, Bourbon galloped as fast as his charger could carry him towards the spot where the galleys had been run ashore. It was not far distant, and he reached it before the boats sent by Doria to take possession of their prizes could come up. Instantly dismounting, he ordered a third of the arquebusiers to follow him, and springing on board the most exposed of the galleys, prepared for

its defence. His example was followed by Pescara and Del Vasto, each of whom took possession of a galley, accompanied by a party of arquebusiers.

Ere long an attempt was made by three large boats, each containing twenty well-armed men, to seize the galley on which Bourbon was stationed; but so murderous was the fire of the arquebusiers, and such havoc was made by Bourbon himself, that, after sustaining heavy loss, the assailants were compelled to desist. An equally gallant resistance was made by Pescara and Del Vasto, and after a sharp conflict, which endured for nearly an hour, several boats were sunk and the others driven off, with the loss of the greater part of their crews.

During this conflict, the French fleet had not used their guns, fearing to injure their own men, but as soon as the boats moved off they opened fire. However, they failed to dislodge Bourbon and the other generals, and at last, finding the attempt to capture the galleys hopeless, Doria and La Fayette sailed off.

### III.

#### HOW BOURBON WAS PROCLAIMED COMTE DE PROVENCE.

OWING to this bold achievement, Bourbon lost none of his artillery and stores, and quitting Monaco, where he had sojourned for nearly three weeks, commenced his march along the coast. He was still accompanied by the Comte de Beaurain and Doctor Pace. The route now taken by the army offered enchanting views of the Mediterranean. Gigantic aloes, cactuses, and pomegranates, skirted the road. Orange-groves, vineyards, and well-stocked orchards, everywhere delighted the eye.

The heat being excessive, the men rested during the middle of the day in some well-chosen spot where they could find shelter from the blazing sun beneath the plane-trees, and refresh themselves with good wine and delicious fruits.

It was at early dawn when Bourbon, after quitting Villa-Franca, stationed himself on a rocky point to gaze at the lovely bay which spread out before him, with the fair city of Nice in its centre. The view both on land and sea was magnificent. The surface of the Mediterranean was dyed with a thousand lovely hues, bordered from the blushing sky. Forests of olives covered the whole face of the country, while nearer the coast, on the sides of the hills, were vineyards and orange-groves. Lemon-trees and carob-trees likewise abounded. It was literally a land flowing with oil and wine.

But Bourbon's view did not rest either upon the glowing sea or on the teeming country, but passed over the rapid Var into the

delicious region beyond it. There lay the garden of France, rich in vineyards and olive-groves, and boasting cities and villages asauteous as those he now gazed upon. There lay Provence, the land of the troubadour and the minstrel, and whose charms of scenery and climate even poets could not overrate. There lay the choicest portion of his future kingdom, and the moment was at hand when he was to take possession of it.

He was recalled from the reverie into which he had fallen by the approach of Pomperant and Lurey, who rode up to him. For some time we have not found occasion to allude to these faithful adherents, but we may mention that not only the two young seigneurs in question, but all the other noble gentlemen who had accompanied Bourbon in his flight from France, had attended him throughout the campaign in the Milanese, and shared with him the dangers and glories of the battle of Romagnano. Neither did they shrink from the present expedition. The period had not arrived when their leader could fully requite their devotion, but he hoped ere long to do so. Let us also mention that Bourbon still retained in his service the faithful Hugues.

"I see whither your gaze is directed, my lord, and can guess the thoughts that occupy your mind," remarked Pomperant, as he rode up. "'Tis a lovely region, that of Provence—an earthly paradise—and it will pain François to lose it."

"Yet he makes not an effort to check the invasion," remarked Bourbon. "There is no army to oppose our progress. The conquest will be too easy. By-and-by I will rouse him from his dreams of pleasure, and force him to give me battle. But let us on. I am impatient to set foot in France."

After halting at the charming city of Nice, and crossing the headlong Var, Bourbon entered Provence with his army. His progress was wholly unimpeded. Marching on through a delightful district to Antibes, he took possession of that little seaport, and proceeded to Grasse.

As he advanced, the country seemed to increase in beauty. The hills were clothed with groves of ilex, arbutus, and myrtle, and the cork-tree flourished in more exposed places. Aloes and cactuses fringed the shore, and olives and vines, figs and mulberries, struggled for mastery on the plains.

Bourbon prevented his army from committing any kind of excess, and though the purpose of his invasion was well understood, the peasants and the inhabitants of the towns did not fly at his approach, but received him joyfully. From Grasse he proceeded to Cannes, with its beautiful bay, and the lovely group of islands, with fort, convent, and church, that face it.

Again marching along a coast of almost unrivalled beauty, and boasting an aqueduct and many other Roman remains, he reached Frejus, and then turning inland, summoned the important town of Draguignan to surrender. The mandate was instantly obeyed,



and he entered the town without striking a blow, and was received with all honour by the authorities.

Having taken Hyères, Brignolles, and Tourves, he pursued his march towards Aix, the ancient capital of Provence, and renowned for its fêtes and tournaments in the days of Raimond Beranger and the good René d'Anjou.

As Aix was occupied by a considerable force under the Maréchal de la Palisse, it might have been thought that he would here experience a check, especially as the ancient city was strongly fortified; but as he advanced towards it from Trets, whence he had despatched Pomperant with a guard to summon it to surrender, La Palisse, unwilling to hazard a siege, withdrew his forces, and retired to Avignon.

When Bourbon, therefore, came within a couple of leagues of the capital of Provence, he encountered a large band of citizens, who had come thus far to meet him. At the head of the troop were the Sire de Prat, viguier, or provost of the city, and all the chief magistrates.

Dismounting from their steeds, these important personages, who were attired in their robes of office, bent the knee humbly before Bourbon, and the viguier presented him with the keys of the city.

Bourbon received their submission very graciously, assured them that their city should be respected, and that he came as a liberator and not as an oppressor. This welcome announcement was received with acclamations by the troop of citizens, who shouted loudly, "Vive Bourbon!"

Attended by the viguier and the magistrates, Bourbon rode on through plantations of almond-trees, olive-groves, and vineyards, to the beautiful city of Aix.

As he approached, the bells were rung joyously, peals of ordnance were fired from the walls, and from the gates, which were thrown wide open, issued crowds to give him welcome.

Bourbon, of course, took possession of the city, and placed a strong force in its garrison, and on its towers and fortifications, but the army was encamped outside the walls.

Next day, mass was celebrated in the noble old cathedral of Saint Sauveur, at which Bourbon, Pescara, and all the other generals, with the two ambassadors, assisted. The duke then proceeded to the ancient palace of King René, and, in the presence of the viguier and the magistrates, assumed the title of Comte de Provence, and received their homage.

Proclamation of the title was subsequently made by sound of trumpet in all the principal places of the city, and the announcement was received with enthusiastic cries of "Vive Bourbon! Vive le Comte de Provence!"

For three days great rejoicings were held in Aix, and the good old times of Raimond Beranger and King René seemed to be revived. Banquets and fêtes were given in the palace in ho-

nour of the new Comte de Provence. Jousts and floral games were held in a plain outside the walls, at which the fair dames of Aix assisted. Troubadours sang their lays; and merry dances were executed by sprightly youths and dark-eyed damsels. In all the neighbouring villages there was revelry and rejoicing—

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.

#### IV.

##### SHOWING HOW MARSEILLES WAS FORTIFIED.

BOURBON was still at Aix, when a messenger arrived from Charles V. enjoining him to lay immediate siege to Marseilles. Thus compelled to forego his design of marching upon Lyons, he summoned a council of the leaders of the army, and acquainted them with the message he had just received from the Emperor.

"I once affirmed to the Comte de Beaurain," he said, "that three cannon-shot would suffice to bring the citizens of Marseilles to my feet. But I have seen cause to change my opinion. The Seigneurs Pomperant and Lurcy have examined the city carefully, and they report that its defences are exceedingly strong, and are rapidly being augmented by Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion, to whom the command of the garrison has been entrusted. Aided by the chief commissary, Mirandel, Renzo da Ceri has made immense preparations for the defence. Two convents and three churches, which might have assisted the assault, have been pulled down; and the faubourgs and all the pleasure-houses built outside the city on the east and north have likewise been levelled."

"And do the inhabitants second these efforts?" demanded Pescara. "If so, they resemble not the good citizens of Aix, who have declared themselves so heartily in our favour."

"The citizens of Marseilles are determinately hostile both to the Emperor and myself, and have vowed to burn the place rather than surrender it," replied Bourbon. "They boast of their attachment to the crown of France, though Provence has only been forty years annexed to the kingdom. The whole population, it appears, assisted in the demolition of the convents, churches, and bastides, and they all seem animated by a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm. I have not been able to ascertain the precise strength of the garrison, but I know it amounts to full four thousand men, a fourth of which consists of cavalry, and the rest of foot soldiers. Renzo da Ceri brought all his best men-at-arms from Lodi, and Chabot de Brion was accompanied by three hundred arquebusiers. In addition to these, eight thousand of the citizens, inflamed by patriotic ardour, have formed themselves into train-bands. Thus you see what we have to expect. The defenders of Marseilles are well supplied

with artillery and munitions of war, and possess some cannon of large size. As to supplies, they can easily obtain them, since the port is defended by the French fleet under Doria and La Fayette. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, I make no doubt we shall speedily reduce the city. To-morrow I will go and reconnoitre it, and I will pray you, my lords," he added to Pescara and Del Vasto, "to accompany me. We will take a sufficient force with us, and the main body of the army will follow."

This plan being agreed upon, the council broke up.

Next morning Bourbon, at the head of two thousand Spanish soldiers, attended by Pescara and Del Vasto, together with Pomperant and Lurcy, quitted Aix and proceeded towards Marseilles.

Night had fallen as the generals drew near the beautiful city they intended to besiege, and quitting their escort, they mounted to the summit of the steep rocky hill, called the Montagne de la Vierge-de-la-Garde, crowned by a small chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. A full moon shed down her radiance on the city, enabling them to survey it almost as perfectly as by daylight.

To those unacquainted with Marseilles, it may be proper to mention that it is surrounded by hills, which rise behind it in the form of an amphitheatre. A large natural basin, capable of holding a vast number of ships of the largest size, and from its position perfectly sheltered, forms the harbour, the entrance being so narrow, that, at the period of our history, it was secured by a thick chain, suspended from rock to rock. Further protection was afforded by the guns of the Castle of Saint Jean, placed on a rock on the north of the harbour. Outside is a small group of islands, on one of which stood a fort. Between these islands and the harbour lay the French fleet.

Very beautiful was the appearance of the city on that bright moonlight night—the vine-clad hills—the old walls and towers encircling the quaint houses—the noble basin with its shipping—the rocks so nearly approaching each other that they seemed almost to shut in the harbour—the group of islands outside, with the fleet at anchor near them—the beautiful curves of the coast—the wide expanse of the sea glittering like silver—all formed a ravishing picture. But the attention of those who gazed upon it was solely directed to the defences of the city, and to the discovery of its weak points. They saw where the churches and convents had been demolished by Mirandel, and where the faubourgs and bastides had been pulled down, and acknowledged the wisdom of the proceeding. They also perceived to what extent the walls and fortifications had been strengthened, and the moat widened by Renzo da Ceri.

Little is left of the Marseilles of the sixteenth century. The coast and pride of the existing city, the unequalled Rue de la

Cannebière, was then unbuilt, and its site was little better than a marsh. The ancient city was defended on the land side by high walls, flanked by bastions, and garnished with eight towers, the chief of which, called the Tower of Saint Paul, protected the *Porte de la Joliette*. The walls were surrounded by a wide deep ditch, supplied from the sea, and the gates were approached by drawbridges. All the more exposed of these gates were now filled up with masonry, and the others rendered unassailable by external and internal works. Towers, bastions, and battlements, bristled with ordnance. On a mound in the midst of the city, crowned by three windmills, cannon of large size were placed. Cannon also had been hoisted on the steeple of the Cathedral de la Major, on a tower constructed on the hill overlooking the city on the north, and on the clock-tower near the fountains of the *Accoules*.

All these formidable preparations were carefully noted by Bourbon and Pescara, who consumed the whole night in the inspection. Both agreed that if those in command were vigorously seconded by the inhabitants, the city might hold out for a long period.

The result of the examination of the defences was that they were least strong at an angle where the ramparts were flanked by the old tower of Saint Paul, which did not appear in very good condition, while within the walls stood the palace of the Bishop of Marseilles and the old church of Saint Cannat. It was towards this weak point, which occupied a space of some thousand yards, that Bourbon resolved to direct the main attack.

Dawn was at hand by the time the two generals had completed their survey. Just then the sudden and violent ringing of alarm-bells from tower and steeple, followed by the sound of trumpet and drum, proclaimed that the guardians of the city had become aware that the foe was at hand.

Heedless of these sounds, Bourbon and Pescara, and those with them, remained on the heights until a sortie was made from the *Porte d'Aix* by a large force of cavalry, numbering about fifteen hundred men, and headed by Renzo da Ceri. They then descended to their escort, whom they had left on the farther side of the hill on the road from Aix.

When Renzo da Ceri came in sight of Bourbon and his troop, and found that the force was greater than his own, he hesitated to make the attack, and eventually galloped back to the city.

He was hotly pursued by Bourbon and Pescara, who, despite the cannonade directed against them from the towers, bastions, and battlements, followed him to the gate whence he had issued, and only withdrew because the drawbridge was raised.

## CHERBOURG.

AFTER THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE inventions of science transform the modern world without noise, and almost imperceptibly. Let us suppose ourselves (says M. Théophile Gautier) in 1813, at the epoch of the flooding of the inner port of Cherbourg, excavated by order of Napoleon I., and desirous of being present at the ceremony. No railroad, no steam-boats; the classical diligence, or, if you prefer it, the post-chaise, the only means of transport. Add to this all the carriages, carts, and waggons of every description, susceptible of movement, and of being dragged by any kind of quadruped, and calculate how many persons could be conveyed thither. In the present day, nothing is easier than to transport in a single day, from the centre of France to one of its extremities, a hundred thousand sight-seers. It is a mere question of multiplying the trains and the number of carriages. Such a thing would have seemed to be utterly chimerical at the commencement of the present century.

We never could have dreamt that so many travelling-bags and portmanteaus were in existence. On the day of departure and on the preceding days, they were accumulating in pyramids—nay, mountains—at the station of the “West,” where cabs were arriving one after the other, as if for a ball.

What a crowd, what a tumult, what a bustle! And yet every one of these packages had its ticket and its number, and they were being wheeled away with unheard-of rapidity.

When the opening of the doors allowed the ocean of excursionists to pour into the station, the very first wave filled a train, which was itself of so great a length that it constituted a journey to go from one end to the other. There were human beings enough to people a town.

A second train was forthwith organised, in which our traveller, tourist, and feuilletonist, obtained a seat. It was, he says, as long as that which had preceded it; and most assuredly the whole fleet of the Greeks starting for Troy conveyed fewer Achæans, with long hair and lustrous helmets, than that succession of boxes bore away of Parisians in Panama hats and summer paletots.

The population of Mantes were busy preparing a tent for the reception of the Emperor. It was of crimson velvet, relieved with golden embroidery and garlands of flowers. Around were trophies, not of arms, but of railway implements. But the train went onwards. It was long since the sketches of Roberts, Prout, and Bonnington had made M. Gautier wish to see St. Peter's of Caen. He had been in Spain, in Africa, in Turkey, but he had never been to Caen. All England has, he says, been there, but it requires to be a stranger to appreciate a country.

At the station at Caen, M. Théophile Gautier was much struck with a lofty chimney attached to steam-works, and which he declares to contain the rudiments of that new architecture which is seeking so painfully and so laboriously its new forms. More lofty than the obelisk of Luxor,

this chimney, constructed of white and red bricks, is surmounted by a kind of capital, which makes it resemble a column of an unknown order, which may be designated as the "Industrial." It is thus that a new style of architecture, he argues, will arise from the new demands of the day, and not from mingling, right or wrong, the styles of all epochs.

Inscriptions and transparencies, with scaffoldings and balconies to let, announced that the town was preparing to receive majesty. A triumphal arch was carried across the main street. It was a felicitous mixture of the arches of Titus and of Septimus Severus. Why, asks M. Gautier, are not edifices about to be constructed tried first after this plan? Irreparable errors would not then remain to be regretted. But imagine the expenses of an experimental wooden National Gallery, and the discordancy of national criticism previous to its being constructed in brick or stone?

Caen, according to our art-critic, presents nothing particular to contemplate: it is an old city with a new face, mediæval structures are still to be met with, but not in sufficient numbers to give a tone to the place. The red cap—"the Norman degeneration of the Phrygian cap, which on the head of Paris seduced Helena"—is, however, still to be seen.

A friend had retained a room at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and, notwithstanding various rumours that were current of there not being a fowl within a circuit of ten leagues, of the buffet at the station having been stormed and devastated, of an omelet protected by four scullions, and of four fusiliers mounting guard over a fricandeau, our traveller declares that he fared well.

If the stranger is desirous of seeing St. Peter's at Caen in all its beauty, he must place himself on the other side of the rivulet which bathes its outer walls. There is a stone there on which all "acquarellists" have by turns taken their seats. (See *Landscape Annual*.) The rich Gothic, mingled with Renaissance of the cathedral, has an additional effect given to it by the mass of irregular, disorderly old houses, with projecting upper stories and broken outline of roofs, as also by the brook itself, the course of which is obstructed by stones, and its bed surmounted by a low vaulted bridge. M. Gautier is one of those who would not remove the excrescences in stones which are so generally grouped around old Gothic monuments, just as gigantic toadstools fix themselves to the base of an old oak-tree. Convert that rivulet, he says, into a regular canal, tumble down these old houses, and erect new ones at a suitable distance, and St. Peter's of Caen will remain a fine specimen of mediæval architecture, but no artist will ever afterwards raise his umbrella on the opposite bank. That which stands good of the Gothic does not obtain with regard to the Greek. The one affects the pointed, the other the horizontal form. The latter requires to be detached—nay, more, it requires rock for a contrast, as at Athens and in Sicily, as we have ourselves before expounded. Saint Stephen's of Caen is, according to our critic, notwithstanding its Anglo-Norman outline, cold, naked, and Protestant looking, but the design is bold and pure. M. Gautier saw here, what he says is no longer to be witnessed in Paris, where religion is not permitted to leave its sanctuary (what of the consecration of the Eagles?), the Holy Sacrament borne in procession to a moribund. Nay, the procession, headed by the little choristers with their incense-vases, was protected by two soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Trains of exceeding length continued to transport whole populations, which did not prevent a crowd of disappointed applicants for seats being left behind at the station. Yet at every moment the telegraph sounded its little bell, proclaiming the advent of a train. Thanks to this electric courier, whose swiftness nothing surpasses, the formidable horses of steel and copper, fed with fire and boiling water, could be allowed to gallop away without any accident coming to cast a gloom over the fête. "Cantonnières" in short petticoats and blue blouses, tightened with a leather waistband, head-dress of varnished leather, and a horn slung to their sides, acted as signalmen. Women, M. Gautier says, are well adapted for such employment; they do not get sleepy and intoxicated, and they see and hear better than men. It is well to make a convenience out of a necessity. The men being for the most part decorated with red nether-garments, the women have to be put into blouses and leather hats.

M. Gautier seems to have been determined upon trying if he could not be as long in getting to Cherbourg by train as if he had gone by diligence, so he got out again at Bayeux, the view of which place, as seen from the station, struck him forcibly. A magnificent cathedral, with two pointed steeples and a tower at the intersection of the transept and the nave, as at Burgos, rose superbly over the houses, fluttering with flags and banners. There was no possibility of resisting a cathedral, and the day was passed in exploring that of Bayeux. The clerical element is strong in this town. The cathedral overshadows the houses. The grass grew in the streets, although sanded for the fête. There were few shops, but many long garden walls. An ecclesiastical repose reigned everywhere, and priests flitted about as at Rome. An almost solitary sign-board recorded that the tenant was one "Manuel, Coupeur de Soutanes." "Tossed about," says Théophile, "like a straw in the Parisian whirlpool, we have often said that Time no longer existed, save in gilt bronze on old clocks. Time does exist; we found it at Bayeux in a very good state of preservation, considering its age."

The cathedral, as usual, fronts a "petite place." It has five porches, three of which alone are pierced for doorways. Two of these porches are richly decorated, especially with statues, representing the dramas of the Passion and of the Last Judgment. It was impossible to explore the interior satisfactorily; it was undergoing repairs, so urgent, that if delayed a little longer, there was every possibility of the edifice sinking bodily. The choir is Gothic, but the nave is Roman. Among the artistic curiosities which most struck our virtuoso, was an ancient sculpture coarsely coloured, representing the litanies of the Virgin in a manner which reminded him of the genealogical trees of Christ in Spanish churches. The Eternal Father was represented at the top unfolding a banner, on which was inscribed *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te*. Around, were Abraham, Elias, Isaiah, David, Solomon, and Ahas. In the centre, the litanies sculptured in relief, the rising sun, Jacob's ladder, the gates of heaven, the star of the sea, the full moon, the tree of life, the root of Jesse, the rose without thorns, the temple of Solomon, the tower of David, the well of water, the vase of incense, the fleece of Joshua, the fountain of graces, and the celestial city. There were also medallions, representing subjects taken from the bestiaries of the middle ages, pre-

cisely similar to what are found on the casket of St. Louis, and belonging to the eleventh or twelfth century. There were hunters conquering the lion, panthers chasing hydrae, and other allegories of faith triumphing over infidelity. One subject was supposed to represent Moses, attacked, after the Oriental legends, by leprosy, elephantiasis, or some other Biblical infirmity, and miraculously cured. One of the arcades was surrounded by a string of heads, or rather masks, which by their extravagance and monstrous ugliness appeared to have been copied from Mexican idols or the Manitoes of the South-Sea Islanders.

The crypt was of the purest Roman style, and served as a mausoleum for the bishops of Bayeux. In the chapter-room, a casket is preserved which contains the cope of Saint Regnabert. It is a marvellous piece of workmanship in ivory of Oriental carving, apparently brought over by the Crusaders, and upon it is an Arabic inscription: "In the name of Allah, the all-merciful, blessings and grace to all."

Every one has heard of the Bayeux tapestry. According to M. Gautier, the so-called tapestry of Queen Matilda is an embroidery of coloured wool upon white linen or canvas. It is preserved in a glass case, and our traveller pertinently remarks what a strange thing it is, that whilst so many solid edifices have fallen to the ground, this frail piece of royal workmanship should have been handed down perfect amidst all kinds of vicissitudes and revolutions. A bit of canvas has lasted for eight hundred years!

No table d'hôte, no buffet, could accommodate the crowd which were hurrying to the fêtes of Cherbourg. At Carentan tents were erected for kitchens, and spitted meats turned round improvised fires, exhaling their appetising odours, just as we read in the Iliad of the fragrance of the victims ascending to heaven to delight the nostrils of the gods. Darkness had come on, and our traveller had to wend his way, amid triumphal arches and masts with banners, in search of a bed. All the inns were full to overflowing; as to the hotel-keepers, who, it appears, can be as haughty to the Frenchman as in England to the Englishman, they turned him away with contempt. In the stables, quadrupeds had to give up their places and their straw to bipeds. In Spain, in Greece, or in Africa, an open-air bed is a luxury, but on the shores of the Atlantic night had disguised itself like Scaramouche, and not a star displayed the end of its nose. Feeling his way, he at length came to an "auberge," where they did not deem it ridiculous that he should be desirous of supper and a bed. He was feasted on ham, cider, wine, and coffee, and then conducted to an uninhabited house at the extremity of the town, and the door being with difficulty opened, he was left in a room with a bed, a chair, and a rickety table, as also a candle-end. There was a beautiful garden, he was told, in which he might walk if so inclined, which, considering the time of night, he deemed to be a very superfluous intimation.

The legends of Carenton, which are not all in honour of hotel-keepers, have preserved the memory of a famous breakfast of Junot, Duke of Abrantès, for which he was charged twelve hundred francs. Astonished at the demand, the gallant hero requested some details, in which a choice duck of Rouen, fattened on finest flour, figured for five louis. After a fair night's rest, in which no spectre came to put out his light with bony fingers, and no bandit with pointed hat and cock's feather came to take



his purse, M. Gautier paid less for his breakfast than the Duke of Abrantès; but then, he says, there was no duck. It was impossible to obtain a place hence to Cherbourg, so he had fain to be satisfied with a seat among the baggage, the angles of which, he says, manifested a persevering hostility to his person. Crossing the vast "Marais," renowned for its water-fowl, the Fort of Roule, perched on a lofty eminence, whose precipitous acclivities displayed the naked rock, and the British flag, towering over a tent, announced the approach to Cherbourg.

The crowd tumbled out of the carriages, and our accomplished critic from off the hostile baggage, and where does the reader fancy they were received? The paternal character of a despotism is nowhere so much shown as in the arrangements made in France for the accommodation of the masses. In a camp! Yes, government had provided streets of tents, all bearing the names of distinguished persons or events, effectively palisaded, and having only one entrance, which was carefully guarded. Each tent contained three beds, and tickets were delivered to successive applicants—No. 1 bed, tent No. 108, Wagram-street. There was also a tent for information, a post-office, a marquee for a reading-room, and others for refreshments, with tables d'hôte provided by Potel and Chabot. When was anything of the kind provided for the public in this land of ferocious egotism? Three gentlemen consigned to the same tent, in this country, must have an introduction, three roughs would fight it out before the morning.

M. Gautier, accustomed as he was to French supervision and ingenuity, was struck with the exceeding forethought of such an arrangement, where the ordinary resources of the town were utterly unequal to the demands put upon them. It struck him that a camp thus improvised would become one of the institutions of the country. Any great event may, in railroad times, attract a hundred thousand spectators or more to one spot, every town ought, therefore, he argues, to be provided with its "camp for strangers," or "guests," if you prefer it, a caravanserai that can be improvised in a moment for the accommodation of the multitude. A limited liability company might organise something of the kind for the heaths of Newmarket, Doncaster, Ascot, and Epsom, or for Brighton Downs on the occasion of a review.

In the future, as M. Théophile Gautier observes, all will be able to visit places which have been hitherto accessible only to the few, and we cannot begin too soon to accustom ourselves to the gigantic developments of life. Seven hundred and twenty persons, he tells us, breakfasted and dined in the immense shed of the extemporised camp at Cherbourg. Nothing could more effectually mark the differences between the present time and the past.

Imagine a colossal gallery divided into two compartments, each with its tables. The kitchen at one of the extremities. As in all things that are too great, man was out of proportion with his surroundings. It would have required a railway with a little waggon to transport the dishes from the point of departure to the extremities. Relays of garyons were, however, employed in transmitting the viands, plates, and knives and forks. Notwithstanding the precautions taken of placing the buffets at intervals, and of mustering the consumers in squadrons, the unfortunate attendants had traversed leagues by the end of every repast.

"Restaurants on a gigantic scale will be a feature of the future. London will come in a body to dine at Paris, and Paris will go bodily to London. Machines will carve; tenders laden with bottles will be conveyed along the tables on silver rails; the turtle-soup and the potage à la Reine will be pumped out of the tureens; toasts will be given with speaking-trumpets, and acoustic tubes will transmit messages from guests seated half a mile from one another. What would the Greeks have said, with their elegant precept as to a dinner, 'Not fewer than the Graces, not more than the Muses'?"

"This monstrously gigantic life of future generations occupied our thoughts all this journey, when we saw it first rudely sketched before us. Young forms are beginning everywhere to destroy the old moulds, and the old world, the world in which we have lived, is falling to pieces; although scarcely beyond the middle age, we are no longer contemporaneous with our epoch. None of the habits of our youth remain, and no one thinks in the present day of what were our early passions. We must begin again like little children. We were acquainted with the metre of stanzas, the forms of sonnets, the music of rhythms;—a pretty thing indeed! We must study railway economy, permanent ways, locomotive powers, rolling stock, telegraphic signs, iron-clads and screw-steamers. If we make a mistake in the use of a word, the very boys laugh at us. We do not complain: we are at a climacteric epoch of humanity. This age will take a prominent place in the annals of the world, and it is now more than ever that the wise man's saying, 'I live by curiosity,' has a real meaning. Man valiantly petrifies his planet, and who lives shall see—great things."

And of Cherbourg? "No spectacle," we are told, "gives a more legitimate satisfaction to human pride than that of a port, and especially such a port as Cherbourg. When we think that a poor little animalcule, acarus of a planet, a point lost in space, executes such gigantic works with a few iron utensils, a few handfuls of black powder to which he sets fire, one feels oneself filled with respect for so ingenious an atom, for so persevering an ephemera. The ocean, with its immensity, is less powerful than he is." And à propos of the ocean. "Let us," says Théophile, "leave our card, as it is proper to do, on old Father Ocean, whose passions will no longer terrify any one; day and night he receives blows from gigantic paddles without the least resentment, and he bears in his green bosom the transatlantic cable without being able to decipher the messages that are exchanged between the Old World and the New." (We wish it only were so.) "Poor old Ocean become a mere postman! Separating nothing, preventing nothing, its very immensity is merely relative, for it is crossed in a week. Its beauty alone remains."

The whole port was full of vessels of all descriptions, men-of-war, frigates, iron-clads, steamers, boats, all decked out with flags, and so crowded that it appeared impossible for any one of them to stir from its place. A compact crowd moved slowly along the quays, and as to the steamers that plied between them and the roadstead, they were so full, that the axiom, "that that which holds should be greater than the contents," was for once utterly reversed. One can form no conception of such an agglomeration of human beings.

The railway company of the "West" had chartered the steam-boat

*L'Eclair* for its passengers, and it is impossible to conceive with what dexterity and celerity it bore its living freight amidst this forest of ships, going and coming, and yet allowing everything to be seen that was worth seeing. Théophile says that on passing out of the harbour into the roadstead he could not refrain an exclamation of admiration; it was a serious infraction of the rule of dandyism, for to admire is to exhibit one's own inferiority; but he is not, he says, a dandy, and the spectacle that confronted him was marvellous!

The yacht which had brought her *Britannic Majesty* was in the roadstead, its paddle-boxes painted straw-yellow, and its chimneys of a salmon-colour; the *Royal Albert* floated close by, like a respectful body-guard, its tapering sides reminding our traveller of the old French forms of the time of Louis XIV. Beyond, describing a slightly curved arc, was the flotilla of yachts, "for the most part," we are told, "English." (Were there half a dozen that were French?) "There could not be less than one hundred and fifty to two hundred of the most exquisite shapes, built of teak or other valuable woods, and most richly furnished. This is a charming luxury, which our sportsmen will also provide for themselves when Paris shall have become a seaport; they will find ready-made crews among the 'canotiers' of the Seine!"

Every minute packet-boats were arriving from Southampton, New-haven, Havre, Trouville, and Rouen; so crowded, that not a particle of the deck was to be seen—nothing but hats and dark-coloured coats. Beyond all, were the French men-of-war: *Saint Louis*, *Alexandre*, *Austerlitz*, *Ulm*, *Donawerth*, *Napoleon*, *Eylau*, *Bretagne*, *Islly* (not one name recorded a great naval victory), which, disposed in a line at regular distances, displayed to the greatest advantage "that grandiose outline with severe elegance, which is characteristic of our navy." "Severe elegance" is not an inapt term by which to describe the modern iron-clads, which have few pretensions to grace.

Then there were regattas; but our Parisian admits that the "embarkations" were kept at too respectful a distance to distinguish the chances of the contests. It was the same with regard to the review of the fleet. It is true that the great guns *saluted* the august visitors audibly, and lights were seen to burst from a white cloud, a sound like a clap of thunder was heard, and then the great ships were enveloped in smoke, like the sides of a mountain with vapour. The sun seen behind these clouds had a remarkable effect. The discharges of the guns followed one another with chronometrical precision, without intervals, and yet separate. What close logicians! they gave reason upon reason. And the first series of arguments exhausted, a second took up the discussion, and so on through the whole fleet. Ancient civilisation was on the scale of man, modern civilisation is on the scale of humanity. Hence, great guns are much better adapted for a festival in the present day than little flutes. The whole population of Attica did not equal the number of visitors to Cherbourg. The fireworks at sea were pretty, but the effect was much diminished by the immensity of the space. To the spectators who lined the shore, it would have required colossal rockets loaded with hundred-weights of powder to vie with ocean and sky. Those on the "Place d'Armes" were more effective. M. Théophile is candid enough to admit that he has the passion of a Chinaman for

fireworks; and who does not admire the wondrous transformations of light and form, and the play of incandescent rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes? The chief piece represented the equestrian statue of Napoleon I., the original of which, by Leveel, dominates the ocean on its granite pedestal.

An agreeable surprise awaited our traveller on his return to the camp. A theatre had been improvised at the station. There were both vaudeville and pantomime. Madame Doche, and an actor of the name of Poirier, performed "Un Monsieur et une Dame;" Deburau and his troop, "Pierrot coiffeur." This is another hint for the master of ceremonies, who will be an indispensable adjunct to the "British Excursionist Camp Hostelry Company" (limited liability and unlimited accommodation). Unfortunately, the only scene available represented a forest, and was not precisely adapted for the incident of a gentleman and a lady obliged to pass the night in the same room at an inn. Again, what is always disagreeable to artists, in the midst of their zealous exertions a hiss now and then made itself significantly heard; but it came from the brazen lungs of a locomotive letting off its steam, for the theatricals were in no way permitted to interfere with the railway trains, which kept arriving, staring at the stage with their great red eyes, and bringing with them crowds of new comers.

An early walk next morning before breakfast took M. Gautier to the château of Tourlaville, some three miles from Cherbourg, and of which he had heard much. It is an old ruinous castle, with a legend like those on the Rhine. It is a pretty walk, too, up hills, from whence Cherbourg, its harbours, and roadstead, are all seen to advantage. This castle, just sufficiently ruinous to be picturesque, is said to have been formerly inhabited by the family of Ravalets, who held the lordship of Tourlaville. Two descendants of this house, Julien de Ravalet, and the beautiful Margaret his sister, wife of John the Falconer, were said to have been guilty of incest, and were both condemned to death, and executed on the Place de la Grève, at Paris, on the 2nd of December, 1603.

On his return to Cherbourg, Théophile found the whole of the population, local and foreign, in movement to see the filling of the new port Napoleon, and the launch of the *Ville de Nantes*. The ocean precipitated itself through the ruins of the gaps opened for its ingress, carrying stones and earth, piles and planks, before it; and soon the granite bottom, which no human eye may ever see again, disappeared beneath the torrent. Two Niagaras pouring their waters into the gigantic bowl, took from two to three hours to fill it. But by the time anticipated the water attained the proper elevation, and the signal was given from the Imperial stand to launch the *Ville de Nantes*. "Nothing," we are told, "can be more noble or more majestic than a ship taking possession of the sea!" Next day the equestrian statue of Napoleon I. was unveiled, and Théophile Gautier returned to Paris, "to see if the vaudeville and the drama had behaved themselves well in his absence."

## A STORM AT SEA.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.—107th Psalm.

THE works of the Lord and His wonders are *everywhere* to be seen. The snow-topped hill, the deep, quiet valley, the craggy ravine, the dark embowering forest, into whose still recesses scarcely a gleam of the noon-day sun can penetrate, the wide open heath, o'er which the winds of heaven sweep unopposed, yet scarcely stir the tiny leaves that cluster round the beautiful wild flower which owes not its bright existence to the cultivating care of man—all, all declare the glory of that Almighty Creator who laid the foundations of the earth that it never should move at any time. There is no object on earth, on sea, or in the skies above, that does not tend to prove the vast power of the Omnipotent—that does not teach us to say,

“O Lord, how glorious are Thy works; Thy thoughts are very deep.”

Yet perhaps of all natural objects the vast unfathomable ocean is the most calculated to impress upon the mind the conviction of God's unspeakable power. The heavenly bodies, sublime as they seem to us, and still more sublime as we deem them to be, are yet so far removed from our limited ken, that the astronomer alone can dwell with any feeling of satisfied comprehension upon their infinite grandeur. But the magnificence of the ocean we can all comprehend. We behold it before us, we venture upon its liquid pathways, and we listen to the hollow sound of its ever-rolling waves,—can the heart be deaf to the “voices heard among them”? Not, assuredly, when these voices tell of danger and of death. The thoughtless worldling may, indeed, view the ocean, or even pass over it, when its surface is smooth, and storm and shipwreck are words of no immediate meaning, without feeling his mind impressed by its wonders, or dreaming of its unseen dangers; but when “the stormy wind riseth which lifteth up the waves thereof, when they are carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep, men's souls melt away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.”

Then do the roaring billows speak loudly to the coldest heart of the power of God, and *then* is that acknowledged power appealed to for help when vain is the help of man.

Perhaps a short sketch of a scene which *really* occurred during a storm at sea may not be unacceptable to the readers of this Magazine, especially to those who retain a recollection of the frightful gales which marked the commencement of this very year, and the dreadful losses at sea, more particularly the fate of the *London*, bound to Australia, with its two hundred and forty passengers and crew, all of whom, with the exception of the few who escaped in a frail boat, and were miraculously

preserved amidst the raging waves, were doomed to sink with their stately vessel amidst the surging waters of the Bay of Biscay.

A ship, which we shall call the *Tweed*, was on its voyage to England from a distant country. There were many passengers of both sexes and all ages. The passage had been a prosperous and pleasant one; steady breezes, smooth seas, fine weather, all had been favourable, and the ennui of a voyage had been chased away as much as possible by agreeable conversation, reading, writing, chess-playing, and even music, for there were sundry guitars, flutes, and violins, and a pianoforte on board, and some of the passengers sang well. And where does the voice sound more sweetly than on a calm evening at sea, as it seems to float over the sparkling waters around, which, and especially on a moonlight night, look like a vast lake of silver and blue? And where does moonlight ever look half so soft and charming as at sea, especially in the clear latitudes of the tropics or the balmy South?

All had gone well with this fortunate ship. The *Tweed* had encountered no icebergs, no waterspouts; it had escaped the tiresome stagnation of utter calms, and the unpleasant meeting with sudden squalls; it was now, its stately sails spread to the favouring breeze, approaching the place of its destination. "*Land ahead!*" had been shouted in a joyous voice by the man who was aloft on the look-out, and "*Land, land!*" was repeated in tones of delight by every soul on board, from the weather-beaten captain to the stunted cabin-boy, from the grey-headed old dignitary, who was revisiting his native country after years of absence spent at the head of a colonial government, to the disappointed steerage passenger, returning to a deserted home, minus his only earthly possession—his health—after a futile struggle to acquire independence in the distant and sickly land, which his quondam restless spirit had pictured to him as an El Dorado.

The joy of that sound, "*Land ahead!*" was contagious, and people shook hands with each other in the sudden expansion of their happy feelings. Then some began to write letters, which were to be forwarded by the first fishing-smack; and some were in desperate haste to have their boxes dragged up from the depths of the hold, that they might look out their "*landing-clothes*;" and some few perturbed spirits paced rapidly up and down the deck, seizing the spy-glasses every moment, and assailing the officers of the ship with reiterated questions as to the probable time when they should "*make land*," and "*get ashore*," as if *these* were synonymous terms.

As the day wore on, the wished-for land, which had at first looked only like a slight cloud on the lower part of the sky towards the horizon, began to assume a more marked appearance, and its undulating outline became at length discernible even from the quarter-deck. When the passengers assembled at dinner, the toast of "*Friends ahead!*" was drunk, with three times three, by the gentlemen, and all congratulated each other that *this* would be their last night on board. It never for a moment occurred to any of them that it might be their last night in the material world!

The shades of evening began to fall, and the experienced eyes of the mariners were turned towards a mass of gloomy clouds that were rapidly "*banking up*" in the far horizon. A few seagulls hove in sight, grace-

fully careering on the slightly crested wave, and the darkening sails began to flap ominously. A storm was gathering, and swift as thought it came. The lightnings flashed till sea and sky seemed one vast sheet of flame; the thunder rolled in terrific peals; and yet louder roared the now foaming deep; the wild winds howled, and seemed to blow from every point of the compass at once; and the ship, now rising with the mountain-billows, now plunging into the trough of the sea, heaved and rolled and creaked, as if in the agonies of dissolution.

The dead-lights had been fastened in the cabin, the skylight closely covered over, and the only aperture left for air, the door of the companion-way, admitted the blinding flashes of the fearful lightning. The passengers were all more or less alarmed; but none entertained the idea of absolute danger. Some drew the scanty coverlets of their berths over their heads, to shut out the lightning's glare, and endeavoured to "keep quiet;" while others rose and groped about for their clothes, determined "to be ready." *Ready!* For what? Had they been asked that question, they could scarcely have told. Did they feel that at that moment the angel of death might be riding on the storm?

The morning broke at length; and where then was the ship, in which so many human beings were shut up? Driving before the still furious wind, straight on towards the rocks, which rose in black and frowning array directly before it! If it struck, it must be dashed to pieces, and every living creature would perish! And yet how faint was the hope that it might escape this awful fate!

The captain, unwilling to tell his passengers their doom of death, put off as long as possible informing them of their imminent danger; but at length he thought it his duty to prepare them for what seemed almost inevitable. He staggered towards the cabin door, dripping as he was from head to foot, with his pea-jacket closely buttoned up, and a blue pocket-handkerchief tied over his head, for his cap had blown overboard during the night.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, in a husky voice, "I am grieved to distress you all, but I consider it my duty to let you know that we are in great danger. We *may* be saved, for while there is life there is hope, and you may depend on our doing all that men can do; but the chances are against us. We must only remember that we are in the hands of God." The hardy sailor gulped down a rising sob as he surveyed for a moment the startled human beings before him; but there was a shout on deck, and he hastily scrambled up there again.

Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;  
then also

Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,  
Clamoured in chorus to the roaring ocean.

But in another minute all was still as death; the sufferers became awe-struck, mute, while many seemed as stiff, pallid, and immovable as if they were already the rigid corpses which they might so soon become. Then the young mother strained to her heart the blooming infant whom she might so soon have to yield to the engulfing waves; the affectionate daughter, herself cold and pale as marble, clasped the withered hand of her aged parent, and, looking upwards with her dark lustrous eyes, softly

bade him be of good cheer and fear no evil, though he might have to walk through the valley of the shadow of death; two sisters threw their arms round each other, and whispered, "We will die together;" one gentleman, not being able to find his keys in his perturbation, broke open his writing-desk, and began cramming his pockets with valuable papers, as if these could have been of any service to him in the drenching main; while another seized a Bible, and, holding it upside down in his distraction, in vain essayed to read its words of hope and consolation.

It was then that a little orphan girl, a child who was coming under the captain's care to join some relations in England, crept forth from the corner, where, in her terror of the thunder and lightning, she had taken refuge. No one was noticing, no one was thinking of the solitary child, until they beheld her on her knees in the midst of the cabin floor, and heard her clear silver voice praying aloud:

*"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"* She stopped for a second, and then holding her little hands clasped together, she exclaimed, earnestly, "Yes, *Thy* will be done on earth as it is in heaven"!\* The effect was electric; every man, woman, and child there dropped on their knees, and every voice joined fervently in that pious ejaculation, "Thy will be done"! The little orphan continued aloud a simple but appropriate prayer, while those who knelt around her at intervals exclaimed, "Amen!"

A fearful crash was heard on deck, but not even the instinct of self-preservation induced any of the assembled group to rise from their prayers; each and all seemed to feel more deeply their dependence on that God "who is girded about with power." But He "who stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of his waves, the Lord unto whom they cried in their trouble, delivered them out of their distress." Even then, when the jaws of death were gaping for them, escape was at hand, and mercy was at work. The mainmast had snapped asunder and gone overboard, but almost at the same time the wind had shifted and lulled, and the lightened vessel, swinging round, was carried away from the frightful chain of rocks, towards which it had been before so madly hurried on. By degrees the storm abated; the efforts of the crew were no longer without avail; and towards evening the almost shattered bark was safely anchored in an adjacent friendly port.

May we not be permitted to believe that the sincere prayer of one of those young beings of whom Jesus Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," *may* have arisen to the kingdom of heaven, and have been heard and accepted there! Let us hope, let us trust, in the efficacy of prayer; let us remember that

*'Tis good to pray,  
'Tis good to pray—to pray with zeal;  
And may the humble heart's appeal  
To God's own glorious throne arise,  
Mingling with voices of the skies,  
Which chant "TIS GOOD TO PRAY!"*

\* This is no imaginary incident, but an actual occurrence.



## JACK ROGERS AND HIS TUTOR.

### A SKETCH OF SOME THINGS AS THEY ARE.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### JACK'S SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

JACK ROGERS had the happiness of being a member of a most estimable family, according to their own opinion and that of the world in general. Major Rogers was correctness itself, had never committed a professional fault in the whole course of his military career, and had obeyed every order he had ever received to the letter; and Mrs. Major Rogers was the pink of propriety. She had never missed, when in health, attending morning service in fine weather, while, although from her girlhood she had constantly been in the society of military men, not even the gentlest breath of scandal had ever blown on her fair fame. Major and Mrs. Rogers had a number of children, boys and girls, a circumstance which at one time would have caused them a considerable amount of anxiety, but, happily for them, a fortune of some five or six thousand a year was unexpectedly left to Mrs. Rogers, and from henceforth they resolved to take up what they considered their proper position in the world, and determined that their children should make a figure in it. With Jack, their eldest son, we have most to do. He had been sent to a private school, said to be a very good one in its way, so that if he did not learn much it must have been his own fault. He had been duly flogged and caned, and had had usually three or four impositions every week. What more could a head master do? He selected, he affirmed, the best ushers, or rather masters, to be procured, recommended to him by a most respectable agent, who received the small sum of ten per cent. on their first year's salary for such recommendation. They were generally graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, with occasionally one from Trinity College, Dublin. They came to the work, it must be owned, without the slightest predilection for it or much aptitude—simply to fill up the interval between taking their degrees and taking orders. As a rule, they had stipulated to teach what they knew during a certain number of hours each day, and, this task performed, even the most conscientious considered themselves exonerated from any further charge of the boys, who were left to the sole care of the junior classical master, or of the writing and English master, who happened to know less of English than any one else in the school. There was, however, one old stickfast in the school—a hater of innovations, a decided conservative, the depository of the traditions of the establishment—who put the new comers up to what he called the system of the school—his system, rather. The doctor might change, might take fancies into his head, might wish to carry out certain views which might be prejudicial to the interest or comfort of the masters, and which it would be necessary, therefore, for them to counteract. The doctor, on his part, felt these counteracting influences, but, unable to discover

exactly whence they arose, retaliated on the whole corps of instructors, and often treated them in a manner neither pleasant to them nor creditable to himself.

Jack Rogers and his companions were the sufferers by this state of affairs. He had a sturdy independent English spirit, and had managed to fight his way to a tolerably good position in the school, and, with the aid of keys and cribs of various sorts, to get into one of the upper forms; but his knowledge on every point was very limited and wonderfully incorrect. He managed certainly to give an off-hand translation of certain Latin and Greek authors, though with curious indifference to their exact meaning and with a liberal profusion of false quantities, and if he attempted to write an English theme or a simple note, not a line was without wrong spelling, while his knowledge of history and of English literature generally, of geography, and of arithmetic and science, were much on a par with his writing; yet Jack had excellent manners, knew the world, and could talk well of what was taking place in it. Not a quarter began without a change of one or more of the masters; sometimes four left together, and their classes had to begin a new style of instruction. It is not surprising, therefore, that the mass of boys in the school made no great progress. A few, in spite of difficulties, advanced, picked up knowledge here and there; but exactness, true scholarship, was not among their characteristics; nor did Jack Rogers belong to them. No; honest Jack could only boast that he was a gentleman, and knew a thing or two.

A new master was expected after the Christmas holidays. Jack had heard that he was a young and very gentlemanly fellow.

"I wonder if he knows what he is coming to?" observed Jack to his friend Pearse, one of the head boys.

"Of course he does. He is coming to enjoy the privilege of being one of the family," said Pearse, imitating the doctor's tone. "'He expects to dine at my table, to have a private room, to which, if he desire to retire for study or meditation, he can be free from interruption, and to spend the evening in the social intercourse of my family circle when the necessary discipline of the school does not demand your presence elsewhere.' Those are just the words old Fogo used to Bedwell, who showed me the letter, and preciously humbugged he thought himself. Just you see, if we can get Irby to show us the letter the doctor has sent him, depend on it, it will be word for word the same."

Irby, the new master, arrived, and fully answered the account which had been given of him. He was refined in appearance and fashionably dressed, more like a Guardsman than an usher, and of most pleasing gentlemanly manners. He had been shown into the doctor's study by the footboy, who thought that he was some great swell come to see the school; but he, finding that the doctor was out, taking up his hat, strolled out through the playground and garden. Rogers met him, and introduced himself. Mr. Irby was glad to fall in with a gentlemanly lad, and took the opportunity of making inquiries about the school. He winced slightly at some of the information Jack gave him, and looked as if he thought his young companion was romancing. At last he told Jack that he should much like to

dress for dinner, as the doctor had not come back, and begged him to get a servant to show him to his room.

"Dinner, sir?" said Jack. "That was over long ago. The doctor dines with us, and I don't think troubles himself much about dressing for dinner, or anything of that sort."

"Oh, very well," answered Mr. Irby, without any change of tone. "But, at all events, I should like to see my room."

"I shall be happy to show it to you, sir, for I think I know it. At least, I suppose it's the same Mr. Bedwell had, who was here last half—But I'll ask Susan."

"Lawk, Master Rogers! and is that the new usher? Well, I shouldn't have thought it," said Susan to Jack's inquiries. "Yes, that's his room, for there's no other, and the doctor told me to make the bed in it this morning."

Jack came back and told Mr. Irby that he could show him the way, observing, "But I am afraid in that you won't find it a very comfortable room."

Mr. Irby, replied, laughing, that he was accustomed to rough it, and did not mind; but he was evidently not quite satisfied when Jack led him through a cold empty class-room, and then along an open passage on the roof of some building, from which ascended a strong odour of stables, and his look of blank dismay, as Jack, at length throwing open a door, said, "That is your room, sir," showed that he was not quite prepared for the sort of roughing it he was destined to go through. The room was about twelve feet square, with whitewashed walls and an uncarpeted floor. Fireplace there was none, and the room had a peculiarly damp, cold, uninhabited feeling. In one corner there was a triangular unpainted board let into the wall to serve as a wash-stand; an old cane-bottomed chair served the double purpose of a towel-horse and a seat, for there was no other in the room; a pallet uncurtained bed, with a narrow strip of hemp stair-carpet by its side, a rickety dressing-table, and a small chest of drawers which wouldn't open, with most of the paint rubbed off, made up the remainder of the furniture of the room.

Mr. Irby's portmanteau and carpet-bag were in the room, so that there was no mistake that the room was intended for him.

"Are all the masters lodged like this?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh no, sir. One has no window to his room, and the other two have cozy enough rooms, but they are on the ground floor, and the water sometimes flows into them, and they are rather bothered by rats."

"Oh! then I may be thankful that I am not worse off," said Mr. Irby. "Thank you, Mr. Rogers. I suppose that I can find my way back to the doctor's study?"

Jack guessed pretty accurately what Mr. Irby thought, and waited with some curiosity to see what he would say to his treatment at the social board. How his first interview with the doctor passed off he did not hear for some time. At length the tea-bell rang, and the boys assembled in the feeding-hall, as they called it.

The doctor appeared, followed by Mr. Irby. With a wave of his

hand he pointed to the end of a long table, on each side of which the smaller boys were seated.

"There, sir—there you will find your chair," said the principal of the college, blandly smiling.

Mr. Irby did find a chair such as are used in kitchens, and a plate on the table before it, with three slices of bread-and-butter, and a cup of cold tea smelling of brown sugar.

"You have not dined, I think you said, Mr. Irby? Some cold meat may be acceptable. Take Mr. Irby, the new master, some cold meat, Susan," shouted the doctor, from the other end of the room.

Whereupon Susan brought four hard lumps of cold meat, one of them being fat, and placed them before Mr. Irby, who looked at them for some moments doubtful whether his digestive powers were sufficiently strong to dispose of the morsels.

Mr. Irby said nothing, but every now and then lifted up his eyes and eyebrows with an inquiring look towards the doctor.

"He is thinking whether that is what the doctor calls 'becoming a member of his family circle,'" observed Jack to Pearse, as he looked towards Mr. Irby. "I really am sorry for him, for he is evidently a very gentlemanly nice fellow, and utterly out of place here. I'll stick up for him—that I'm determined."

"So will I, and so will most of the big fellows," said Pearse. "It's time that old humbug should be shown up. The only thing he cares for is getting our governors' money, and precious little he gives us in return. He grinds the masters down to the last penny, and if it wasn't for the name of the thing, I don't think that he would have a single university man among them."

"Fifty pounds a year, or thirty maybe, about the wages of a footman, that's the salary he would like to pay," said Jack, in a low tone, for it does not do to talk treason in a high one. "Just you see, I'll get it all out of Irby before long. I'll ask him point-blank to show me the doctor's letter, and will tell him all about Bedwell. I knew something of him, you see, before he came, and he took a fancy to me from the first, so that I can do more than any other fellow."

Jack kept to his intention, and afterwards set to work to pump Mr. Irby, who was not a little astonished at hearing him quote word for word the letter he had himself received from the doctor.

"Why, sir," said Jack, in explanation, "that's what he always says when he wants to get a gentleman for a master. With regular staggers the bait doesn't take. I knew perfectly well how it was when that room was given you. He thought that he could impose on you as he did on Mr. Bedwell, and has done on a dozen other masters before him. If I were you, I wouldn't stand it."

"Thank you, at all events, for your advice; but masters have to stand a good deal, I suspect, from those they instruct and those they serve. I made up my mind to that before I undertook the work."

Jack, when discoursing on the subject to Pearse, pronounced Mr. Irby a regular tramp, and vowed that he would give him as little trouble as possible. Many of the other boys, when they came to know Mr. Irby, expressed a similar opinion, and he consequently got on with the boys much better than he had expected. The doctor care-

fully avoided asking him how he liked his room, and whether he was comfortable in the school, so that, unless he had made a formal complaint, he would have had no opportunity of expressing his dissatisfaction.

The doctor thought that the new master was a quiet-spirited young man, over whom he could exercise unlimited control; which he did attempt to exercise with very slight compunction, and he was rather surprised in the course of three or four weeks to receive a note from Mr. Irby, couched in the most polite language, stating that he had misunderstood the character of the appointment he had the honour to hold, and must beg permission to give it up at Easter.

"Very extraordinary; you are about the seventh master who has come to me in the last two years," observed the doctor.

"I can scarcely be surprised at it, sir," said Mr. Irby, looking unconscious of having said anything particular.

The doctor thought it wise to make no further remark on the subject. Although Mr. Irby was always ready to converse on ordinary subjects with Jack, and to give him information, he avoided henceforward giving an opinion about the doctor, or the school, or the way he had been treated; and though Jack would have liked to have heard what he thought, he respected him all the more for his reticence.

"There's no doubt about it," Jack observed to Pearse; "Irby thinks the doctor a humbug, though it mightn't do for him to say so to us."

As may be supposed, everything was done in the school for show; not what was the best was considered, but what would tell best. If the parents of a boy had influence, he was made much of; those who were poor and unbefriended, were left to fight their own way. This might have been the better for them. Jack, when he first went to school, was looked upon as belonging to the latter class, one of the numerous sons of a half-pay officer. When his father became rich, more attention was paid to Jack; but he was of too sturdy a disposition to receive it, or to place on it more than its just value. Jack had, indeed, as soon as he heard of his father's increase of fortune, made up his mind to leave the school and to go to a private tutor. Jack and Mr. Irby left the school at Easter. Jack asked him if he was going to take another mastership.

"Not at a private school, at all events," he answered. "The example I have had is sufficient to sicken me. I would rather take half the salary at an ordinary grammar-school, where the duties are defined, and where a master has nothing to do with that hateful ushering work. How can a master attend to his proper duties when, after being six or seven hours in the schoolroom, he has to walk out with the boys, or play a game of cricket, or sit with them in the play-room where a hideous din is going forward, or attend on them at meals, or light them to bed? I ask whether these are duties which a gentleman should be expected to perform—or rather, which one person can properly perform?"

"I should think not, sir; and that is the reason, I suspect, that the doctor always got so poor a set of masters," answered Jack. "I know that I am glad to be out of the school."

Jack invited Mr. Irby to pay him a visit, and they parted with expressions of mutual esteem. Jack would have liked to have had him as his tutor, but the major would not hear of having a stranger in the house.

"No, no, Master Jack," he answered; "I was educated in the world, and so must you be. It's the best school. No home training for a son of mine."

## CHAPTER II.

### JACK'S INTRODUCTION TO HIS TUTOR.

JACK ROGERS was much too old to go to a public school, and as he could not have a private tutor at home, he resolved to go to one. He consulted Mr. Irby, but he knew of no one he could recommend; and somebody having mentioned a Dr. Prior, who lived in a beautiful village some hundred miles or more from London, and received six or eight young men into his family circle, and had a vacancy, it was resolved that Jack should be sent to him. The major understood that Dr. Prior was a scholar, and had taken a high degree at Oxford, but he knew nothing whatever of his religious or moral principles, or of his capacity for instructing and managing young men. Jack naturally inquired whether he was a good sort of fellow, and having satisfied himself on that important point, was perfectly ready to undertake to spend eight or nine months of each year under his roof, till it was time for him to go up to Oxford.

Jack enjoyed a quarter's idleness, during which time he did not once look into a book, except, perhaps, a novel or two found on the drawing-room table. He accompanied his mother and sisters to a few balls in London, then he had a few weeks' sailing with a cousin who had a yacht, and, finally, he betook himself to his new tutor at Addlebrain Rectory.

Dr. Prior, a somewhat stout, short, sharp-eyed, and snubby red-nosed gentleman of between fifty and sixty, received Jack with a frank, off-hand manner.

"You'll make yourself at home, Mr. Rogers—perfectly at home, I hope, and consider yourself one of us," said the doctor, blandly smiling. "My young men are out on a fishing excursion, and Mrs. Prior and our daughters are away from home. They—our daughters, I mean—do not reside at home, as you may suppose, with so many young men in the house, but they occasionally visit us during the term, and add not a little to the pleasantness of our social circle. I am not blinded by paternal affections, but I do say that there are not many girls like mine. No nonsense about them—up to anything. They fish, and ride, and shoot, too—you are fond of field sports, I presume, Mr. Rogers?—or Rogers I shall call you in future—and they have Greek and Latin at their fingers' ends, will translate a passage of Horace or Ovid with any of my young fellows—I found that one of them, Tom Webber, who passed a first-rate examination for the civil service, had been secretly coached by my eldest girl Selina, though I knew nothing at all about it. Of course, he naturally

says he owes everything to her, and keeps up a correspondence with her to this day, which will lead to results I suspect—ha! ha!" And Jack really thought that the doctor winked an eye.

"At all events, he's a jolly fellow, and his daughters must be jolly girls, and I hope that they'll stay here very often, and I dare say that I shall be very jolly," said Jack to himself. "He's a very different sort of fellow to the skinflint I was last with."

"You are hungry after your journey, I dare say," continued the doctor, as if divining Jack's thoughts, and anxious to show that he wasn't a skinflint, at all events. "We'll have dinner immediately, and talk over your future course of reading; the rest of the party will come in for a late tea. For myself, I cannot get on without my dinner; I never make the attempt, if I can help it; not fond of an ascetic life. Very well for such a man as Martin Luther and the hermits of old, but does not suit a dignitary of the Church at the present day—ha! ha! ha!"

Dr. Prior, laughing heartily at his wit, rang the bell to order dinner, which was soon announced. Jack had never sat down to a better dinner, and he followed the doctor's example in doing ample justice to it. He drank small beer to the doctor's sherry, and found one glass of his tutor's stout and sweet port sufficient for his taste. The best part of a bottle, however, had disappeared before they rose from the table.

"I see, Rogers, you don't take much wine," observed the doctor, as the bottle had got to a low ebb. "You've helped me a little, though—eh? Well, you are right. When I was your age, I never touched it. I now take it for my stomach's sake. I have scriptural authority for so doing, which is satisfactory. It is disagreeable to be prevented from doing what is pleasant from finding out that it is wrong—against good manners or good morals—eh?"

"My governor takes his bottle of port pretty freely," observed Jack. "You and he would keep each other in countenance."

"Perhaps yes," observed the doctor, looking up at Jack from underneath his shaggy eyebrows. "He probably takes it for the same reason that I do, or because he likes it—ha! ha!—that influences most men. Now we'll have coffee."

Late in the evening five young gentlemen arrived, between the ages of twenty and sixteen, in rough and somewhat dirty fishing costume, clamorous for beer and bread-and-cheese. The doctor introduced Jack in due form to Swainson, Marshall, Watkins, Brown, and Atkinson, and then retired, as he said, to his study to read.

"To snooze," observed Swainson, the eldest of the young gentlemen, nodding after him as the door closed. "Well, Rogers, and how do you like the domine? Had a good dinner—eh? I thought so. Heard about Selina and the rest of the girls? Seldom here. Doesn't do with young men—eh? Add to the pleasantness of the social circle when they are—eh?"

Jack could not make out exactly what his new companions meant. They all laughed.

"Well, they are all very first-rate jolly girls!" exclaimed Marshall. 'Here's to their healths! Atkinson, old fellow, drink to the eyes of

the fair Leonora. You know well enough you are spoony on her!"

"Not more than you are on Juliana," retorted Atkinson. "If you say much, I'll tell how I caught you and her."

"Hold your tongue, you young scamp!" cried Marshall, reddening. "You know well enough what I told you at the time was true, and if you mention the subject again, just look out for squalls."

"Then don't twit me about Leonora," said Atkinson, sulkily.

"The doctor seems to have a good many daughters," observed Jack, for the sake of saying something.

"Just six, the number of the reverend gentleman's pupils," said Swainson. "You've only heard of three. There are, besides, Theodora, and Jane, and Mary. To the best of my belief, at all events, Mary, or Maid Marian, as we call her, is disengaged, and she is decidedly the flower of the flock. Rogers, you'd better look out for her. If you can show a fair rent-roll, she's yours; but if not, you'd better not talk on the subject to the domine, that's all."

Jack thanked Swainson for his good advice, and remarked that as he was an eldest son, and his governor had some thousands a year, he concluded that he would be considered eligible as the admirer of the fair Mary.

Jack confessed that he was not overworked at Dr. Prior's. It was considered that a good day's work had been done if two hours had been devoted to reading in the morning, one in the afternoon, and occasionally a little coaching in the evening; but neither the doctor nor his pupils patronised evening work. The former asserted that it injured his digestion, which it was very important to keep in order; the latter had other occupations in which they took greater interest. There was a billiard-room in the village, which the doctor's pupils had originally got established, and which they mainly contributed to support. Here beer and tobacco were liberally supplied, the latter, when in the shape of cigars, execrable, and far from beneficial to the stomachs of the consumers. Then there were farmers who had pretty daughters, and who gave teas and suppers, and were always happy to see the young men. There were three or four gentlemen's families in the neighbourhood, but Dr. Prior's pupils were not favourites with them, nor, indeed, was Dr. Prior himself. Several reasons combined caused this. They were divided into two parties, one half very High Church and the other half Low Church, or Evangelical, as they were called, while the doctor, who was the broadest of broad Churchmen, pleased neither. The Reverend Reginald Ritual, the leader of one party, looked on him as an abandoned heretic, though civil and friendly enough when they met, while the Reverend Peter Protest shook his head whenever his name was mentioned, and expressed a hope that his heart might be changed before he should be summoned out of the world. Still, though both disliked Dr. Prior, there can be no doubt that Mr. Ritual, who spoke of the Reformation as a dreadful mistake and of Luther as a pestiferous firebrand, had a far more intense feeling of hatred for Mr. Protest than he had for the doctor. He hated him because he denounced Rome and considered that the Papal system was the Woman in Scarlet, because he laughed at apostolic



succession, did not believe in baptismal regeneration, disapproved of intoning the service, lighting candles at noonday, and assuming unusual vestments, and because he associated with Dissenters, and declared that he considered they possessed equal Christian privileges with himself.

Dr. Prior, on the other hand, did not associate with Dissenters, stuck up on all occasions in public for the Church of England, and, though he did not mind having a fling at a bishop in private, kept his views of apostolic succession and baptismal regeneration to himself; did not hold that the Pope of Rome was an old woman in scarlet, though he might be, and Antichrist and Apollyon to boot, for what he knew to the contrary; did not believe that the Church of England was tending towards Romanism, and, whatever the Reformation might have been, was thankful that he was not a Romish priest. When, however, he met Mr. Ritual, he never allowed even his negative objections to Rome to appear. A Romish priest once came into the neighbourhood of Addlebrain. Mr. Ritual received him with open arms, and invited him to his rectory; Mr. Protest warned his congregation from the pulpit against the emissaries of Rome; but Dr. Prior, meeting him with Mr. Ritual, shook hands with him, asked him how he liked the place, and from that moment never again troubled his head about him.

While the upper classes supported either Mr. Ritual or Mr. Protest, the farmers, with few exceptions, stuck to Dr. Prior. He received them at his house, visited them at theirs, took a glass with them on all occasions, and attended weddings and christenings and funerals whenever invited. The doctor's pupils were generally included in the invitations he received, and they thought it very good fun, but it was not conducive to the improvement of their manners.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FIRST SYMPTOMS.

JACK had been about a week at Addlebrain Rectory when Mrs. Prior and the three youngest Miss Priors arrived. Mrs. Prior was an active, very knowing-looking dame, on whom it would be difficult to play a trick with impunity. The Miss Priors were pretty. Jack, from the first moment, thought Mary decidedly so. They were on intimate terms in five minutes; there was nothing bashful about the young ladies.

"You ride, Mr. Rogers, of course? Well, I wish that you would ride with me. I know the country, and can take you all over it; but I must trust to you for a horse. We are so seldom at home that papa does not think it worth while to keep horses for us," said Mary.

Jack of course said that he should be delighted to engage horses, and the next day he and the fair Mary set off to have a scamper over the country, as if they had been acquainted all their lives. Mary did not talk Latin or Greek—in fact, knew nothing whatever about either one or the other.

"I leave all that sort of thing to my elder sisters," she observed.

"But, between you and I, Mr. Rogers, I don't think that they know much about the classics either. They learned a little grammar, and have got a good set of cribs with which they help the young men, and papa all the time thinks that they are so wonderfully clever that they could take their degrees at the university, if they tried."

Jack assured Mary that he was very glad that she didn't know Latin and Greek, as he had no great fancy for them himself. Mary might have been very fond of riding, but she was evidently no great horse-woman Jack saw from the first, and was afraid that she would be run away with, or be thrown, or tumble down her horse; but she laughed at his fears when he ventured to express them. Off she went at a full gallop, Jack following as fast as he could. Her perfect fearlessness conduced to her safety. Jack only hoped that the horse would not stumble or shy. She got on, however, so well, that at last he ceased to think about the matter, and began to enjoy the ride and her rattling conversation. They had nearly got home again, and were passing along a green lane, when a cow suddenly poked her head over a hedge and lowed. The horse started, put its foot into a deep rut, and coming down on its knees, threw the young lady over its head, and then galloped off down the lane, and was soon out of sight. Jack chivalrously threw himself off his horse, letting go the rein, and of course his animal followed the lead of its companion, and also ran away, leaving his rider kneeling by the side of Mary, who lay almost senseless on the ground. He had no notion what to do. He looked round to see if there was a pond or a stream near, intending either to bring his hat full of water, and to pour it over her, or to dip her bodily into it; he was not quite certain which he ought to do. As there was no water, he contented himself by calling loudly on her name, and entreating her to come again to her senses. At length her blue eyes opened slightly, and she looked up affectionately at him, which so satisfied him with the efficacy of his remedy that he continued shouting louder than ever, and using a good many endearing epithets, which he would equally have bestowed, by-the-by, on his dog had it been hurt. While thus engaged, who should turn up from a lane close on one side but the doctor, three pupils, and two daughters. They all stopped, mute with astonishment, for a moment, not comprehending what had happened.

"In the mouth of two or three witnesses," exclaimed the doctor.

"Mary! Mary! are you hurt? What is the matter?" cried out the young lady's sisters, running forward.

"Is this the way you take care of my daughter, young gentleman, when I entrust her to you?" asked the doctor.

"I couldn't help it, sir," stammered out Jack. "Miss Mary was skittish, sir, and down she came; and I got off to help her, and our horses ran away, and that's all I know about the matter."

"My daughter skittish, and tumble down? You do surprise me, Mr. Rogers," cried the doctor, in feigned astonishment.

"Her horse, sir—her horse, I mean, of course," exclaimed Jack.

"It was my horse, papa. Pray don't scold Mr. Rogers," murmured Mary, recovering, and helped on her feet by her sisters. "An old cow frightened my horse, and he threw me, and he scampered off, and

Mr. Rogers's followed; and I wonder Mr. Swainson, or Mr. Marshall, or Atkinson don't think of trying to catch them for us."

This remark of course set the young men running off down the lane as fast as their legs could carry them, and Maid Marian, as she often called herself, jumping up, began to laugh heartily, showing at all events that no bones were broken, though Jack at first thought that the laugh must be hysterical. The doctor looked sternly from Jack to Marian and from Marian to Jack, and shook his head, but said nothing.

"There, papa, it's all right," cried the young lady, shaking herself and her dress into order, and giving the doctor a touch on the shoulder with her whip, which she had held fast. "No one is to blame, and I don't see why you should look grumpy at Mr. Rogers or me."

"If there has been carelessness, I must overlook it, in consideration of the danger you have run of breaking your neck, and I hope it will be a lesson to you in future to look more to your ways."

Jack could not make out what the doctor meant, but felt that he looked more sheepish than was his wont. Her sisters smiled, and, turning round, began to walk homeward with their father, while Jack, observing that, in spite of her declaration that she was unhurt, the young lady walked with some little difficulty, offered his arm for her support, and followed. They had gone some way before they met the other young men coming with their horses. Marian was too thankful to mount hers, though it was not without difficulty that she got up, and told Jack he must lead it, while Atkinson rode his steed. On their arrival at home, Marian had to confess to a sprained ankle, and had to lie upon the sofa, and Jack somehow or other found himself sitting by her side for the greater portion of the time he could spare from his studies.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MARRIAGE VERSUS CELIBACY.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Ritual looked on Dr. Prior as next door to a heathen, yet, as he was a minister of the Church of England, and gave good dinners, he was ready to preach in his church, to address him as his reverend brother, and to partake of his hospitality. On some of these occasions he had seen the fair Marian, who was decidedly a very pretty girl. Mr. Ritual was a bachelor, and although he theoretically admired the principle of celibacy in the Church of Rome, as he had not himself taken an oath to refrain from marriage, he considered that he was justified in himself entering into that state. He had made, it was said, several futile attempts, mostly with young ladies possessed of property, and at length he was enslaved by the beauty of the fair Marian. She quickly discovered her conquest, though she was doubtful what use to make of it; but she did her best to keep the Reverend Reginald attached to herself as the safest course, knowing that it would be easy enough to get rid of him at any time, but not so easy to whistle him back. It was at this juncture that Jack Rogers arrived.

She liked Jack at once. He came up to her notions of what a young man should be, and Mr. Ritual did not. She had no prejudice against his church system, but, at the same time, she had not the slightest predilection in its favour. Why Mr. Ritual had so many crosses worked on his pulpit-cushions and reading-desk, and stuck about the church, and had pictures of saints and candles lighted on the altar, she did not trouble her head to inquire; but she should be happy to work as many for him as he liked, and certainly she thought he looked better in the rich and gay vestments he occasionally wore than in a plain black coat. She would have liked him still better in a hussar's uniform. Still she knew well enough that "one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" she might have the Reverend Reginald, she believed, at any moment. He had a living with five hundred a year, with a nice little vicarage, and Jack would have a handsome house and as many thousands; but then Jack could scarcely marry for some years to come, and his family would probably be opposed to his marrying her at all. Fortunately, the Reverend Reginald took a holiday soon after Jack's arrival at the vicarage, and this enabled Marian to pass more of her time in the society of her father's pupil than she could otherwise have ventured to do, for fear of exciting the jealousy of her clerical admirer. The result was not exactly what she intended. People cannot play with edged tools without cutting themselves. The young lady had a heart, though she did not know it, and that heart, in spite of herself, she lost to Jack. She had the sense, however, not to let him find out the fact too soon, and, as Swainson observed, he had never seen a fellow so spoony as Jack soon became. His admiration for Marian made him much more attentive to her father than he would otherwise have been, and the doctor declared that he had never had so good a pupil, though he had to confess that, in matters of learning, his knowledge was somewhat limited. The doctor all this time knew nothing of Mr. Ritual's predilection for his daughter; even Mrs. Prior was uncertain about the matter. She suspected it, and that was all; and her daughters were not in the habit of confiding their secrets to her keeping. She might have had their interests at heart, but they did not admire the way she set about advancing them. Marian had an idea that her mother and father would favour Mr. Ritual if they knew of his intentions—not that they would not infinitely prefer Jack Rogers, as she did; but then for Jack she would have to wait, and be on their hands for some time longer, while Mr. Ritual might be secured immediately. Poor Marian! and yet she was not the first young lady placed in a like predicament. Her wish now was, that Mr. Ritual would keep away some time longer—would fall ill with a fever, or be put into prison by mistake, or into a madhouse, as other people had been—anything to keep him away. He had only started to see some friends in England. Greatly to her satisfaction, news was brought that he had been invited to travel in the Holy Land to take charge of young Lord Transept, and that he had got leave of absence for a year. She nearly betrayed herself by her delight.

"Why, I thought you rather liked Mr. Ritual?" observed one of her sisters.

She protested loudly that such was not the case.

"Then I know that he liked you, Marian!" exclaimed another. "I have caught him three or four times looking at you, as men don't look except they admire a girl; and, what's more, you saw him, and know it as well as I do. Besides, I overheard what he said to you in the garden one day he was here, and what you said to him in return—eh?"

Theodora was deservedly looked on as the ill-natured one of the family, so her remarks were generally not much attended to. However, on this occasion the doctor pricked up his ears and resolved to inquire into the matter, while Mrs. Prior felt that she ought to have discovered it before, if there was anything in it.

Marian felt the colour rise to her cheeks as she tried to defend herself from the attacks made on her from all sides. Jack would, perhaps, have believed the impeachment, for young love is generally inclined to be jealous; but she took good care directly they were alone to shower such heaps of ridicule on the Reverend Reginald that he was thoroughly satisfied that she could not care a pin for him.

Thus matters went on at Addlebrain Rectory for nearly a year. It was remarkable that, though the Miss Priors were always going, they seldom went away from home, and, if they did, they very soon came back again. Still the doctor and Mrs. Prior were always telling their friends, and especially the parents of their young men, that their daughters were seldom or never at home. Jack found the time pass very pleasantly; he did not read much, indeed: as he was to be the happy possessor of five thousand a year, the doctor considered that that was a matter of very little moment. Marian improved the time as far as Jack was concerned; and he, poor fellow, was over head and ears in love, though, fearing the remarks and quizzing of his companions, he had not ventured to confess his feelings.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE PRESENT VERSUS THE FUTURE.

THE Reverend Reginald Ritual returned home, and not long after presented himself at Addlebrain Rectory, where Dr. and Mrs. Prior, mindful of the remarks they had heard, received him in the warmest manner. He, consequently, believing that Marian must have told them of the attentions he had paid, was delighted, and fondly believed that she would, on being asked, consent at once to be his. He was disappointed on hearing that Marian was out riding, and was not expected back till dinner-time. He debated in his mind whether he should make his proposals in form to the doctor, or wait till he could make them to Marian herself. He decided on the latter course. The doctor and Mrs. Prior did not invite him to stay for dinner. They wished to prepare their daughter for what was coming, and to advise her to accept Mr. Ritual. Marian's dismay was considerable when, on her return home, she heard of Mr. Ritual's visit. She was certain that he intended to propose, and, if so, what should she do? She would consult Jack. That would bring matters to an issue. If he advised

her to accept him, then she would, as it would be pretty evident that he did not intend to marry her himself. But then he might advise her not to accept the parson, and yet not marry her after all. What was to be done? Jack, whenever he read at all, read novels, and of course, if Marian did not read them also, which she generally did, he enlightened her as to their contents. He had lately been reading several, in which the hero runs off with the heroine to Gretna Green, or to some other part of the world where they may, in spite of parents or guardians, be happily married. Jack and Marian had laughed at some of the incidents, but they had neither of them forgotten the lessons they had received.

Not far from the rectory was a broad river, navigable for boats of some size. The doctor's pupils frequently practised rowing on it, and Jack especially had become an expert boatman. Summer had now returned, and Marian took a great fancy to boating. She said that Jack should teach her to row, and of course he forthwith hired a boat and oars suited for her. Now and then they got Atkinson and Marshall to accompany them, but they generally dispensed with their society. They had gone down to the river as usual, when Marian declared that she was tired, and that Jack must row her. Of course he gladly took the sculls, and as he rowed on she leaned forward, and, earnestly looking him in the face, opened on the subject of the Reverend Reginald. Jack, as she proceeded, changed colour, and looked all sorts of unutterable things. She told him that Mr. Ritual was desperately fond of her, that her father and mother approved of the match, and then asked him what she should do.

"Do you love him in return?" stammered out Jack, which, under the circumstances, was the most sensible question to put.

Marian said she didn't, but that true love begets true love, and she couldn't say what might happen.

Jack determined to be out with it. She looked so bewitching, sitting there in the stern-sheets, with her knowing little mutton-pie cap and feather, and crinoline expanding her dress of blue cloth so as to fill up the whole of the after-part of the boat, he was certain that the major, when he saw her, could not possibly object to his marrying if he was once to see her. He likened her to a water-nymph—to a mermaid—to some romantic, nautical heroine. How delightful it would be to sail about the world with her in a fine yacht. He would get one as soon as he could; so he said:

"But suppose somebody else loves you, Marian, with a true and devoted love, whom you could like better, to begin with, than Mr. Ritual, what should you say then?"

"I should like to see the gentleman first before I reply," answered Marian, looking archly, and perhaps somewhat tenderly, at Jack.

"You see him, then, now before you!" exclaimed Jack, vehemently. "Marian, I began to love you when I first saw you, and I have gone on loving you ever since more and more. Will you marry me?"

Jack, to expedite an answer, would have liked to have taken her hand, or to have been still more demonstrative; but to do this he must have let go his oars, and perhaps have upset the boat; so all he

could do was to lean forward, and look unutterable things in the young lady's face.

Marian had now the game in her own hands, but she must play it cautiously. She felt that she did love Jack very much. He was a fine, handsome young fellow. Still she was wary.

"What would your father say to our marrying?" she asked, quietly.

"Why, you are just the girl he would admire; and if he was a bachelor, he would marry you himself," answered Jack.

"That is quite a different thing to letting you marry me," she said, smiling. "Besides, I haven't a sixpence in the world."

"Oh, but my governor has, I know, some thousands a year, and he could well spare a few hundreds for us to live upon," said Jack. "I have been calculating that we could live on five hundred a year and be very jolly."

"That I am sure we could," answered Marian, looking very sweet indeed. "And if your kind father can give us that, then——"

"Hillo! you two young people, where are you drifting to?" cried out a sturdy voice; and, looking up, they found that the boat was gliding down towards an open mill-dam, through which she would have been carried in no pleasant fashion. Jack, grasping his oars, pulled lustily, and the boat was soon out of danger.

"Oh! do, dear Jack, get to shore as fast as you can," cried Marian; and so he rowed away with all his might towards the nearest landing-place, though several people were standing there.

As the boat got nearer, they were seen to be some of the Miss Priors and the doctor's pupils, and a clerical-looking gentleman, whom Jack recognised as Mr. Ritual. He could, however, now look on him with considerable complacency. He and Marian tried to appear as unconscious as possible, but he especially miserably failed. He observed the quizzing glances of his companions directed towards him as they came forward to help Marian out of the boat. They both gave a somewhat bungling report of their proceedings, and felt perfectly certain that none of the party believed them. The Miss Priors said that they had been sent to bring Marian home, and one of them whispered, "For a very especial purpose, I suspect; so take care how you behave."

Marian tried to avoid Mr. Ritual, without appearing to do so. No easy matter. And at length he glided up to her side, when, to her vexation, all the rest of the party left her to him. Some men might have looked with rather a jealous eye at a young fellow like Jack Rogers escorting the lady he intended to make his wife, but Mr. Ritual was too well satisfied with himself to be thus troubled; besides, in his sight, Jack was a mere schoolboy, incapable of attracting the serious attention of a young lady of Marian's age. Jack, of course, walked on with the Miss Priors and his fellow-students, laughing and talking as loud as he could. Marian and the Reverend Reginald were far behind.

"Oh, for courage to carry me through this troublesome business!" she said to herself; "and audacity, impudence—anything to put him off."

Mr. Ritual had evidently made up his mind to speak then and there.

"Miss Mary Prior, I have long admired you as a young lady of rare beauty and other attractive qualities," he began, in a tone which showed that he had long before concocted the sentence.

"Thank you, sir; you are remarkably complimentary. Pray go on," said Marian, in as cool a way as she could assume. "Have you anything more of the same sort to say?"

"Much—much," ejaculated Mr. Ritual, somewhat thrown out. "The admiration I feel for you, my beautiful Mary, has induced me to ask you—to solicit—to entreat you to become my espoused wife. Will you? Oh! say yes."

"Suppose I did, Mr. Ritual? Might it not be possible that some day you would take it into your head that clergymen should not have wives, and repudiate me, as I have heard of some people sometimes doing?"

This was a piece of information she had of late received from Jack, though he had not at the time been thinking of Mr. Ritual. That gentleman was horrified. Who could have put such an idea into the young lady's head?

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, looking affectionately at his companion. "How could you think of such a thing? There was a period in ecclesiastical history when the priests of the Holy Catholic Church, with the chief Bishop of Rome at its head, were allowed to marry; and it is acknowledged by all that the introduction of their forced celibacy was an innovation, and, in my humble opinion, an injudicious one, though at one time, I confess, I thought otherwise; but that, my sweet Mary, was before I had seen you."

Marian had by this time got her courage completely up, so she answered boldly:

"But then, you see, Mr. Ritual, when I grow old and ugly you might take up your former idea, and send me back to my papa, which, I confess, I shouldn't like. Besides that, I can assure you I should, in the mean time, make you a particularly bad wife. I know nothing and care nothing for church architecture or church music. I do not admire you dressed up in those silk and golden robes you sometimes wear. I don't like fast days, or candles when the sun shines; and, more than all, I do not comprehend your long sermons, or understand the object of all the bendings and bowings in which you indulge."

Mr. Ritual was thunderstruck. Could the daughter of a clergyman speak thus? He certainly had had a very low opinion of Dr. Prior, and this convinced him that he was not mistaken. Still, the fair girl walking by his side looked as sweet and beautiful as ever. She might be only trying his feelings, yet the subject was rather a serious one for a joke.

"Then am I to understand, Miss Mary Prior, that you object to marry me?" he said, solemnly.

At that moment Jack's handsome face turned round towards her.

"Most positively I do, Mr. Ritual," she answered; and then closed her lips, as if determined not to say another word.



"Then I think the sooner we join the rest of the party the better," said the Reverend Reginald.

"So do I," said Marian, and walked on rapidly.

The party reached the rectory, and Mr. Ritual soon after took his departure. Marian had that evening to undergo a severe examination by the doctor and Mrs. Prior; but she was contumacious, and would give no reason for refusing him, as it was evident she had done, except that she did not like him.

"Oh! that is no reason whatever," observed her mother. "I am sure I did not like your father in the least before I married him, and yet I have made him an excellent wife, haven't I, doctor? Come, come, Marian, you must think better of it."

Marian, however, didn't think better of it, and consulted Jack what she should do. He resolved to write to his father, to get leave to engage himself forthwith. He was certain, he assured her, that there would not be the slightest objection. He was therefore horribly taken aback when, by return of post, he received one of his father's usually laconic letters:

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Jack. Your Marian may be an angel, but I don't want you to marry one. Tell the doctor I have summoned you home, and I will make it all right with him. I enclose a cheque for fifty pounds, with which pay all your small debts like a gentleman, and find your way here.

"Your affectionate Father,

"J. ROGERS.

"Tell the young lady that I'll cut you off with a shilling if you marry without my leave; and so I will, you young jackanapes.—J. R."

Jack was confounded at receiving this note. He first tore it into a thousand fragments, and then went to consult Marian, telling her that his father didn't want him to marry.

"I was afraid so," said Marian, turning pale. "What is to be done?"

"By Jingo! I have it," cried Jack. "My father wouldn't think I wanted fifty pounds to pay my debts. I'll pay them another time. I vote we run off to Scotland, and get married forthwith. The doctor won't be in a great hurry to overtake us, and I'll write and say that I am coming home as soon as possible, but that I have one or two little matters to settle first."

Marian doubted and hesitated about running away. It was very interesting to read about, but a dreadful thing to do in reality.

"If you don't run away with me, you'll have to marry Mr. Ritual, and I shouldn't like you to do that," urged Jack.

Marian knew that her chance of marrying the Reverend Reginald was gone altogether. At length, she made up her mind that what Jack proposed was the best thing to be done; and having made up her mind, she was as eager as he was to arrange their plans, and far cleverer in forming them. She was ready to start the next morning—indeed,

there was no time to be lost—for, should Major Rogers write to the doctor, he would be compelled to keep a watch on his daughter. Jack told the truth, and said he was summoned home—he concluded only for a few days. Marian received an invitation to spend a week at the house of an old friend, a Mrs. Dalton, a schoolfellow of hers. Jack most politely offered to see her to the railway station. The doctor was surprised and greatly alarmed to hear, three days afterwards, by chance, that Marian had never reached Mrs. Dalton's house, and still more to receive a note the following day from Major Rogers inquiring why Jack did not return home. The doctor shrewdly suspected the truth, and on driving over to the station was confirmed in this opinion by learning that on the morning the absentees had left the rectory, a young lady and gentleman exactly answering their description had taken through tickets in the coupé to Carlisle. The doctor on this wrote to the major, expressing his deep regret at what had occurred; that he had made a rule to keep his daughters away from their home in order to guard against the very sort of thing that had happened; and that all he could say was that he could not account for it, and that he hoped the major would pardon the young people, for a finer young couple could never be seen, though he as a father should not sing his daughter's praises.

"Humbug!" muttered the major, as he threw the letter into the fire; "hang me if I send another son of mine to a private tutor's unless I know my man thoroughly. I dare say the old rogue encouraged the young geese from beginning to end. However, if the girl is half as pretty as Jack says, there's excuse for him; and, by Jove! I don't know what I might have done at his age."

A week after this a carriage drove up to the door, and Jack appeared handing out a very simply though elegantly dressed young lady. Mrs. Rogers was inclined to be hysterical, but the major, when he saw her, punched his son's ribs, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Jack! Jack! there's some excuse, you rogue. Well, I shall have the pleasure of kissing as sweetly pretty a girl as I have seen for many a day. Come here, daughter-in-law; I don't exactly know how to show my displeasure at your conduct, and if you prove a good wife to my son I'll overlook it."

Whether or not Jack has repented of his early marriage it is difficult to say. Already there are two small Rogerses running about the Hall.

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## THE LITERATURE OF DREAMS.

DREAMS must always be a subject of interest, stimulating as they do two of the most powerful motives of the human mind, curiosity and superstition, which, again, are the parents of knowledge, and also of those religions which sprang from the classification of natural phenomena when these eluded the sagacity of the earlier denizens of this world.

Moreover, "In the youth of the world it suited the purpose of God to show His power of appropriation and sanctification of all nature and of all human activity. Thus it pleased Him early in the history of the second mundane generation to illustrate and to dignify the dream by manifestations therein either of Himself or His angelic ministers."

"The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams" sets before the reader, clearly and elegantly, all that has been said on the subject in time past, and contains the evidences of such extensive scholarship, that there can be but one opinion of the zeal and ability of the author. The task was compassed with the great difficulties not only of compilation, but of management, and in some respects reminds one of the "History of Fiction"\* in style, and of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" in its erudition. In other respects, it is essentially different from both, and takes up its station in the ranks of literature with a dignity which its *title* might misrepresent to the casual observer, accustomed only to the vulgar works professing to give a key to the future.

In the classification of materials, we find chapters more or less interesting on the Place of Dreams, Biblical Dreams, Dreams of Divine Origin, Ancient and Modern Interpretations, Opinions, Arguments for Immortality, Responsibility and Moral Uses of Dreams, Analogies of Dreaming and Insanity, Dreams of Animals, Remarkable Dreams, Ancient and Modern, and a Dictionary of Interpretations.

It will thus be seen that the range of the work is very extensive, and embraces, within a *comparatively* small space, a *résumé* of so many curious and abstruse theories, lucidly illustrated, that it is difficult, where the author so carefully reserves his own opinions, to make a selection. There are one or two points, however, of primary importance which cannot fail to strike the reader. For instance, it is clear that *memory* must be regarded as the test of dreams, that general interpretations will not suit individual cases, and, in this respect, present the same obstacle as the inapplicability of fixed or standard readings or laws of judicial astrology. One law does not govern the interpretation alike for all, but, on the contrary, we constantly find, that while, with one, dreams of horses presage a certain class of events, they may be followed in the case of another by invariably a totally dissimilar fulfilment.

"The stars incline, but not enforce," may be said likewise of certain dreams, and especially of those of an allegorical or symbolic character, which, when vivid, will often arrest a man in the prosecution of some favourite but perhaps unwise undertaking. They are, therefore, insubstantial messengers in one sense, even although the pure materialist may argue their origin in some disturbance of the organic frame.

\* Dunlop.

Such dream-messengers are akin to, and not less remarkable, perhaps, than, those angels whose "*bodies*, and the food which they ate," when their mission ended, resolved themselves "into *nothing*, or the *pre-existing elements*."\* The *mission* and *object* are in such cases the *reality*, the medium of communication being, to a certain extent, unimportant.

There is absolutely no limit to the belief in the divine nature of dreams. From the earliest dawn of history, as our author shows, dreams have been considered sufficiently important to be recorded, when events generally regarded as of more material consequence at the present day have perhaps been passed over in silence; and this importance attached to dreams in the ancient world may have been the evidence of that innate hope of immortality, or a spiritual existence hereafter, which has always been so sad and so dear a speculation. By dreams, which reduce absolutely to nonentity the rules of time and space, men recognised, and even now are unwilling to deny, that life is twofold, with incidents alike pleasing and pathetic, tragic and comic, in sleep as when waking.

Ideas, and a knowledge of words or language, says a well-known theorist, keep pace; consequently, he whose command of language is limited has not the means of forming extended ideas, and without these latter his dreams must be comparatively few and uninteresting. There may be a class of words unknown to us, the absence of which prevents our forming *precise* ideas of the wondrous phenomena about us, and of comprehending the mystery even of our own being. Perhaps in dreams such ideas may occasionally be dimly shadowed forth, and were there any psychological art analogous to that of photography, by arresting the passing shadows in our dreams, and then comparing them with the daily incidents of life, we might be enabled to span that gulf which now absolutely divides the material from the spiritual.

There was published some years ago in India† a tale—if tale it could be called—in which a chronological consistency or continuity was given by the author to a series of actual dreams. The phantom *dramatis personæ* were reduced in number, and from them was selected a *biological* heroine. The whole was cemented by descriptions of natural scenery, and suggestive quotations at the heads of the various chapters, which produced a grotesque effect. The object seemed to be, to show the contrast between the adventures of a person during sleep and when awake. But the most curious part of the whole is, that some years later, in a book styled "The Hashush-Eater," in which the visions narrated were produced by the *drug* in question, a very striking similarity may be recognised to the ephemeral production of the Delhi press.

There seem to be three kinds of dreams—the terrestrial, the spiritual, and the celestial. Of the first are dreams essentially of the earth earthy, and such as may be referred to physical causes, and whose grand type is the incubus, or nightmare. Of the second are those dreams which convey warnings from the dead, and which are composed partly of the incidents of ordinary life, with such as are termed *supernatural*. To this class belong most of the portentous dreams of which we read in profane history, and those phenomena which form a link between

\* *Militia Spirituālis*; or, A Treatise of Angels. By Henry Lawrence. London. 1652.

† *Idone*; or, Incidents in the Life of a Dreamer. Delhi. 1852.

things purely material and those spiritual. The third class of dreams is in many respects entirely different from the former, and appears to betray a higher origin, inasmuch as it must be evident that it is independent not only of physical conditions, but even of mental, so far as regards a normal condition of the brain. Moreover, these (so to speak) celestial dreams are, for the most part, generally typical, or analogous to something else—are more distinct—even in this respect approaching to the nature of a vision—and are of an abstract character. In these, too, the transitions from beauty to deformity, from pleasure to pain, from bliss to despair, may so rapidly alternate as to satisfy one that no derangement and restoration of the digestive organs could, in the short space of time, produce such vicissitudes in the world of dreams. Here, too, we wander in regions unknown to our waking perceptions or past experience—nay, even to imagination; incidents are connected, and, instead of the companions of our waking hours, we are either alone amongst pregnant symbolisms, or move amongst visible and living intelligences, such as we call angels. The forms of the material world no doubt enter into these phantasma or visions, and the result, on waking, is an indelible impression which does not fade with years, but leaves the mystic streets and squares of the spiritual cities which we may have visited quite as distinct as the recollection—nay, more so—of those of this terrestrial sphere which are familiar to us.

Sometimes, however, there may, in a higher state of oneiral exaltation, occur forms such as are not to be described by words, and whose appearance can only be expressed by similitudes. Thus—"as it were the likeness of a man's hand"—not that the form was in very fact a hand, but rather a something analogous to it; "as it were the voice of a man"—yet not that exact sound, but its *archetypal effect*—intelligence conveyed by a sense analogous to that of hearing, and yet not referable to any of our corporeal senses—just as we say the "*voice of conscience*" for want of a better analogue.

"The terror by night," some have supposed to mean "*panic*"—that strange influence to which the warlike Romans offered propitiatory sacrifices—and others "*nightmare*;" but may we not rather assume that it means that class of dreams which impinges on the sphere of visions of a denunciatory character?

At the present day, however convenient it may be for the practical man of the world to ignore the supernatural, there are few who, if ingenuous, would not admit the effect, more or less, of dreams on their waking thoughts—not perhaps to the extent of influencing their actions, but certainly of attracting their attention to the subject of what are called "coincidences."

History shows that dreams have at all times been the prognostics of some of the most memorable events on record, and that they have even been taken advantage of by diplomacy; sharing, however, the fate in many respects of phrenology, a science, as is suspected, often disparaged by those who desire to monopolise the means which it offers of studying human nature.

On the subject of the moral influence of dreams, our author justly remarks, that "our success in our efforts after self-government may be estimated partly by our *dream-correctness* or devarication." And again

he touches on the delicate subject that dreams are "a sort of safety-valve for disappointments."

The gods approve,  
The depth and not the tumult of the soul ;

and accordingly, to such, who under a stoical or epicurean mask conceal their inward suffering, dreams may be vouchsafed, to restore in some measure the balance of good and evil. These are they who occupy that position "which gives an opportunity of demonstrating, under fierce and chronic temptation, rectitude of character."

During mental suffering, there is generally a key-note controlling or directing the sufferer's grief.

In her pathetic lament, Andromache alludes to that kind of thought, which forms the *initial* of so many dreams.

οὐδέ τί μοι εἶπες πυκινὸν ἔπος οὐδέ κεν αἰεὶ  
μνηστῆρ' ὄνκτας τε καὶ ἡμάτας δακρυχέουσα.\*

And Wordsworth thus expresses the Divine beneficence in alleviating human sorrow :

Yet tears to human suffering are due,  
And mortal hopes, defeated and o'erthrown,  
Are mourn'd by man, and not by *him alone*.

It is impossible to say what are the limits of dreams in their influence on the moral world.

Some of the most intelligent and practical of our countrymen are believers in the spiritual nature of dreams, without either acting upon their inspirations or otherwise concerning themselves about them. Some shun, while they recognise, their portentous character, and seem to say, "What have we to do with thee?" But men holding the highest places in the roll of fame have dreamt dreams, and experience proves that, as a rule, *non-dreamers* are *non-thinkers*.

We knew a case where a man† who, owing to almost insurmountable worldly obstacles, was debarred to a great extent the society of one whom he loved with the utmost passion and tenderness, found a solace in traversing the world of sleep with her, and who felt that had it not been for this strange boon, his life would have been unendurable. When they met *in reality*, he often felt embarrassed at her estrangement, for she, in truth, felt no reciprocity.

The *responsibility* of the dreamer is a question of much interest, and seems to have been decided in the affirmative ; for we are told, that as the result of "evil waking desire or speculation," some dreams cannot be "spotless."

This may be conceded in a general way, but in most cases the judge, we believe, would sanction a recommendation to mercy.

In the case of unhappy royal marriages, for example, a difficult point would arise, for it would be hard to charge with evil waking desires and speculations the prince who should prefer his natural to his political or accidental wife.

\* Homer.

† He lived latterly abroad. The circumstances were unusual. The lady, the irresponsible cause of the attachment, might well have been (with her dower of a fine intellect, delicate and classical beauty, and the "magic spell" of a rich voice) the bride of the noblest.

We cannot strike the just balance between true affection set at liberty in the land of dreams and conventional affection—the Anteros of everyday life—and that the former are by far the more numerous we must take on Shakspearean warranty :

Those that love best shall not their love enjoy.

Memory, as we have said, is the gate or test of dreams ; but, in another part of the same volume, *memory* is interchanged for the *soul*.

“ *That* which so vividly remembers, is the soul ; and if in sleep, which refreshes our organic nature, it utters its recollections brokenly and indistinctly, it will abundantly compensate itself when the material vesture which clogs it shall be cast away. Much of the indistinctness of dreams probably arises from physical unhealthiness.”

“ Leibnitz argues, that when in sleep without dreaming, there is always some slight perception. Kant says that ‘those who fancy they have not dreamt, have only forgotten their dreams.’ Müller thought sleep the antagonism of the animal and organic functions. Burdach calls sleep, the ‘primordial state of the soul, where it finds itself when it awakes to life.’”

“Doubtless the majority of dreams are what Macnish asserts all to be, ‘the resuscitation of thoughts which in some shape or other have previously occupied the mind.’”\* But, as another author justly remarks, “Experience and revelation attest, however, that at times the struggles of the chained spirit to employ and thus to enjoy itself amid the glories of its proper clime are not in vain.”

“The transportive or imaginative faculty that causes others to appear to us in our dreams,” the faculty of flying and other phenomena, are discussed at considerable length and with judgment ; but these questions,† after all, appear to have baffled the acumen of physiologists and metaphysicians, and partake of the obscurity which involves the secret of life and the existence of the soul. The veil of the immaterial seems to be absolutely impenetrable, argue as we may, and dreams must be taken as they are ; for, until we hit upon an infallible mode of dream interpretation, or are able to communicate particular dreams by administering diversities of food, we must admit that our grasp has been eluded.

The author of the present volume, however, has focussed a vast amount of thought on this singular and interesting subject, and may be said to have restored it to the position which it held before the diffusion of cheap oracles of fate and the charlatanry of modern professors of astrology had brought it into undeserved disrepute.

\* Amongst the many curious theories respecting dreams, that of the action of food on the trophonian cave of the stomach has not been thoroughly or satisfactorily investigated by physiologists. That atomic particles of an animal or vegetable should, on entering the human system, be capable of setting in motion the complicated machinery of dreams, with all the details of creatures and things, divine and human, is truly wonderful, for it would augur the possibility of the basest things containing in embryo the germs of the purest, and *vice versa*.

† The physiological explanation of the phenomena of *flying* in dreams is at variance with an account of a certain hero’s exploits at the battle of Moyrath: “The high mental exaltation induced by religious abstraction, and also by the vehement affections of the mind, is actually attended with a diminished specific gravity.”—*Dublin University Magazine*.

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER IV.

## COMPLICATIONS.

MR. CHARLTON was beyond measure delighted at the news Mrs. Errol told him when he rode up to the abbey that day in the hot noontide, while Arthur and Laura were still philandering out of doors. Poor broken man! he had sufficient moral sense left to feel keenly that he had been an inert, self-indulgent, neglectful father, who, loving his motherless child deeply, had yet left her to the irritating persecutions of a domestic gadfly. Long and sorrowfully had he turned these things in his thoughts, but he had no energy left to do more than make a brief and angry protest against whatever attracted his attention for the moment, and he knew that such conduct on his part could be of little aid to his daughter, if indeed she did not afterwards suffer trebly for it. Judge, then, of his happiness at the prospect which had opened before her. Silent tears rolled down his pale changed face as Mrs. Errol told him of her own joy and "the children's" perfect bliss. Remorse, regret, and deep, unspeakable relief had their share in those tears, and he clung to his old friend's hand as though it were an anchor of safety by which he would fain hold fast.

"God bless you for all you have been to me and to her," was all he said at that time; but afterwards, when he had become a little quieted, he and Mrs. Errol had a long and happy talk, in the midst of which Laura and Arthur came in. Then, indeed, when the girl saw how the fact of her being Arthur's promised wife sufficed to make three people supremely blessed, while her own feelings on the subject were somewhat undecided, what marvel is it that what misgivings she had left should go over to the other side? Indeed, the sight of her father's delight completely overwhelmed this soft impressible nature; and when he kissed and blessed her, and told Arthur to be more tender and careful of her than her old father had been, a stranger suddenly coming on the group might have thought it rather a question of a funeral than a marriage, so tearful were all the performers.

But that stage gave place to a pleasanter one; and when they were all seated at luncheon, the every-day beef-and-pudding intercourse of the table helped, as common-place things will do, to sober down the *exaltation* of everybody.

But Mrs. Charlton! When her husband told her the story, her dislike to Laura seemed justified; "a scheming, artful, designing little puss," as she afterwards called her in her private talk with Clara.

Laura had won something which the lady had wished earnestly to win for her own child; and although Clara had never had a chance of gaining the prize, and never could have had, had Laura never existed, still, with that logical clearness and justice which so eminently distinguishes some



female minds, Mrs. Charlton defined to her own satisfaction that Laura had taken Clara's lover from her, and was therefore to be vilified.

In a day or two her mood cooled. When Mrs. Errol called, she was all sweet, soft flatteries and self-gratulation at the mutual good fortune of the dear young people. In her heart she reasoned thus :

"If the marriage *should* go on, Laura will have a position, which we should do ill not to conciliate. It would never do for my girls not to have the entrée at Feltham Abbey. But a year is to pass first, and a year is a long time. Adelaide will be home with her sister in spring, and Marion writes me that she is wonderfully improved in beauty and style. What idiots that woman and boy must be ! to choose an unformed plain chit like that to fill such a station as that of Mrs. Errol of Feltham Abbey, and to choose her, too, from beside one of my girls."

But the choice *was* made ; and, however things might turn out, whatever change twelve months might make in the feelings of the parties principally concerned, Mrs. Charlton decided that, for the present, the proper thing to be done was to be cordial and kind to Laura, and to endeavour by such cordiality to obliterate the memory of former unpleasantness. Clara felt deeply injured at first. The idea of any other girl appropriating *any* eligible young man in the neighbourhood was intolerable to her ; but that Laura, on whom she had always looked as being little better than an obliging, silent, almost half-witted creature, should have secured such a prize as Arthur Errol, was as inconceivable as it was annoying.

It was well for Laura that the dignities looming in the future for her were so important in the eyes of the ladies at Charlwood, otherwise she would have found her last year of freedom more uncomfortable than those which had preceded it.

As it was, she did not end her visit at the abbey until the beginning of August, and then she only returned home because Mrs. Charlton was very ill. A feverish cold, neglected in favour of some pic-nics and an archery fête and ball, had revenged itself by utterly prostrating the good lady ; and as Clara struck work very early in the illness, declaring herself quite knocked up by her close attendance in the sick-room, Laura went home to take her share of the nursing.

A fortunate thing for Arthur ; for when she was away from him, she learned the full value of his tenderness and love. He would not have lamented her absence as he did, had he known how much it increased Laura's affection for him. Indeed, every day made her more thankful for her lot. In her ignorance, she knew not that the equable calm sisterly affection she felt for him was as unlike the love she *could* feel as a calm grey day is to one flowing with fervid heat and beauteous with colour and radiance. Some people may think the shadowed grey day the most enjoyable, but what of that ? "Folk must dree their weird."

Mrs. Charlton was down-stairs in the drawing-room. It was her first reappearance there, and with a close cap on and many shawls wrapped about her, she certainly looked a good deal altered. Laura was reading aloud to her, and Clara sat near a window which commanded the lime-avenue, watching for the coming of a certain major of dragoons (just then quartered at Carton), who had given sundry signs of capitulation. She sees a horseman afar off, and stretches her fair long neck in pleased ex-

pectation, which was almost certainty, but presently a vexed and petulant expression came over her face.

"I declare, here is Arthur Errol again! It is really too bad. One cannot be free of him for a single day."

Mrs. Charlton may have been of late contrasting the care she received from Laura with the indifference towards her displayed by her own child, or she may have been annoyed by the unguarded speech of the young lady, for she answered with some asperity:

"How ill bred you have become, Clara! Arthur is always welcome here, as much for his own sake as Laura's. It would be strange indeed if he were to absent himself. Go down and meet him, Laura, and keep him somewhere till Clara has had time to recover her temper. You must forgive her, my dear. I dare say she expected some one else."

"I do not mind in the least," said Laura, smiling. "I am sure Arthur will be very glad to see you down-stairs again. I suppose I may bring him in?"

"Certainly. When Clara is herself again, I shall be delighted to see him."

Laura left the room, and Clara, swelling with sullen dignity, had a smart lecture on the rudeness and impolicy of her behaviour. After a short interval, Arthur and Laura entered, and they sat by the invalid's sofa until Dr. Fenton, Mrs. Charlton's physician, came, when Laura put on her hat and walked with Arthur to the road, where he mounted his horse and rode away. When Laura returned to the house the doctor had gone, and Mrs. Charlton desired to see her. Laura found her flushed and disturbed.

"What is the matter, mamma? Did not Dr. Fenton think you much improved?"

"Yes, my dear, but—I declare, Laura, I hardly know how to tell you—but he says I must go to Whitecliffe for a month or two, and that Fan and Eva need bracing air and sea-bathing as well, and of course I cannot take them and their maid without some one to keep them in order. Of course Clara is the proper person to come, but when I broached it to her just now she behaved most ungratefully, and declares she will not go. Could you for a moment think of leaving this just now, and coming with me? Indeed, I am ashamed to ask you, but you know, so weak as I am now, I should be killed with those boisterous children, and they are so insubordinate to every one but you. Mrs. Errol and Arthur will be very angry with me, but what can I do?"

"I shall go with pleasure," answered Laura. "You will be much better off with me than Clara, for she is herself so easily made ill, and the children don't mind her in the least."

"That's true. And indeed, Laura, you are a dear, kind child! You show more gratitude for my care of you than my own girls!"

"I shall be very glad if I can be of use. When do you think of going?"

"The doctor says we are going to have a sultry autumn, and that I must leave this soft, warm atmosphere at once; there are too many trees about here for an invalid. I think I could be able to travel next week. I selected Whitecliffe because it is within three miles of Cragmers, Sir Thomas Lenox's place. He was uncle to poor Colonel Lenox. They

have no end of money, and no children ; a queer old couple, very odd indeed, and they might have done more for me when Colonel Lenox died ; but it will be pleasanter to have some one one knows within easy distance than go to a gayier place, where we should have no connexions. What do you think ?”

“ It is quite the same to me, if you please yourself. I shall be so glad to be near the sea. I think the only thing wanting to the perfection of Charlwood and Feltham Abbey is that they are out of sight and sound of the sea.”

“ I am glad you can promise yourself any pleasure from the visit. I am very much obliged indeed, Laura, by your ready consent.”

Then Mr. Charlton came in, and the plan was submitted to him. He was too glad to see something like affection and union between his wife and daughter to raise any obstacle, and the details were discussed and arranged.

Next day Laura went to Feltham, and had to combat Arthur's distaste to the scheme ; but his mother agreed with Laura in thinking it her duty to go, and Arthur comforted himself by remembering that he had some friends who lived about ten miles from Whitecliffe, and to whom he resolved to pay a long-promised visit. Early in the following week the family party started, and two days after were established in the prettiest house in Whitecliffe, with a glorious sea-view on one side, and on the other a far perspective of wood and valley, terminating in a range of purple hills. Mrs. Charlton began to grow better at once, but her temper sharpened with her appetite, and Laura almost regretted the hours of attendance she had passed by the sick-bed and invalid couch when she felt that languor and amiability vanished together. A certain potentate, who shall be nameless, is not the only one whose good resolutions have vanished with the bodily weakness which originated them.

One day when Laura returned from the beach after bathing, as she was ascending the steps at the front door, with the two little girls clinging to her dress, Eva cried, “ Oh ! what a funny old man ! ” and, looking in the direction in which the child pointed, Laura saw at the sitting-room window above her head a little brown, withered face, with the strangest expression, compounded of testiness and kindness ; a thick, bushy shock of white hair came well over the forehead, and with as thick white whiskers, formed a complete border round the absurd-looking little face. Meeting Laura's upward glance, this queer little head nodded familiarly to her, and leaning from the window, called out,

“ Good morning, Miss Charlton. Come up and be introduced to us. My wife and I are here, and we have been waiting to see you. Don't wait to put up your wet locks ; they look very well as they are.”

Laura laughed, and, despite the prohibition, was about entering her own room to make herself presentable, when the drawing-room door opened, and the owner of the little brown face, a little brown man, came out and laid his hand on her shoulder.

“ No, no, you shall not escape. We have no time to stay. I am Sir Thomas Lenox ; come in and see my wife.”

And Laura, finding there was no avoiding the trial of appearing in her dishevelled state, made the best of it, and allowed herself to be led into the drawing-room, where sat Mrs. Charlton and a little old lady very

like the old gentleman, and, worse than all, a gentleman by no means old, whose perfect elegance made Laura feel with poignant shame that her pink gingham dress was mirched with sand, and that her hair was what ladies call "a perfect fright." Blushing and confused, she could scarcely command self-possession enough to acknowledge the introductions that took place, but she learned, at least, that the younger man was Colonel Home, though how he came there she could not imagine.

Her fresh, pretty blushing youth seemed to work like a charm on the old couple; they sat one on each side of her, and paid her exclusive attention, while Colonel Home devoted himself to the entertainment of Mrs. Charlton, who, pleased with her companion, could not refrain from an uneasy watchfulness of the trio on the other side of the room.

Laura soon forgot her untidy appearance in the pleasure she derived from her new acquaintances. In her very restricted intercourse with the world she had never met with any people at all like them, and, indeed, there was enough of character and originality about both to interest and amuse even an experienced student of life. It seemed to be their invariable rule to dispute about everything, great or small, and their manners had the queerest mixture of kindliness, brusqueness, and old-fashioned polish that can possibly be imagined. They were shrewd enough to be quite aware that Mrs. Charlton's submission to their whims was caused by the hope that her children should inherit the wealth of her first husband's uncle and aunt, and they despised her meanness at the same time that they played with it. They had always disliked her, and although in her widowhood they had helped her frequently and substantially, they knew very well that her gratitude was merely lip-service, for that her expectations far outran anything which either duty or inclination bade them do for her.

It was at first merely an unamiable desire to torment her which had caused them to be amiable to her step-daughter; but Laura had always been a success with old people, to whom she had the prettiest deferential softness of manner, arising from her kindly nature and her inborn veneration, and the old couple felt attracted towards her in a way that had no parallel in their experience.

"Lucy Charlton!" cried Lady Lenox, in her sharp clear voice, "do you not think Miss Charlton has a look of our poor dear Frank about the brow and eyes?"

Mrs. Charlton smiled a forced smile, half sad for *le feu* Frank, and half interest in the supposed resemblance; but, after a conscientious examination, she could not bring herself to say more than—

"Perhaps there may be a slight likeness, dear aunt; but the difference of sex, you know."

"Yes, but our Frank was as fair and finely featured as a girl," returned the mother. "And—yes, my dear, it certainly is so, you are *very* like him. I could not tell what drew me to you all at once. He was our only son, our only child, and he was killed at Alma."

"Poor dear fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlton, tenderly. "So young and so brave! I grieved so for him."

Sir Thomas turned short round towards her.

"Yes, I heard of your grief. You mourned him at two pic-nics and a ball the week we sent you the news."

Mrs. Charlton flushed with anger and confusion, and, feeling that Sir Thomas's information must have been very precise, did not dare to deny it; but Colonel Home came to her assistance.

"It is sometimes a nobler and higher duty to conceal our grief than to indulge it, Sir Thomas," he said. "Of course Mrs. Charlton's engagements must have been made before the news reached her, and she may not have thought it right to spoil the arrangements of so many people."

"Not a bit of it, Home. She was Mrs. Lenox then. The people would not have missed her."

"Excuse me for most decidedly disagreeing with you. I cannot imagine such a possibility as Mrs. Charlton's not being missed."

"Come, don't talk such nonsense, Home. Old lady! don't you think it time we were moving? Lucy Charlton, I think you a very fortunate woman to have such a step-daughter. When you are somewhat better, she must come and stay at Cragmere with us."

"We shall be most happy indeed, dear uncle. I perfectly dote on Cragmere. Such a sweet old place!"

"Don't be a humbug, Lucy! You know you always hated it. You yawned from morning till night; and your maid told my wife's maid, who told my wife, that you said you would have died with weariness there had it not been for meal-times. But," turning to Laura, "I think better of you, my dear, than to think you will kill yourself with yawning. We are a rough old pair, somewhat rusty with having lived so long out of the world, and soured by the loss of the creature we loved best, and the only one that loved us. But we have quantities of old rubbish up in the old house which people are always wanting to see, and you may possibly like that; and we have very fine coast scenery."

Mrs. Charlton resolved not to take notice of the snubs dealt so liberally out to her, and, persistently amiable, exclaimed in a rapture:

"Oh! the antiquities at Cragmere are really magnificent, and there are not finer views in England."

Sir Thomas ignored this speech, but his wife said, with a fainter reflexion of her husband's sharpness:

"Our curiosities are all the better worth seeing that they are not of our collecting; but if you should not care for them, Miss Charlton, we have still something to offer you; we really do pride ourselves on our flowers."

And with a very earnest repetition of their invitation the strange pair and Colonel Home took their departure, Mrs. Charlton lavishing "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" on them from the window. When the carriage had rolled away, she turned to Laura:

"They grow more and more disagreeable. I never saw such an intolerable old pair. If it were not my duty, for the sake of the poor girls, I should never submit to their insolence. I long every minute to answer their impertinence as it deserves."

"I think, mamma, that they are more odd than ill natured, and I fancy they dislike being flattered."

"Yes, I dare say, like all tyrants, they dislike being flattered, and detest you if you do not flatter them."

"They were very pleasant to me, and very unexpectedly kind. I felt inclined to like them much."

"They don't care if they never see you again. They fancy it will annoy me if they pay you attention. Take care how you allow yourself to be led on by their seeming cordiality; they will throw you over when it suits them, and not think twice about it."

"But what harm can they do me? If they are agreeable when we meet, I shall be very glad; but if they choose to act otherwise, I shall not break my heart. And it is unlikely that we shall ever meet again when I shall have returned to Charlwood."

"I wish we were back there now; I grow quite tired of this stupid place."

"But you are so very much better."

"That's as it may be. Do go and put up your hair, Laura. You have such a ridiculous Ophelia look with it hanging about you; it makes quite a show of you; and your dress is disgustingly untidy. I could walk on the sands for a week, and not make such a mess of my skirt. Colonel Home could scarcely refrain from smiling at you, so superlatively elegant as he is. I was quite ashamed that a girl with whom I had anything to do should make her appearance in such a state."

"I really could not help it. Fanny threw Eva into the midst of some wet sand they had piled up, and when I raised her she soiled my dress."

"You should not have come in till you had changed it."

"Sir Thomas almost drew me in."

"It would have been no matter but for Colonel Home; he is so very fastidious; he can never think of you again but as an awkward, slovenly, red-handed girl."

Laura blushed and laughed.

"That will not matter much; it is not likely he will take any trouble to think about me at all."

"He probably would not, only you happen to be *my* husband's daughter; as such you reflect discredit on me by making so bad an appearance."

A most unnecessary sharpness of voice and manner lent force to Mrs. Charlton's strictures, and Laura felt that her step-mother was not pleased, so she placed her easy-chair and footstool in a convenient position near the bay-window, drew a little table beside it, and laid thereon the novel and flacon of perfume, ready for Mrs. Charlton's hand, and then departed to remove the obnoxious signs of her morning's ramble.

Next day Colonel Home called, bringing some hothouse flowers for Mrs. Charlton, and an invitation to Cragmere for the whole party to dine and spend the following day. He scarcely looked at or spoke to Laura, more than the merest civility demanded; and she, busily plying her crochet-hook by the window, listened, well pleased, to his conversation with her step-mother. He had travelled much, and, for a man still young, had seen a great deal of foreign service. He had been beside young Lenox when the latter had received his death-wound; and when he himself had returned on sick leave to England, he had brought the bereaved parents their son's last messages, and such tangible memorials of him as he could collect. Since then he had spent a month or two every autumn at Cragmere, and shot and fished in the well-stocked preserves of Sir Thomas Lenox, whenever inclination prompted him to avail himself of a hospitality which was always at his command. Thus much

Laura gathered from his talk with Mrs. Charlton, and being herself almost entirely unobserved, she had full opportunity to look and listen. I do not know that Colonel Home was handsome—he certainly was not the reverse; but unmistakably high bred he was in every look and tone. His clothes (O Sartor!) had the gift of looking better made than those of any other man, and his dark face had a spirit and fire in its expression which was more attractive than any mere perfection of feature. A very refined and fastidious gentleman he was, who seemed to be bored by the mere necessity of breathing the breath of life; but when he did any one the honour of brightening up for the nonce, the individual was sure to feel unduly elated by the compliment; and, indeed, whether bored or entertained, Colonel Home was a general favourite with men as with women. He was the first of his type that Laura had ever seen, and the effect he had on her (probably in a great measure produced by her step-mother's remarks of the previous day) was to make her feel uncomfortable and ill at ease, and to cause her to wonder secretly what manner of woman she could be whom the colonel should think worthy of his homage. He paid a long visit, and left Mrs. Charlton completely enslaved.

"Positively the most elegant man I have ever met; it is really like seeing some one from a higher and quite different sphere. Buried in the country from year to year, where can one meet such men as those? It is delightful that he should happen to be here; I shall write for Clara."

They went to Cragmere immediately after breakfast next morning, for so they had been pressed to do; and the drive thither led over the high downs, offering at every moment some new and exquisite combination of scenery, whether one looked seaward or landward. Mrs. Charlton had left the children at home, so that Laura could enjoy the drive without being perpetually interrupted, and the beauty and novelty acted on her like some potent elixir. She was sparkling with pleasure as the carriage turned in at the entrance gates of Cragmere, and the quaint but exquisitely neat arrangement of every portion of the grounds through which they passed delighted her, and the very old, time-mellowed house of red brick, half smothered in china roses and clematis, seemed to her the loveliest abode it was possible to find, for, standing on the steps before the door, you had the blue sea at your feet, and on either side the house was a splendid range of glass, through which glowed the vivid tints of rare and beautiful flowers.

"Oh, what a view! and such flowers! Mamma, did you ever see anything so magnificent?"

"I do not go into ecstasies for effect, Laura; please don't be a fool. Men of the world see through those pretty little artlessnesses at once."

But just then the carriage drew up at the foot of the steps, and Sir Thomas and Colonel Home were in readiness to hand their visitors out, and Mrs. Charlton was all smiles and graces.

"Well, Lucy! well, Miss Charlton!—By the way, I shall call you your home name, for Miss Charlton does not suit you—what's your name? Lotty, or what?"

"Laura."

"Laura! a pretty name, but romantic; my old woman's name is Dolly. Then I shall call you Laura, shall I?"

"If you please."

"Then, Laura, if you are not tired, perhaps when you have seen Lady Lenox you would choose to explore a little?"

"Yes, indeed, this seems such a beautiful place, and I have never before been so far from our own home; it is all quite new to me, this living with the sea at one's feet."

"We sometimes get too much of it; there are wild gales from the north, which, in winter, send the spray over that tall belt of firs against our windows."

"I should like that."

"No, it is rather too much of a good thing. You see all our shrubs and trees on this side are bent out of shape; and there, where that conservatory stands, I had a large semicircular bed of the finest azaleas and rhododendrons, but the salt rime and the harsh winds so nipped and destroyed them, that I was forced to root them up, and have glass put there. Come in now, and see my lady, and then Colonel Home shall gallant you about."

They entered a large dusky hall, paved with squares of black and white marble, which flooring was almost concealed by rugs made of the skins of animals, foreign and domestic; the wainscoted walls were lined with glass-faced cabinets, containing shells, minerals, birds, beasts, and fishes, coins, medals, and other hobbies too numerous to mention—indeed, it would have appeared that many generations of Lenoxes must have had each a distinct monomania; and not the hall alone, but the whole house, had much the air of a museum. Lady Lenox came into the hall to meet her guests, and received Laura with great affection, leading her into a room made brilliant by the conservatory filled with bright blossoms and glistening foliage, which opened from it. Such a room! quite in the style of a century ago—japan cabinets loaded with rare and hideous china monsters, spider-legged tables covered with bric-à-brac—all kinds of porcelain were represented here, and the air was laden with the sweet old-fashioned perfume of pot-pourri, emanating from four enormous Sèvres jars which stood in each corner of the apartment.

"This is our china-room, my dear," said the brisk, neat old lady. "Our collection is very good, and it is the only one in which I take any interest. I really *am* fond of good china."

"What a quantity you have got!"

"Yes, a dreadful waste of money; but it is here now, and I should not like to disperse it. Should you like to take your hat off? or perhaps——"

"I am going to send her and Home off for a walk together; he can show her the caves on the beach and the view from 'Goats' Point.' Lucy Charlton has grown too fat to enjoy a long scrambling ramble in this close autumn weather; and mind, young folks, you are not to go beyond the grounds for the next hour. Come back then, and have something to eat; afterwards you can go where you choose."

"I am at Miss Charlton's disposal, subject, of course, to your orders; for I suppose not even a young lady dare have a will of her own in this house," said Colonel Home.

"I am afraid I shall not like giving up my will," answered Laura; "and I assure you there is no necessity for any escort for me. I am accustomed to go about alone a good deal."

"My dear Laura," cried Mrs. Charlton, resenting this observation as



a reflection on her care of her step-daughter, "you know you never go beyond the park without a servant or some one with you. I could not permit it. I assure you, aunt, I am very particular."

"No doubt—no doubt," said Sir Thomas, hastily. "I suppose the child means that she goes about very much *inside* the park. Come, Colonel Home, take your charge. You are to take great care of her. Nonsense, Lucy, *you* are not going with them; come and tell me if Mr. Charlton's late-blowing roses are better than mine."

And although Mrs. Charlton, angrily chafing at the assertion that she was too fat for much exercise, would fain have walked herself into a fever in the effort to disprove it, yet she did not dare to refuse Sir Thomas's invitation; and the younger pair were allowed to depart.

Laura would much have preferred going alone; she thought that her companion must feel her as much in *his* way as she felt him in hers, and his languid blasé manner gave her no reason to think that such was not the case. On his side, he was a notorious male flirt of the passive kind. He had always had abundant proof of the high estimation in which he was held by women, and in his lazy way was pleased with it; but Laura seemed so unlike any one who could either flirt or allow herself to be flirted with, that the poor colonel felt sadly at a loss for subjects of conversation with this country girl, whom he had last seen in a pink skirt, bedecked with splashes of sand and sea-water. Even then he had rather admired her pretty, delicate, yet bright colouring, and the picturesque grace of her long, waving, brown hair. But picturesqueness in a woman he was not accustomed to; it was not in his line, and he did not altogether understand it. She suited him better to-day, with her locks reduced to conventional order, and her delicate pretty muslin dress and lace mantle. She was of his world now, and he could talk to her, if she would only give him an idea of what she wished him to say; but Laura, uncomfortable at being the incubus she believed herself to be to him, was equally at a loss; and the colonel, in casting about for something to say, allowed the silence to reach a pitch that became awkward. He was annoyed at himself for feeling put out, and rather angry at Laura, who walked quickly on down the path which led to the beach. Mending his pace, he advanced to her side, and determined to say something.

"You seem resolved to leave me behind, Miss Charlton."

There was the quiver of a suppressed smile on Laura's lip as she looked up at him.

"It is quite superfluous trouble to provide me with an escort," she answered. "I should take care not to go too far away."

"Which means that you would much prefer me to let you go alone?"

"Yes."

"Why should you deny me the pleasure of accompanying you?"

"Oh! I am sure I don't quite know," she said, blushing.

"Don't be insincere, Miss Charlton, and pray tell me the reason."

"It was a feeling I had that you would have preferred remaining quiet."

"What put that into your head?"

"Come, Colonel Home, you are cross-examining me. I had and have the idea, and that is enough."

"Not for me. I should like to discover its origin."

"You know very well you don't care the least about it, and it's my

firm belief that you are harping on this subject merely because you can find nothing else to say to me."

"There you are quite right; but you must acknowledge that it is not easy to begin a conversation which shall interest you. I have seen you but twice, and you did not speak half a dozen words either time, so that I could not tell what I was to say that should please you."

"I rarely speak until some one speaks to me."

"In obedience to the nursery canon:

Speak when you're spoken to,  
Do what you're told.

How runs the rest?"

"Yes, I suppose there is some unrecognised remembrance of that verse in my silence."

"Don't turn your head this way for a moment, Miss Charlton. I had particular orders to let this view break suddenly on you."

Laura obeyed, glad that the former topic was laid; and after a few steps in advance, the signal being given, she raised her eyes, and was rewarded by a view of a lovely land-locked bay, guarded by rugged headlands of endless variety of form and colouring, while beyond them the wide sea, all light and motion, gave back the intense blue of the sky, until it melted into the soft haze of the horizon. Laura's eyes brightened, and the colour on her cheek grew deeper. Like most dwellers in far inland places, she had a passionate love for the sea, and Colonel Home needed no words of hers to tell him of her delight.

"You think it fine?" he said.

"Yes. I never saw anything so grand. I have never been at the sea-side before, except for a month some years since, and that was so different. It was a very fashionable place, with flat sands, and a perpetual east wind. Except the sea itself, there was no beauty there."

"Ah! perhaps you would like to go down this path to the rocks? or would you prefer going along the downs?"

"It is quite the same to me. Perhaps we had better not go too far just now. Sir Thomas begged I would not."

"True! he hates unpunctuality. Then suppose we go this way. Presently we shall come on a path which will lead us back to the house through a wood, where are some of the finest hollies I have ever seen. After lunch, if you are not tired, we can explore further."

Meantime Sir Thomas, his wife, and Mrs. Charlton were not getting on very well together. The roses had been examined, and Mrs. Charlton, true to her instinct, had praised everything she saw, and depreciated her own possessions in such lavish measure that she irritated the shrewd old couple; and as Sir Thomas felt bound to be forbearing to his guest, he turned the conversation.

"You are lucky in your step-daughter," he said. "There is something mighty taking about her. I have not seen so pretty a girl for many a day; and she is as good as she is pretty, I'll be bound."

"Laura is a good girl enough," returned Mrs. Charlton; "but as for beauty, we do not think her pretty."

"Do you not? Then all I say is, that you must have very bad taste. Women, in general, can't *walk* now; they stumble, and wriggle, and hop,

and skip; but they can't *walk*. Now that girl *can*; and it's a treat to see her."

"Really you seem quite to admire her," giggled Mrs. Charlton. "If I were my aunt, I should be jealous."

"I do admire her, and my wife agrees with me; don't you, Dolly?"

"I never felt so drawn to any one in my life," answered Lady Lenox. "She has the prettiest deferential way with old people, and then she is so like my poor boy."

"I suppose Charlton will be able to give her a good 'fortune?' interposed Sir Thomas.

"Yes. I think it rather unjust towards my two little girls," replied Mrs. Charlton, with an eye to interesting her auditors for her own offspring. "They are as near to him as she; but he will insist on making an eldest son of her."

"I'm sure she deserves it. Dolly, would she not make a nice wife for Home?"

"Excellent. I hope he may think so himself."

"We must put it into his thoughts, and——"

"You may spare yourselves the trouble," interrupted Mrs. Charlton, sharply. "Laura is engaged, and is to be married next autumn."

"What a pity! To whom is she engaged?"

"To the best match in our county," returned the lady. "Mr. Errol, of Feltham Abbey."

"Oh! I knew his father well! I am glad the girl is so well provided for, but I own I wish Home had had the chance of being first in the field. And what about *your* two daughters, Lucy? It is time they were following their sister's example."

"Quite time enough. They are fastidious for themselves, and I am doubly so for them. I must, though I *am* their mother, say that two more elegant girls than Clara and Adelaide it would be difficult to find."

"They have plenty of airs and graces. After Marion's wedding, I heard Harry Dampierre say that Clara was insufferable from affectation, and that Adelaide was quite as bad, although, being prettier, she passed it off with a better grace."

"He had his own reasons for being ill natured," said Mrs. Charlton. "He presumed on his cousinship, and my girls made him know his place. He is such bad style, you know."

"I don't know a better fellow. Your young women must be hard to please if they don't like him."

"They *are* hard to please. But then they are, I must say, a little spoiled; they have so much attention paid them."

"I'd take care of that, if I were you. Girls that are what you call very much admired seldom get off well, and I have been told that your daughters are terrible flirts," put in Lady Lenox.

"It is a vile slander, dear aunt! Dear uncle! see them for yourself; you ought to know them; they would be so delighted to come here!"

"No, no, thank you!" chorused the old couple. "That Laura, now, is a nice girl to have about one; but we could never endure to have girls here who would either think our quiet life unendurable, or else fill our house with young fellows from morning till night."

"Indeed you are prejudiced against my darling girls, and I am jealous for them. They are your own flesh and blood, and Laura is nothing to you; it is so strange that you should feel no interest in them, and so much in her."

"So it is. We have heard a good deal that is not pleasant of your daughters, and we have heard, too, that *this* girl was not treated as she should be by any of you—more shame for her father to allow it!—and we know that neither you nor yours would care one straw for us if we were poor; so, Lucy, you may set your mind at rest, and cease planning and plotting about our money, for your daughters shall just have five hundred pounds each from me when I die, and no more; you shall have fifty pounds to buy a mourning-ring, and that's the whole of it."

Mrs. Charlton laughed as if at a capital joke.

"Do you mean to found an hospital, dear uncle?"

"I don't know; but at least I can tell you what you are to have."

"Your money is your own, dear uncle, and neither my children nor I can be accused of interested motives. But, bless me! what's the matter?"

Colonel Home was seen in a most unusual hurry, walking swiftly across the lawn, unaccompanied by Laura; and as Sir Thomas threw open the French window, and called to him, he turned in that direction, and before he came up he told his story. He had urged Laura to see at least one of the caves before they should return to lunch, and in assisting her down the rocks he had placed his foot on some wet seaweed, and slipped; Laura had fallen with great violence, and was quite unable to walk; the colonel feared some serious injury to her foot or ankle.

The colonel was evidently much distressed by the accident, Sir Thomas and his wife were properly concerned, and Mrs. Charlton seemed more angry at Laura for having fallen than sorry that she had been hurt. An easy couch was improvised, a messenger was despatched for a surgeon, and poor Laura, white with pain, was borne up the steep path from the beach, and carefully laid on a bed in one of the many chambers of the old house. By-and-by the surgeon came, and, after a careful examination of the swollen limb, he pronounced his verdict.

"Miss Charlton's foot had been violently sprained, and her ankle was dislocated; perfect rest and quiet were indispensable, and the attempt to remove her to Whitecliffe, which Mrs. Charlton would fain have made against all opposition, would, if persisted in, certainly make that a very dangerous injury, which, if properly treated, might prove to be but comparatively trifling."

Such were Mr. Heming's words, and they caused as much annoyance to Mrs. Charlton as they gave pleasure to Sir Thomas and his wife. Finding that Laura must be left in possession of the fortress, Mrs. Charlton's next effort was to instal herself as nurse. But here she found herself baffled; neither obscure hints nor more open proffers were taken, and late in the evening the discomfited matron had the mortification of being told by Sir Thomas, as Colonel Home arranged her shawls and rugs in the carriage that was to take her back to Whitecliffe, "that she had much better not trouble herself to come to Cragsmere for a day or two—not until she should get leave, in fact; Mr. Heming said that Laura must be kept so very quiet, and he (Sir Thomas) would be sure to send bulletins twice a day of the patient's state, so that there need be no anxiety on the step-dame's part."

She smiled and bowed, and said her amiable nothings in reply, and then was driven off, a very sore and angry woman.

"I know how they detest me!" she said to herself. "And Laura is as cunning as a fox. I declare, I should not wonder if they left her all their money! Five hundred pounds each to the girls, and fifty pounds to me! I never heard of anything so beggarly! *Of course* I expected that either I or my daughters should inherit what they may leave, the useless old misers! They had a nice plan cut and dry for marrying Laura to Colonel Home. I showed them *that* would not do. Colonel Home does not want money with a wife. Not a rich man, but well off; and such an elegant creature! Just the thing for Clara; or Adelaide would do better; Clara is certainly going off in her good looks. I could have beaten the whole set, I was so angry at having to leave Laura behind!" And so on, like a squirrel in its cage, round and round went Mrs. Charlton's disturbed musings.

Meanwhile Lady Lenox, having given Laura a sleeping-draught, was bidding her good night.

"My maid shall sleep in this closet, my dear, and you have but to move to make her hear. Watkins is accustomed to my neuralgia, and sleeps standing, I verily believe. I hope you will not miss your step-mother; but the truth is, we were compelled to be rude to get rid of her. I can disguise my dislike to her, but she acts like an irritant on Sir Thomas, and we should have no comfort if she were to stay. Make yourself quite at home, my child. After all, we had made up our minds to have you here in a few days, whether Lucy wished it or not, so it is only forestalling your visit a little."

"You are very kind to me," said Laura, "but I was sorry that mamma seemed hurt."

"Don't trouble yourself about her, my dear. We have heard a good deal, one way or another, of your goings on at Charlwood, and we don't like Lucy any the better for her abuse of her privileges there."

"Please say no more about it, Lady Lenox. Indeed, she is not unkind to me!"

"I am glad there is an improvement, my dear; and now, good night, and go to sleep."

When Mrs. Charlton reached her house at Whitecliffe, she was informed that Mr. Errol had called twice during the day, and had seemed much disappointed at not finding the ladies at home. He was staying at an hotel in the town for a day or two, and had said that he would call again next morning.

"Oh!" thought Mrs. Charlton, "nothing could be better. I shall put him on the scent of Colonel Home, and that will make him as anxious as myself to get Laura away from Cragmere. I would send for him to-night, but I *am* so worn out."

She had scarcely breakfasted next morning when Arthur was announced; and, receiving him with the utmost cordiality, she silenced his apologies for his early visit, declaring that it was quite natural, and that he could never come too early for her.

Laura had never complained either to her lover or his mother of her uncomfortable life at home. Whatever Mrs. Errol knew was partly surmise, and partly her keen power of observation; and Arthur saw in Mrs.

Charlton only a very full-blown, handsome woman, who had always been very civil to him, and who made herself very popular.

Mrs. Charlton noted the wandering glances which Arthur cast to the door.

"You are looking for Laura," she said, after a few minutes devoted to mutual compliments.

Arthur blushed like a girl.

"Yes," he said. "Does she know I am here?"

"I really do not know how to tell you, Arthur; but at least you will believe it was not my fault."

"What is the matter? Has anything happened to her?"

"Now sit down, and do not be so alarmed. It will be nothing, I hope. She hurt her foot yesterday at my uncle's, poor girl, and they would not let her come home with me, although I urged it to the very verge of offending them. But I think dear Laura was tired of nursing me, and I cannot wonder at it either; and I fancy she was glad to make the most of her little accident. If she had known that you were here, it would have been different; but Cragmere is a delightfully picturesque old place, and my uncle and aunt seem quite to have fallen in love with her, even to the point of wishing to make up a match between her and a pet of theirs, a Colonel Home, who is staying with them. However, I settled *that*; but still I could see they would have liked it extremely."

"I must go to Cragmere, Mrs. Charlton."

"Oh! I suppose you can see her. She will probably be carried down to the drawing-room. Indeed" (with a charming half-jesting frankness), "were I a young man, I should not like my lady-love to be left to Colonel Home's tender mercies. He is quite a celebrated lady-killer, and dear Laura is so young and ignorant of the world."

"I have no fear of that kind," returned Arthur, in all good faith; "but I am very uneasy about her accident. She is not at all one to magnify her sufferings. How far is Cragmere from Whitecliffe, Mrs. Charlton?"

"I really cannot tell, but it is several miles. You follow the coast-road. You cannot mistake the place; there is nothing like it in this neighbourhood. A very curious pair of entrance gates, and an antique lodge of the old purple-red brick, will show you when you have reached your destination."

"Thank you. You will, I am sure, excuse my going, but——"

"Oh! pray don't treat me as a stranger. You are quite at liberty to go and come at your pleasure in my house. Good morning. I hope you may find our dear girl better."

She watched till he had passed out of view, on his way to the inn where he had left his horse, and she smiled to herself as she said, "Master Arthur is jealous. He is not the man I take him for, if he leaves Laura long at Cragmere."

## ABOUT SLEEPING PARTNERSHIP IN CRIME.

A CUE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

CÆSAR, Antony, and Lepidus, all three of them, on board Pompey's galley. Why not get rid of the triumvirate at one stroke? Pompey never had such an opportunity, nor ever again will have. His trusty adherent Menas prompts him urgently to dispose of all three forthwith, and step into their shoes *ipso facto*. Wilt thou be lord of the world? Menas asks him. And to Pompey's dubious, How say'st thou? the other significantly replies with a renewed note of interrogation: Wilt thou be lord of the world? That's twice.—How should that be? inquires Pompey. And Menas bids him only entertain the notion, only signify assent to so grand a scheme, and he, Menas, poor as his master may think him, is the man who will give Pompey all the world.—Sextus Pompeius thereupon suggests that his magniloquent follower is simply drunk. But no such thing, Menas protests: "No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have't." Show me which way, is his master's natural rejoinder. That way, Menas shows him at once. Nothing can be easier. Just let Menas cut the cable, and when the vessel is off, all that is to be done is to cut the throats of the three visitors.

Pompey would have relished a consummation by him so devoutly to be wished for. But he lacks the audacity to fasten on such means for its accomplishment. He would have liked the thing done for him only too well; but he don't quite like—in fact he don't at all like—doing it himself. So he at once candidly confesses and peremptorily forbids.

—Ah! this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoken on't! In me, 'tis villany;  
In thee it had been good service. . . .  
. . . . Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now.\*

Like Macbeth, before he became a great criminal, Pompeius would not play false, and yet would wrongly win. Had but that blundering Menas undertaken the responsibility of the slaughter, and not broached the ugly subject until the business was disposed of, then had he been dear in his master's sight. Sextus would not have been over-resentful at the crime, could it have been hurried over without his direct cognisance. But on no account could he become a registered partner in transactions of that sort. At most, he would have perhaps acquiesced in a kind of sleeping partnership. His must be strictly a very limited liability. He was ready enough for a large share of the profits; but he would certainly not lend a hand in the business, and above all things his name must not appear as one of the firm.

\* Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. 7.

Plutarch being the assumed source of Shakspeare's general knowledge of ancient history, it may be interesting to compare the bald narrative of the biographer with the animated adaptation of the dramatist. Plutarch simply records that "during the entertainment [of the three guests on board of Pompey's admiral-galley of six oars—the only patrimonial mansion that was left him, said their host], while the raillery ran briskly on Antony and Cleopatra, Menas came to Pompey, and told him secretly, that if he would permit him to cut the cable, he would not only make him master of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole Roman empire. Pompey, after a moment's deliberation, answered, that he should have done it without consulting him. 'We must now let it alone,' said he, 'for I cannot break my oath of treaty.' "\*"

It suited both the conspirators against the life of the first Cæsar, and his friend and theirs, Cicero, not to take the latter into their counsels before the deed was done which laid the dictator low. On the evening of the day which saw great Julius slaughtered, Cicero, with other senators, visited the "Liberators" in the Capitol. "They had not communicated their plot to the veteran orator, through fear (they said) of his irresolute counsels; nor could his friends aver that it was from fear of his moral disapproval; for now that the deed was done, he extolled it as a godlike act."† Even Conyers Middleton‡ cannot, however, entirely acquit Cicero of being, in some degree, accessory to the death of Cæsar; for it is evident, from some of his letters, that he had an expectation of such an attempt, and from what quarter it would come; and not only expected, but wished it. But Brutus, and Cassius, and the rest of them, believed it would never do to let Cicero know beforehand; and much obliged must Cicero have been to them for that same.

The remark, as Mr. Fonblanque§ has said, is as old as Cicero at least, that there is no difference between advising a crime, and approving it when committed. They who approve an action would willingly do it if the opportunity offered; that is, if some reason of self-love did not hinder them—"quid enim interest inter suasorem facti et probatorem?" But practically, men do make a great difference between the two, and shrink as persistently from explicitly advising, or straightforwardly participating in the deed, as they greedily appropriate the proceeds, when the deed has been done for them. There was a grim playfulness of affectionate solicitude for his lady-wife's comfort when, to her inquiry what deed of dreadful note Macbeth was about to do, his answer was that she had best not know till it was done.

—Ere, to black Hecate's summons,  
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady Macb.* What's to be done?  
*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed.||

Could she have adopted that method of taking off Duncan, with her lord

\* Plutarch's Lives: Antony.

† Liddell, History of Rome, vol. ii. p. 480.

‡ Life of Cicero, sect. ix.

§ England under Seven Administrations, ii. 265.

|| Macbeth, Act III. Sc. 4.



"innocent" of it till all was over, Macbeth would probably have preferred it beyond measure to the actual mode. Could he have been literally a sleeping partner in that night of horrors, he might have almost hoped to escape the Sleep no more ! ery that froze his marrow—telling how Glamis had murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor should sleep no more, Macbeth should sleep no more.

The non-recognition of a conveniently zealous but unauthorised agency may be honest enough, as probably it was on Hadrian's part, in repudiating the execution of the conspirators against him, in A.D. 119. When Hadrian, as Mr. Merivale records the incident, commenced his career at Rome with such ostentatious generosity, he was anxious to disarm the foes, disguised but not unknown, who clustered around him,—certain chiefs of the army or the senate, who all felt equally mortified by the elevation to which their former comrade had attained, and which they ascribed neither to his merits, nor his connexion with their old master, Trajan, but to a paltry intrigue (with the empress Plotina). By one account it was plotted to cut off the new emperor while hunting; by another, while sacrificing. "The assassination was to be effected during his absence from Italy; but it was in Italy that the reported conspirators were seized, at four different spots; they were condemned and put to death by direction of the senate, and Hadrian, who had given the now customary promise never to exact the blood of a senator, could declare that their execution was without his orders, and against his wish."\*

To his record of the expulsion of the eunuchs from the Cæsar's palace, in the time of Gordian, by the minister Misithenus, Gibbon suggestively adds in a foot-note, respecting "that pernicious vermin of the east, who, since the days of Elagabalus, had infested the Roman palace," that from some hints in the rhetorical minister's letters, he "should suspect that the eunuchs were not expelled the palace without some degree of gentle violence; and that the young Gordian rather approved of, than consented to, their disgrace."† So again as regards the accession of Claudius to the imperial throne, in A.D. 268. "At last, indeed, he received from the conspirators the bloody purple of Gallienus; but he had been absent from their camp and counsels; and, however he might applaud the deed, we may candidly presume that he was innocent of the knowledge of it."‡ —Again, relating the exclusion of Christians from power in the days of Julian, thanks to the zeal of the provincial ministers of his authority, Gibbon remarks: "In the exercise of arbitrary power, they consulted the wishes rather than the commands of their sovereign; and ventured to exercise a secret and vexatious tyranny against the sectaries. . . . The emperor, who dissembled, as long as possible, his knowledge of the injustice that was exercised§ in his name, expressed his real sense of the conduct of his officers, by gentle reproofs and substantial rewards."||—Once again: recording Julian's letter to the prefect of Egypt, in abuse of that "abominable wretch" Athanasius, and desiring his expulsion,

\* Merivale, *Hist. of the Romans*, vol. vii. p. 420.

† Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, ch. vii.

‡ *Ibid.*, ch. xi.

§ In this reiterated use of the word exercise within so brief a space, Gibbon appears to have been unwontedly careless of his composition.

|| *Decline and Fall*, ch. xxiii.

Gibbon's comment is: "The death of Athanasius was not *expressly* commanded; but the prefect of Egypt understood that it was safer for him to exceed, than to neglect, the orders of an irritated master."\*

That witty and warlike young Koreishite, Abdallah Ibn Saad, appears to have been a thorn in the flesh to Mahomet, whose confidence he betrayed, whose apostolic mission he questioned, and whom he held up to ridicule, instead of implicitly revering as the Prophet. When the young man's pardon was entreated of Mahomet, now established in authority, and potentially a dispenser of life and death, the Prophet "for some time maintained a stern silence; hoping, as he afterwards declared, some zealous disciple might strike off the offender's head." No one, however, stirred; so, yielding to the supplications of Othman, he granted a pardon.† A pardon might much more readily have been granted to any zealous disciple who, without consulting the Prophet in words, but only consulting his looks, and his known impatience of the derider, would have put the derider's life past praying for.

Gibbon pointedly writes of the assassination of emir Houssein, Timour's obnoxious colleague, that he "was slain by some sagacious friends, who presumed, for the last time, to disobey the commands of their lord."‡ A sagacious friend, of this sort, is better than a zealous disciple, who, quick to obey a verbal behest, is slow to read looks, and to translate them into action.

M. Dumas exemplifies the sagacity of such a friend in D'Artagnan, the king's musketeer, whose eyes too often read the eyes of Louis XIV. not to become "perfectly acquainted with the expression of them;" so that he "perceived he must render the king a service without his commanding it,—almost in spite of himself."§ He renders that service, and is afterwards called to account by the king respecting it. How came he to venture on so bold a stroke? "Because you gave me the order, sire."—"I?"—"Yourself."—"Indeed, I did not say a word, monsieur."—"Sire, an order is given by a sign, by a gesture, by a glance, as intelligibly, as freely, and as clearly, as by word of mouth. A servant who has nothing but ears, is not half a good servant."|| Take the highly-wrought case of Miriam's fatal glance, as interpreted and obeyed by Donatello, in Mr. Hawthorne's striking Romance of Monte Beni. Donatello urges her to bid him drown the disturber of her peace. He needs but a word from her. But that word she will not give. On the contrary, she forbids violence, and does so with tone and gesture such as she might have used in taming down the wrath of a faithful hound, that had taken upon himself to avenge some supposed affront to his mistress. But the day comes when, opportunity serving, or strongly tempting, she gives a look,—explicit enough and eager enough to be Donatello's warrant for the murder. The instant of its accomplishment, "What have you done?" is Miriam's horror-stricken whisper. And Donatello replies, "I did what your eyes bade me do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice."—With the dead thump upon the stones below, had come an unutterable horror. "And my eyes bade you do it!" repeated she. There had been short time to weigh the matter;

\* Decline and Fall, ch. xxiii., *ad finem*.

† Irving's Life of Mahomet, ch. xxx.

‡ Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, t. i. ch. viii.

§ Roman Empire, ch. lxxv.

|| Ch. xii.

but the victim had had his trial in that breath or two, while Donatello held him over the cliff,—and his sentence in that one glance, when Miriam's eyes responded to Donatello's.\* An unsuspected witness had seen that glance; and in that look, which revealed all Miriam's heart, had seen an awful combination of hatred, triumph, vengeance, and, as it were, joy at some un hoped-for relief. When this shocked and saddened witness eventually tells all this to Miriam, "Ah! Donatello was right, then," murmurs the latter, quivering throughout all her frame. "My eyes bade him do it!"† Their common friend, Kenyon the sculptor, is but a kindly sophist when he asserts, in the last page of the story,‡ that after all, Miriam's crime lay in a glance: she did no murder. But, sanctioned by that glance, Donatello did it for her. And, true to her character, she from that moment accepted the liabilities of active partnership in guilt.

Sir Walter Scott brings Cromwell to Woodstock intent on securing the person, and therefore, by implication, on taking the life, of the young man, Charles Stuart, a fugitive from the rout at Worcester. On the spot, Oliver hesitates; and Pearson, his trusty confidant, is made to say: "If this be the case, it is a pity your Excellency came hither. Corporal Humgudgeon and I, the greatest saint and greatest sinner in your army, had done the deed, and divided the guilt and the honour between us."§ Cromwell expresses himself indignant upon this occasion. But upon a subsequent one, when he tells Pearson that "the party" is pent up in a certain turret of the building, and the old soldier says, "There is a cask of gunpowder in this cabinet; were it not better, my lord, to mine the tower, if he will not render himself, and send the whole turret with its contents one hundred feet into the air?" "Ah, silly man," says Cromwell, striking him familiarly on the shoulder, "if thou hadst done this without telling me, it had been good service."||

Corneille makes Ptolemy fawn on Cæsar after murdering Pompey for him, with the apologetic assurances, framed to appease the expressed resentment of great Julius, that

J'ai donc considéré, qu'en ce péril extrême,  
Nous vous devons, seigneur, servir malgré vous-même.

J'en ai souillé mes mains pour vous en préserver.  
*Vous pouvez en jouir, et le désapprouver.*¶

In the matter of Dudley's alleged complicity in the murder of his wife, Amy Robsart, Mr. Froude deems the conclusion inevitable, if her half-brother (John Appleyard) spoke the truth, that although Lord Robert was innocent of a direct participation in the crime, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition. "She was murdered by persons who hoped to profit by his elevation to the throne; and Dudley himself—aware that if the murder could be proved, public feeling would forbid his marriage with the Queen [Elizabeth]—used private means, notwithstanding his affectation of sincerity, to prevent the search from being pressed inconveniently far."\*\*\*

When Mary Stuart set sail for Scotland (*Adieu, belle France*), the

\* Cf. Transformation, ch. xvi. and xix., *passim*.

† Ibid., ch. xxiii.

‡ See the Postscript.

§ Woodstock, vol. ii. ch. xv.

|| Ibid., ch. xvi.

¶ *La Mort de Pompée*, Acte III. Sc. 2.

\*\*\* Froude, *History of the Reign of Elizabeth*, vol. i. p. 289.

English fleet was on her track, the same historian tells us, sent out nominally to suppress piracy, yet with dubious orders, like those with which Admiral Winter had before sailed for the Forth.\* There was no command to arrest her, yet there was the thought that "she might be met withal;" and if the admiral had sent her ship with its freight to the bottom of the North Sea, "being done unknown," Elizabeth, and perhaps Catherine de Medici as well, "would have found it afterwards well done."†

Again, in the case of Smith's attempt to poison Shan O'Neil, in 1563, the Earl of Séssex had previously revealed to Elizabeth in a fatal letter his own personal endeavours to procure O'Neil's murder; so that the Queen herself, Mr. Froude freely owns, cannot be wholly acquitted of responsibility, loud as was the indignation she professed at Smith's crime; for no hint transpires of any previous displeasure, when the proposal had been made openly to herself. "After the repeated acts of treachery which had at least been meditated towards Shan with Elizabeth's knowledge, she was scarcely justified in assuming a tone of such innocent anger."‡ Serviceable Smith, however, took the entire guilt upon himself.

In September, 1565, the Earl of Bedford, weary of waiting for instructions which never came, wrote at last, says Mr. Froude, "half in earnest and half in irony to Elizabeth, to propose that she should play over again the part which she had played with Winter." That is to say, he would enter Scotland with the Berwick garrison, and "her Majesty could afterwards seem to blame him for attempting such things as with the help of others he could bring about." But in this instance the Queen—bold a Bess as she might be—was too much frightened to consent even to a vicarious fulfilment of her promises.§

How did Mary Stuart herself, in 1566, receive the dark suggestion, in the Craigmillar Bond, for the destruction of Darnley? According to the same historian, she may be credited with having refused her consent to the proposals then made to her; and yet that such a conversation as that between Argyle, Huntly, Maitland, and Bothwell, &c., should have passed in her presence, was serious and significant. The Queen was perhaps sincere in her reluctance; but perhaps she "desired not to know what was intended till the deed was done." And here Mr. Froude|| quotes and applies our Shakspearean text—saying, This they should have done, and not have spoken on't. In her 'twas villany: in them it had been good service.

Pizarro seems, on Mr. Prescott's showing, to have long felt the removal of the Inca, Atahualpa, to be essential to the success of his enterprise in Peru. But, foreseeing the odium that would be incurred by the death of his royal captive without sufficient grounds, while he laboured to establish these, he "still shrunk from the responsibility of the deed, and preferred to perpetrate it in obedience to the suggestions of others, rather than his own. Like many an unprincipled politician, he wished to reap the benefit of a bad act, and let others take the blame of it."¶ It is the old story

\* Winter, the Queen insisted, whatever he did, must do it of his own accord, pleading no directions from herself.—Cf. Froude, *ubi supra*, pp. 179, *seq.*

† Id. *Ibid.*, p. 361.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. viii. pp. 50, 51.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. viii. p. 195.

|| Vol. viii. p. 347.

¶ Prescott, *History of the Conquest of Peru*, book iii. ch. vii.

of the Jewish king's lament, as versified by one of our Queen Anne's men :

In vain I would forget, in vain excuse  
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;  
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt ;  
The deed was acted by the subject's hand ;  
The sword was pointed by the king's command ;  
Mine was the murder, it was mine alone.\*

Pizarro's own turn came, when the whirligig of time brought round its revenges ; and now historians differ as to the complicity, implicit or explicit, of Almagro, in the assassination of his chief. The arrangements of the conspirators could hardly have been concealed from Almagro, since his own quarters were to be the place of rendezvous (June 26, 1541). Yet, says Mr. Prescott,† there is no good evidence of his having taken part in the conspiracy,—notwithstanding Almagro's own letter about the "intolerable injuries" by which the governor so "galled" him and others, that there was no help for it but they must now take the remedy into their own hands. If Almagro's partnership was really a sleeping one, he had the best of it, in this ugly business, in more ways than one.

Mr. Tytler discovered in the State Paper Office a communication from Sir Ralph Sadler, and some other English statesmen (one of them a bishop—as a Scotch reviewer‡ of Mr. Lyon's history of St. Andrews§ remarks with a note of admiration), to Henry VIII., intimating that one Wishart had come from the Laird of Brunston and others, commissioned to offer their services to send Cardinal Beatoun out of the world, provided his Majesty would pay handsomely for the riddance. "The sagacious Sadler remarked that it was an ugly business for a king to be concerned in ; said, at the same time, there was no doubt he would feel deeply grateful to those who accomplished so meritorious though unpleasant an action ; and recommended the conspirators to proceed on speculation. This they declined to do in the mean time ; but it appears that they afterwards changed their mind, and performed their job in a very deliberate manner." Some one among them would seem to have had the wit, and to have acted up to the spirit, of Arthur, Earl of Ingelwald, in one of Mr. Roscoe's unacted and almost unread tragedies,—where Arthur overrules the hesitation of Cornelius as to the intentions of Ethel, Earl of Felborg :

—are you so dull ?

Why did he visit us now, but to say this ?  
Why did he give us into your charge, man,  
On whom he might rely to guess his meaning,  
And do it without questioning ?

Corn.

By my faith,

He gave no hint of this.

Arth.

A hint, Cornelius !

What would you have ? Will you go speak to him ?  
And drive him by plain questioning to deny it ?||

In Colonel Whyte Melville's legend of the Dangerfield Ghost—an

\* Prior's Solomon, book iii.

† Conquest of Peru, book iv. ch. iv.

‡ See Art. "St. Andrews," in *Tait's Magazine*, vol. xi. p. 362.

§ St. Andrews, Episcopal, Monastic, Academic, and Civil. By the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M.A. Edinburgh, 1844.

|| *Violenzia*, a Tragedy, by W. C. Roscoe, Act IV. Sc. 4.

episode in one of his lively fictions—occurs this apostrophe in reference to a baffled suitor whose fair one, against her will, had promised her father to marry another, and who had not character enough to do anything out of her own notions of the beaten track: “Cousin Edward! Cousin Edward! you should have carried her off then and there; she would have been truly grateful for the rest of her life, but she would have died sooner than open her lips.”\* Not Pompey would have been more pleased *à parte post*: why was Menas so over-circumspect *à parte ante*?

A strong-minded daughter, in one of Mrs. Gaskell's novels—not, however, strong-minded in the technical, objectionable, stigmatised sense,—ventures on a deed of daring from which her father, a timid clergyman, would have shrunk, desirable as he knew the result would be. The venture once made, “Nay, Margaret,” he says, “I'm glad it is done, though I durst not have done it myself.”† A less innocent pair of colleagues, in “Martin Chuzzlewit,” may contribute a different kind of illustration of the same text. Jonas Chuzzlewit tries to bribe Slyme to let him out of the room for five minutes—one hundred pounds for only five minutes in the next room. “What to do?” asks Slyme. The face of his prisoner, as he advances to whisper a reply, makes Slyme recoil involuntarily; but he stops and listens to the whisperer in his ear. The words are few, but his own face changes as he hears them. And Slyme answers under his breath, with trembling lips, “I wish you hadn't told me half as much. Less would have served your purpose. You might have kept it to yourself.”‡ If he must drag Slyme into a sort of partnership in so black a business, why did he not arrange it to be on sleeping terms?

Good stories perhaps a few, and bad ones to a high multiple, are or have been on record of or about President Lincoln. Not the worst of the former is one connected with the alleged remonstrances of General Sherman against the shyness of the government to declare a distinct policy, at the time of Sherman's carrying all before him in his last campaign. Would the government never distinctly explain to him what policy it desired to have pursued? “I asked Mr. Lincoln explicitly whether he wanted me to capture Mr. Davis or let him escape. ‘I'll tell you, General,’ said Mr. Lincoln. ‘Out in Sangamon county there was an old temperance lecturer who was very strict in the doctrine and practice of total abstinence. One day, after a long ride in the hot sun, he stopped at the house of a friend who proposed making him a [*sic*] lemonade. As the mild beverage was being mixed, the friend insinuatingly asked if he wouldn't like just the least drop of something stronger to brace up his nerves after the exhausting heat and exercise. ‘No,’ replied the lecturer, ‘I couldn't think of it; I'm opposed to it on principle. But,’ he added, with a longing look at the black bottle that stood conveniently to hand, ‘if you could manage to put in a drop unbeknownst to me, I guess it wouldn't hurt me much!’ Now, General, Mr. Lincoln concluded, ‘I'm bound to oppose the escape of Jeff. Davis; but if you

\* Kate Coventry, ch. viii.

† North and South, ch. xxv.

‡ Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. li.

could manage to let him slip unbeknownst-like, I guess it wouldn't hurt me much!"\*\*

The once popular author of "Wild Oats" tells us in his *Memoirs* that, when at Sligo, in 1765, he saw and talked with John O'Brien, who had served at the battle of the Boyne. "He was a fine old man, and told me many interesting and circumstantial anecdotes relative to that day;—one, that a gunner told King James, that at that very precise moment his gun was so pointed, he could, at a twinkle, end the dispute for the three crowns; but James forbade him; and the nephew and son-in-law were thus saved."† Menas and Pompey over again,—so far as Menas is concerned. And no doubt there are hot Orangemen who—devout believers in the warming-pan, and zealous toasters to the pious, glorious, and immortal memory,—will unhesitatingly assume that Pompey too was represented at the Boyne, and that the ousted monarch thought, if he did not say to the gunner,

—Ab, this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoken on't.

## ST. ANTHONY AND THE FISHES.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THE good men of old,  
As we often are told,  
Had a ticklish labour in teaching:  
The times were unsteady,  
The men, too, unready,  
Were frequently deaf to their preaching.  
Many a quaintly device,  
That will often entice  
A laggard, and bring him to "booking,"  
Was tried with success,  
And, let us confess,  
Gudgeons always are ready for hooking.

But the tale we repeat  
Was a marvellous feat,  
And one we may call an exception;  
For no *tour de force*  
Was essential, of course,  
Where a miracle was the conception.  
It occur'd at a time  
When to doubt was a crime,

\* The story is told by "Agate," the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, who accompanied Chief Justice Chase in his Southern tour.

† Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe, vol. i. p. 149.

And the knowing ones wink'd at deception;  
 But those unbelieving,  
 And "up" to deceiving,  
 Gave the legend a dubious reception.

Padua, as we know, is a city famed of yore  
 For palaces and churches and academic lore,  
 But more than these and other things, it is a favour'd place,  
 For Anthony, that saintly man, here first commence'd his race.

From his earliest youth  
 He battled for truth,  
 And dealt out his maxims with vigour;  
 Persuasion he used,  
 But when that was abused,  
 He would whip up his hearers with rigour.

At Rimini, some of the worst of his flock  
 To all his best preaching were deaf as a rock,  
 So, angry, he led them one day to the sea,  
 And said, "If you will not take warning from me,

And accede to my wishes,  
 I'll summon the fishes,  
 And a record against you it ever shall be."  
 So, with voice loud and clear,  
 He call'd the fish near,  
 And they swarm'd to the place  
 With a reverent grace,  
 And form'd in a circle without the least fear.  
 Now it may be absurd,  
 But I give you my word  
 (Though the legend itself will of course be preferr'd),  
 There were fish from all quarters,  
 From fresh and salt waters,  
 A queer locomotion  
 From river to ocean,

That never made such an acquaintance before,  
 And will, probably, mingle together no more.

"Now, fishes, attend,  
 From beginning to end,"  
 Cried the saint, "for a sermon I'll read you.

Finny brethren all—  
 Large and broad, thin and small—  
 You are thankful, no doubt,  
 While disporting about,  
 For the blessings that fate has decreed you.  
 You are safe from the storms  
 That the land oft deforms,

For *you* trust in the powers that lead you.  
 In your rich coral caves,  
 Or afloat on the waves,

You can banquet on Nature's providing;  
 Though your chief foe is man,  
 Yet evade him you can,  
 In the depths of your element hiding.

I can read in your eyes  
 That such bounties you prize,  
 Which these heretics here are deriding."



Very strange it may seem,  
 Like a nightmare or dream,  
 But monks on the theme have dilated—  
 Such fish as *could* speak,  
 In a grunt or a squeak,  
 Broke forth in a chorus, elated;  
 While those not so gifted,  
 With noses uplifted,  
 Seem'd equally pleased with what had been related.  
 Now it was really funny  
 To see sturgeon and tunny,  
 Roach, herring, and sprat,  
 Cod, barbel, and flat,  
 Brill, grampus, and turbot,  
 Hake, grayling, and burbot,  
 Plaice, whiting, and shad,  
 Soles, salmon, and scad,  
 Carp, mullet, and par,  
 Bream, dorey, and gar,  
 Crustacea, testacea,  
 Et cætera, et cætera.

There were fish of all orders, fat, bony, and tender,  
 Long, stumpy, or lanky, round, pointed, and slender;  
 Vertebrated they were, and lived stratum on stratum,  
 No cares to molest them till somebody ate them.  
 Some dwelt near the surface, and others below  
 Had "harbours of refuge" to which they could go.  
 Some were seen with a sword, or a saw, or a sucker,  
 A pipe or a hammer-head, ribbon and tucker;  
 One had a wolf's face, and others look'd boary,  
 Another, a prize-fighter, had his gills gory.  
 One fish had a mallet attach'd to his nose,  
 And *jets d'eau* from others abundantly rose.  
 Some were there like a frog, and a dog, and a hog,  
 Like a cat, and a rat, or worse even than that.  
 The shark look'd mischievous and eager for strife,  
 But behaved himself decent for once in his life,  
 The oyster, insured from some libertine crab,  
 Threw open his doors without fearing a grab;  
 And the whale, though a lazy and corpulent lubber,  
 Was seen on this solemn occasion to *blubber*.

The homily ended, each fish bent its head,  
 And some went to dinner, and others to bed;  
 St. Anthony waved an adieu o'er the sea,  
 And shouted a warm *BENEDICTE*!  
 Dumbfounder'd, the heretics look'd on the scene,  
 Scarce trusting their eyes or their senses, I ween;  
 Repentant at last, on their knees they fell down,  
 And, triumphant, the Saint led them back to the town.

## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MARRYAT.

## VI.

## SYBELLA LOSES ONE OLD FRIEND, AND FINDS ANOTHER.

It was much past the hour indicated by that mysterious and complicated production, Bradshaw, when the six o'clock P.M. train puffed into the little station of Wilmington.

The antiquated and morose Mr. Stevens was evidently on the look-out for some one, for he hardly even condescended to inform the passengers in general the name of the place they had arrived at as the long line of carriages drew up to the platform with a harsh grating sound.

He quickly, however, espied the object of his search, and, almost before Captain Travers could open his lips to make the inquiry, he touched his cap, and said,

"Your father was alive half an hour ago, when the carriage left the Hall to meet you, sir. It's a-waiting here now," he continued, handing out Sybella, and taking the tickets. "I'll see to the luggage."

The chamber was darkened, and looked wofully dismal as the travellers entered noiselessly, Captain Travers first, followed by his tired wife. The hangings of the bed were drawn aside, thus leaving the face and figure of the old man completely visible. Very pinched and drawn he looked, his face rivalling the whiteness of the pillows in its ashen hue. At the head of the unconscious invalid sat the family doctor, the one who had attended Mr. Travers since he first settled at Wilmington. He was intently reading a book, holding it in such a manner that the solitary ray of light slanting in through a crevice of the window-curtain enabled him to peruse its contents. He rose as they entered, and advancing, extended his hand, saying, at the same time,

"You need not fear noise, Captain Travers; your father is, alas! still perfectly unconscious. Last week he rallied—rallied so considerably, that I really hoped for the best; since then he has had a relapse, and you must prepare yourself to see his senses return but to wish you a last farewell."

Dr. Wilson had known Captain Travers from his boyhood, and he wrung his hand again as he finished speaking, to assure him of his sympathy.

Near a table covered with phials and glasses was a female figure busily employed in the preparation of a cooling bandage for the head of the suffering man, and who, at the moment of their entrance, was wringing out a wet cloth.

Sybella took all this in at a glance as she stood behind her husband near the entrance; she had not advanced a step since the doctor saluted her. Never having witnessed death or illness, the sight now before her seemed appalling.

Captain Travers was bending over his father's bed, anxiously looking into his wan, drawn face. He lifted one of the lifeless hands extended

outside the coverlid; in placing it back, it fell from his clasp with a heavy dull sensation.

Sybella seemed quite forgotten as she sank finally into a chair, tired and worn out with her long journey.

"Will you not come and take off your things, dear Mrs. Travers?" said a soft voice behind her. "You can do no good here; and some tea and a short sleep will refresh you, and enable you to sit by your guardian's bedside to-morrow."

"Miss Saunders!" exclaimed Sybella, as she turned round in amazement. "Dear Miss Saunders! how is it I see you here? and at the time, too, when I need a friend. Oh, how pleased I am!" she continued, as they quickly left the chamber together.

The apartments were all ready for the reception of the newly arrived guests, and as they passed before the door of the dining-room, which stood half open, the table, already laid, told that dinner was not far off.

"Let us go into my own little sitting-room," exclaimed Sybella, after having refreshed herself with a change of apparel, and learnt that her presence was not required below.

"I don't want any dinner—I really could not eat it—and we will have a cup of tea, and a long chat over all we have seen and done since we parted eighteen months ago."

Miss Saunders, the lady whose presence seemed to cause so much pleasure to Mrs. Travers, could not boast of any nearer tie than that of having been her former governess, but, during the ten years in which she had acted in that capacity, a great affection had sprung up between them.

Had Sybella possessed any female friends sufficiently interested in her education, Miss Saunders's reign would have certainly been a shorter one, for, although about as good-natured and well-principled a soul as any living, she unfortunately possessed none of the qualifications necessary in a governess. She had neither talents, sense, nor any idea of controlling her wayward pupil. Everything which Miss Harcourt chose to learn she learnt, and any study which proved tedious to the young lady was cast aside immediately; in fact, it was Sybella who led and ordered the arrangements for the lessons, instead of her governess.

Mr. Travers, like most men, as long as all went smoothly (and with the assurance of his ward that her governess was the dearest creature in the world), left matters pretty much to themselves. She could murder a piece of music when asked to do so after dinner, and in painting she excelled; so there the matter rested—rested satisfactorily to all parties—until about six months before Sybella's engagement, when her dear Miss Saunders was summoned to the death-bed of her mother in the north of Wales.

The continued illness of her parent obliged her to remain there, and reluctantly resign her engagement at Stafford Hall.

Before the wedding, however, she had seen Sybella; her parent was dead, and Miss Saunders in the possession of a microscopic fortune, which she, in her ignorance of the world, deemed an allowance fit for a princess, touchingly remarking to her former pupil, that "she was quite sure she should never know what to do with it, unless some one sprung up to help her in the expenditure."

"Some one" was not long in making his appearance, though whether, in the innocence of her silly nature, Miss Saunders intended the favoured sharer of her income to be of the sterner sex or otherwise, I know not. At any rate, he presented himself to the sympathising lady in the shape of a young and handsome artist, bountifully endowed by nature with everything but a fortune.

Mr. Sharpe, R.A. (as he contrived to make Miss Saunders believe him to be), was simply a poor, needy painter, copying, if required, at a small sum any of the easiest pictures in the galleries for second-rate dealers, and lending his hand even to scene-painting during a press of work at some of the theatres about Christmas-time.

Unfortunately for herself, he made Miss Saunders's acquaintance shortly after the death of her mother. Her grief at her recent loss, and the entire upsetting of all her life by the marriage of her pupil, must have rendered her even more susceptible than the generality of old maids unpossessed of brains, for she not only engaged to become the wife of her handsome wooer, but positively advanced nearly all her little fortune, in order to allow him to embark in some speculation which he assured her would treble their income eventually, and enable them to live comfortably till the end of their existence.

Nothing better pleases a woman (a true woman, I mean) than to be able to lay her *all* at the feet of the *objet aimé*. Privations imposed on herself by conduct like this only enhance the pleasure, and in all the consequent self-denials she glories.

And poor Miss Saunders felt this. The happiness which the acquisition of this income had given her was not to be compared to the thrill of delight which she afterwards experienced when she reflected on the good she had been able to confer on her dearest Albert; Albert, being the name bestowed in baptism on the hero of her dreams.

But unfortunately she was neither youthful, graceful, nor pretty; she possessed money, however, and her money was the object of Mr. Sharpe's doration.

Acting under the delusion which, alas! had taken hold of her, being, also, without friends in whom she could confide her cares, Miss Saunders before long placed all her property in the hands of her admirer.

The sequel, I think, need hardly be related. One fine morning Mr. Sharpe, after a hasty leave-taking of his future bride, left on a sketching excursion, which would probably, he informed her, detain him for some days.

The days prolonged themselves into weeks, and the weeks into months, and yet no tidings came to the poor solitary watcher of her much-loved Albert. No wonder! for Mr. Sharpe was in Germany, pursuing his vocation more advantageously by the aid of the money which he had defrauded her of. He was simply a scoundrel; but I dare say his match could be found in the world, for such will always exist as long as there are women credulous enough to believe all that the first comer whispers into their ears.

Miss Saunders related to her former pupil this romantic episode in her life, as they sat together during that long, weary evening.

No change had taken place in her guardian's favour; he still lay in a

torpid, insensible state. From time to time Miss Saunders went to the door of the sick-room to inquire, and once Captain Travers came up, to tell his wife, with evident grief, that the invalid still remained unconscious.

"But, dear old Sawney," said Sybella, as she sat on a low stool, resting her head in her friend's lap, "don't think I am wanting in sympathy for you, although I have listened so quietly to all you have been saying; I have seen a great deal, and learnt a great deal, too, since we parted, but we have no time to speak of that to-night. You say you have hardly any income left, and that you must seek another situation. Well, at any rate, for the present, your home is here; mind that, Sawney. I shall never forget your kindness in coming down, and putting yourself to expense also, to try and be of use to Mr. Travers in his illness; so banish all care, dear, and kiss me again, for I am off to bed, I feel so tired."

Three or four days wore on; the presence of death seemed constantly there, although the grim destroyer had not as yet thought fit to summon his victim. Under these circumstances, Captain Travers could not leave the house; therefore more than one anxious conversation had to be held, with closed doors, between the lawyers and himself.

To conceal, or attempt to contradict the fact, was now utterly useless; Gregson was nowhere to be found, and he had made away with all Sybella's fortune, little by little, for his own purposes.

Always an easy man in business matters, although tolerably alive to his own interests, Mr. Travers had never made any inquiries; he let things take their course, feeling assured that, when Sybella attained the age of twenty-one, her fortune, consigned without reserve by her deceased father into Gregson's hands, would be forthcoming.

The amount required for her education during her minority was paid punctually. Why, therefore, should he have suspected the foul play which they now found had been going on for years?

Sybella received the news of this change in affairs, when it was explained to her, most unconcernedly. In fact, she seemed to think it rather a relief than otherwise. "A load off her mind," as she expressed it to the sympathising, tearful Miss Saunders, "to be free from money and all its worries." This was an uncommonly young and fresh idea of my heroine's, and doubtless, had she been older, and seen more of the world and its ways, she might not have considered herself quite so fortunate in being left suddenly penniless. She had never once in the course of her life known what it was to want its luxuries; the stoicism, therefore, with which she resigned herself to a life of privations was not quite worth the veneration felt for it by the impressionable governess, who vented her feelings in a letter to one of her particular friends, filling four pages with "the angelic way in which her dear Sybella took all her misfortunes."

It is rather a matter for reflection how well we bear trials and discomforts when they exist in theory only, or when we place ourselves (in fancy) in the position of suffering friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the sixth day after their arrival at Wilmington, Sybella stood in the little octagon chamber, situated in the west wing of Stafford Hall, which had been made over to her for her own use and pleasure ever

since she could remember. It had never been the schoolroom; no visions of ink-stained desks, high-backed chairs, and uncomfortable bare boards, flanked by strips of carpet (which had done service in all the other rooms of the establishment, until, torn and faded, they found their way into the last-named apartment), rose up to her imagination on looking round the walls of this snug little chamber.

It was not well furnished. Many traces of a young girl's tastes still lingered about; bunches of dry ripe corn festooned the mirror, picked on certain memorable days still fresh in her remembrance, when, insisting on a whole holiday, she had dragged the not-reluctant Sawney far off into distant fields, where, armed with her paint-box and brushes, "little bits" which had taken her fancy had been transferred to paper.

Sybella was a child of nature, and thoroughly appreciated the delights of a day passed amidst pleasant scenery. She viewed everything with the eye of an artist, and what would often have passed unnoticed by another she could discern beauties in, and dwell on with rapture.

Thus innumerable sketches lined the walls; and, as Miss Saunders often remarked, there was never any need to re-paper Miss Harcourt's rooms, she did that so effectually herself.

Pen-and-ink sketches, profiles of friends, chiefly belonging to the canine race (for Sybella loved dogs of all kinds, whether large or small), and landscapes, mixed here and there with a figure of a milkmaid or rustic child which had taken her fancy, completely hid the original paper.

All her flowers were gone; that was visible at a glance. Doubtless they would have been renewed, only the head-gardener little imagined that young Mrs. Travers would care to re-establish herself in the sanctum of her girlhood.

"Look here, Sawney," she said, kneeling at a box, and holding up an unfinished copy of the *Madonna della Seggiola*, "isn't it a thousand pities! This will never be finished now, and I was taking such pains with it. Has not the infant a beautiful serious look on his face? I caught the expression exactly. Ah!" she continued, sighing, and placing it again in its wooden case, "I had so much time for painting at Florence."

Silly as Miss Saunders was, it did not require much tact to enable her to discover, after a week's residence under the same roof, that the young wife and her husband were not on friendly terms. Moreover, the governess possessed what her sex are said to be never wanting in—namely, a large amount of curiosity.

Certainly Captain Travers was compelled to pass most of his time in his father's chamber; and the night-watching, which he insisted on sharing with the physician, made him weary during the day. Still, something seemed wanting; something whispered to her that a barrier had risen up between these two. She knew her former pupil too well to care to question her; she felt certain that, did Sybella wish for a confidant in her troubles, she would be sure to speak out.

But Sybella was silent on this point. She generally appeared cheerful, except when speaking of the danger threatening her guardian. So that if Miss Saunders hoped for an elucidation of the mystery, she did not get it, at any rate, for some time; for, whatever his faults might be, her

pupil was made of better material than to decry her husband to others.

On the evening of the sixth day Mr. Travers breathed his last, and, as the doctor had foretold, he only rallied to know that his hour was come. Luckily for Sybella, she was spared the trial of seeing the only friend of her childhood die. It happened so suddenly, that by the time the nurse hurried off to apprise her of the coming event he was a corpse.

Captain Travers, she heard afterwards, had been sitting for some time by his father's bedside, when the latter opened his eyes languidly and recognised his son, and his last moments were spent, unfortunately, as the last moments of many others are spent, in vain regrets for the past, and in repenting of sins which it no longer lay in his power to commit.

Over the death-bed of Mr. Travers, therefore, I cast a veil. In works written simply to while away an idle hour or two, the scene of a dying man crying *Peccavi* is to my mind not a fit one to be enlarged upon. My opinion of the matter is, that a death-bed repentance, beautiful and edifying as it may appear, is generally the effect of the frequent exhortations of the patient's spiritual adviser acting on a weakened constitution.

One does sometimes see a hardened sinner brought to death's door become, by the mercy of the Almighty, thoroughly contrite; he is miraculously spared, and, eschewing his former errors, his life, previously one of debauchery or crime, becomes renewed and saint-like.

But then, again, on the other hand, how many times we have ourselves known, or heard of, a man sick unto death, worn out with illness and pain; he can hardly turn on his weary couch; time he has in plenty for reflection, and his sins all rise up magnified tenfold by his weakness and his fear of retributive justice.

He is exhorted to repent; he does so, or thinks he does; and he likewise is cured even at the eleventh hour, and forthwith goes on his way rejoicing, but only to furnish another example of the truth of the old proverb, that—

When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;  
When the devil got well, the devil a saint was he!

A naughty, wilful child, when he sees the rod brandished over his head, cries out in his abject fear, "I will never do so again;" but he only says it to avoid the flogging.

Leave him, and assure him at the same time that the nasty rod is going to be burnt, and see how he behaves after your departure. A host of idle words, in my opinion, if uttered daily for a month, can never undo the evil deeds of a lifetime.

Captain Travers was fully aware, before the last hurried sentences addressed to him to that effect by his dying father, that his future income would be barely sufficient for his own private requirements. All the sumptuous belongings of Stafford Hall, together with the house and grounds, would have to be disposed of immediately.

A long line of carriages, sent chiefly by family friends, accompanied

the last remains of Mr. Travers to the vault in the little churchyard of Wilmington; and, according to the custom of the family, the funeral expenses amounted to as much as would have kept the entire village for a year.

"Lawk!" remarked Mrs. Robson, as she stood at the churchyard gate, to a friend who was decorously holding a handkerchief the size of a pillow-case to her eyes (as they viewed the procession pass). "It would melt a heart of stone, it would, to see the young captain there, a-looking so majestic-like in his crape weepers. Well, he have buried his poor pa comfortable, at any rate," she whimpered, as the cronies hastened home, after having seen all they could, to refresh themselves by an afternoon's cup of tea, and gossip. "He have done handsomely by him, poor dear! And he could do no more, could he, Mrs. Jones?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Stafford Hall was advertised for sale, accompanied by a flaming description of the number of splendid reception-rooms, the commodious bed and dressing rooms, with bath-rooms attached, &c.; all the usual jargon, in fact, without which no auctioneer fancies a sale can take place with *éclat*.

A sketch of the Hall itself headed the catalogue of its acquirements—a sketch taken from the most favourable point of view, by an artist evidently versed in these matters, for the west wing, embedded in its glorious foliage, was depicted of proportions gigantic enough to have become a palace; and the carriage-drive and smooth lawn in front assumed dimensions suitable for the pasture of an entire herd of deer.

The deceased owner had formerly been well known in the fashionable world, and his tall, stiff figure—possessed of more strength and firmness than in later days—was frequently seen ascending the steps of his club amongst its most constant *habitues*.

Declining years, his son's extravagance, and the love of taking his ease, had latterly, however, kept him quiet at Wilmington, except during a week or two of the season, when he would go up just to see how all his old acquaintances were looking, and to freshen himself up in the *on dits* of the world.

When the sudden announcement of his death, followed by the intended sale of Stafford Hall, burst unexpectedly upon his friends, the news fell like a thunder-clap, and created a long and serious conversation amongst sundry old gentlemen clustered together in the reading-room of the club. The first was the more surprising, from the fact of the quiet life he had of late years been leading; and why Travers should not have lived till the age of ninety appeared rather to astonish them.

Many of the speakers were further advanced in years than their late fellow-member; perhaps a thought shot across their minds that Death, having begun his work, might not be contented with a solitary prey.

The death of a person whom we have been accustomed to think of as one of us, whose form has been seen continually, strong in health and strength, generally causes an uncomfortable feeling; a kind of mental twinge comes across us, and we try to put off the disagreeable idea by the reflection that So-and-so must have been very careless of his health, and something of quite an unforeseen nature must have occurred to have caused his death.



Doubtless the friends of the late Mr. Travers had ideas similar to these, as they resumed their morning papers, and severally dismissed the subject. The sale was advertised at large in a conspicuous part of the journal, and the dead man was forgotten in the various surmises respecting its probable cause.

"Why, of course, Stafford Hall ought to have gone to the son. Was he disinherited? or what could be the reason? Travers spent thousands on the place."

"Oh!" said a wheezy-looking old colonel, whose sole aim for years had been the desire of being thought a gay Lothario in the eyes of the world, "young Travers is at the bottom of all this, depend upon it. He's a reckless young dog, that young fellow. I could tell you a story about him—in fact, I was present myself—which would astonish you," he continued, trying to look unutterable things with his puckered, careworn old face and weak red eyelids, and failing wofully in the attempt.

Every one there present had heard Colonel Smith's stories, and knew them rather too well; he was not a favourite at the club, where many of the members considered themselves models of decorum and upholders of virtue in general.

By mutual assent, therefore, the subject of young Travers's peccadilloes was dropped, the listeners being also well aware that the relation was only volunteered in order to introduce some details of his own elderly escapades. Hints were whispered of Captain Travers being out at elbows and of bills given to money-lenders, and heads were shaken, and old men said it was very piteous; but, before the day fixed for the sale, a few discovered that a trip by rail to Wilmington would not be disagreeable, and that they would go down just to see how the Hall was looking.

On the first morning of the sale, all Wilmington was astir at an early hour. The 12.45 train discharged a cargo of passengers seldom seen on the little unpretending platform, and country-women, chiefly wives of the labourers employed in the adjacent fields, stood gazing on their door-steps, their brown, sunny faces all aglow with the excitement so many passers-by created; whilst little dirty specimens of our sturdy peasantry tumbled ignominiously one over another in the dusty road, all anxious to get a good view of the gentry, and, at the same time, a copper if possible. Many of the friends of the deceased were there. He had been for years a collector of all that was rare and valuable; and the pictures alone were estimated at many thousands.

It is always a melancholy thing, even for those unconnected with the owners, to witness a sale of personal effects.

Miss Saunders stepped in at Sybella's desire, just as it had commenced, to see how things progressed.

"Such a number of men, my dear," she remarked, on returning, quite flushed with the contact of so many human beings of the opposite sex—"and such men, too! It went to my heart to see them pulling about all poor Mr. Travers's pet things. Two nasty-looking foreign fellows, with dark faces and such large hooked noses, were actually fingering your dear guardian's Indian table-covers—those worked in gold, that he used to prize so, I mean. They held the catalogue in their hands, and, as

they examined the things, marked with pencils what they wanted. All the Dresden ornaments are covered with little tickets, with the number of the lots written upon them."

They were chiefly collected in the saloon, and one old man was actually picking with his dirty nails at the paintings against the walls, and he said to his companion, "Who's to buy these frescoes, I wonder?"

"Oh, they'll go with the Hall itself as fixtures," answered his friend.

"The Hall is sold already," rejoined Sybella, wearily. "Some retired tea-merchant or grocer has bought it; at least, so Captain Travers told me just now."

"What did you say?" whimpered Miss Saunders, "a grocer? Oh! my dear pupil!" And the never-failing pocket-handkerchief was quickly applied to assuage the excess of grief caused by the announcement that henceforth the grocer and his progeny would become the residents of Stafford Hall.

"Well," said Sybella, smiling in spite of herself, "it matters little, after all, Sawney, whether a tradesman has it or not. We shall leave Wilmington for ever, and that distresses me more than anything else. I have so many friends here among the poor; I feel so sad at leaving those I have known since I can remember at all."

Mrs. Travers was seated on a low mound, overgrown with grass, underneath the shade of an enormous mulberry-tree. The cottage where she was now residing her husband had hired in the village for a month; it was a pretty little retreat belonging to a widow lady, who sometimes was glad to let it in summer, and leave Wilmington for change of air.

The garden, although tiny compared with the extensive flower-beds of Stafford Hall, was gay with clusters of many-coloured blossoms; and a miniature fountain, in the midst of a basin containing gold fish, sent up a refreshing sound as the water fell back into the reservoir beneath. Miss Saunders was still expatiating largely on the misery of things in general, and of sales in particular, when Captain Travers lounged in. I think the *ci-devant* instructress of his wife was in bodily fear of the Beau Sabreur, for she generally took refuge in ignominious flight at the sound of his footsteps.

"I am off to town for a few days, Sybella," he said. "I can't stand this; and when the sale is over, and all matters settled, I'll return again and fetch you, though what is to be done till we know how we stand as regards money affairs, I can't tell. I am better out of the way."

Sybella agreed in this last remark; she thought decidedly he was better out of the way. He could not make matters brighter, and by his chafing and fuming he only rendered two persons miserable instead of one.

"By-the-by," he resumed, turning round at the door of the little drawing-room before entering, "why the deuce does your friend treat us to such a continual display of hydraulics?—her handkerchief never seems away from her eyes. If she is weeping for us and our misfortunes, just inform her that her sympathy is of a kind which can be well dispensed with."

Sybella replied that she thought poor Miss Saunders rather liked tears better than smiles. "You know," she continued, as she looked up at the tall figure moving away from her, "she has had great trials herself lately."

"Well! she had better keep them to herself," he rejoined, rather pettishly, disappearing, as he spoke, through the open French window.

After her husband's departure, young Mrs. Travers continued some little while playing listlessly with the water as it fell back lightly into the basin, causing the gold fish to rise greedily to the surface, and open their ugly fishy mouths in expectation of the usual crumbs.

But Sybella did not heed them, or, if she did, it was only to call to mind their fellows in the fair and far-off gardens of Boboli. She regretted Italy; she fancied that with perseverance she might have done so much better. "If I had only had more time," she thought—her mind still wandering in the direction of the sunny land she had learnt to love—and as she pondered, the remark formerly made by Mr. Gore rose in her memory; "he said, 'If you ever want to gain your bread, take to painting as a livelihood.' I remember his words distinctly," she murmured. "I wonder if I can paint as well as he said I could! And I am greatly improved since that. Suppose, after all, that we have no money left to live on, I will then set to work in earnest, and try to paint well enough to gain a livelihood. My life is ended, all its romance gone," continued the girl, jerking some stray leaves at the hungry fish; and a pained weary look crossed her face as she continued her musings. "He said he always hated me, and I know he did. It was my money he wanted, and I——Well! I suppose as one grows older one gets wiser; even poor old Sawney's love for her Albert was far truer and far more what love ought to be than what I have ever felt. Ah! perhaps 'tis as well, after all," she exclaimed, retracing her steps towards the open door. "Love, the little I have seen of it, has only brought with it a world of trouble. It seems rather a blessing to think that I have done with it for ever. Yes," she continued, "painting will henceforth be my only love." And the cynic of eighteen smiled as she re-entered the little chamber.

The sale completed, and the claims on the estate of the late owner all settled, Captain Travers found himself in the possession of barely 300*l.* a year—a sum which in former times he reckoned hardly sufficient to defray his bootmaker's and glover's accounts; and this—as he was informed by one of the firm—was even more than his late father's legal advisers at first imagined would have been realised.

The news of this downfall was received, however, as stoically as most things were by its recipient. He assured Messrs. Grab and Co. that he felt convinced they had acted for the best in the matter, and placing his hat on his head, and humming an air, he stalked out of the office.

"A cool chap that Travers," remarked one of the clerks to his fellow. "Takes all this bad news as if he were rather pleased at it than not. Hang these swells! they know at least how to put a mask over their faces."

Captain Travers had to encounter a new difficulty when he rejoined his wife. Sybella objected to coming to London during the heat; she also wished to defer making any decided arrangement until the appointment which her husband had determined upon seeking should be actually obtained.

She desired also to retain the services of the estimable Sawney, the

announcement of which caused a battle which exceeded the limits even of a matrimonial dispute.

But Sybella was obstinate, and would not give up her point; and the objections urged with regard to her friend's continual weeping over departed days only added fuel to her wrath.

Gregson's son, Captain Travers had been informed, was practising as an attorney somewhere in the neighbourhood of certain military quarters well known to himself in former days.

"I may as well run down there," he said to his friend. "If I can't find out Gregson, I can kick his son, which will be some consolation. Doubtless I may also fall in with some of the old set; at any rate, I'll go."

However, after much deliberation, mixed up with not a little squabbling, it was settled that Captain Travers should depart for London. That he should there, through the influence of some of his friends, get the appointment he sought, after which Sybella should join him.

In the mean while he insisted upon her receiving a hundred and fifty pounds yearly—exactly half the income he possessed—which Sybella only consented to on being told it was the wreck of her own fortune.

Miss Saunders knew of some lady residing at a little village not twenty miles from London, who would be willing to let part of her house, and there the two women settled to go forthwith.

"Well! good-bye, Sybella," said her husband, as he bid her farewell. "Let's try and forget our quarrels before we meet again. Address to me at the club; if you change your residence, let me hear at once. Trust me, if I have good news you shall learn it, and if you do not hear from me for some time, you may be sure all's wrong; and, recollect, if you don't hear for a year or two, you may conclude I am dead. Yes! Miss Saunders, I shall be dead," he added, laughing merrily; "so you had better begin at once the weeping part of the business."

The sun cast a long shadow across the little dusty street as Sybella, standing at the wicket, watched her husband's figure walking leisurely towards the station.

"How lively he is!" simpered Miss Saunders, his departure having given her courage to use her voice once more. "How happy and contented Captain Travers is under all his misfortunes?"

But Sybella made no reply; she was still leaning over the little paling, lost in thought, long after the figure and its shadow had vanished.

"I surely don't regret his departure," she murmured; "and yet something oppresses me. I hope no accident will happen on the line to-night." And Sybella thought more than once that evening of her absent husband, and her melancholy forebodings only vanished with the morning's sun, when the preparations for their immediate departure occupied her fully.

## VII.

## A BREAK IN THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

It was the first of September—the *glorious* first.

Luckily for the tempers and well-being of all keen sportsmen, it did not fall this year on a Sunday; but kindly, in consideration of the feelings of its votaries, chose Tuesday for its advent, thus giving the whole of Monday for the looking over of Purdeys, &c., unless, indeed, they had not been overhauled at least twenty times the week previous.

All was bustle and stir at Fernside on this particular morning, and the sun rose, as it ought always to rise on occasions like these—bright, hot, and clear.

Loud was the talking and merry the laughter which resounded from the great hall all along the corridor leading to the breakfast-room.

Fernside was the name of the place which had at last been settled on by Mr. Watson, just before his wedding, as the elysium in which he was to pass his married days.

Whether during the year of his habitation it has proved the paradise of his dreams is a question we will not enter into at present. The discussion now on the tapis, which is causing so much noise and laughter, arises from the difference of opinion between two of his most intimate guests as to whether the day's proceedings shall commence by shooting over the turnip-fields just behind the old fox-covert, and having the tumbril sent on with luncheon as far as Binney's Pond at two o'clock, or whether, in defiance of all former rules, they will not commence the day by taking the land past the Decoy, and so beating up as far as the new lay, near the windmill.

"Here! I say," shouts Colonel Munroe, a keen, red-faced looking old sportsman, who up to this moment had been conversing with the keepers and examining the dogs grouped outside—"here, you youngsters, don't let's lose half the day, and the best half, too, by Jove! whilst you settle your disputes. You say Watson leaves it all to us. Let's toss up. I'm for the turnips. Woman for ever, and woman it is," he said, laughing, as he took his gun from the hand of his servant. "Come, let's be off," he continued; "that is, if Vavasour has got his head-toggery adjusted."

"All right, colonel," replied his sub, advancing, and twisting up, as he spoke, a silk handkerchief, which article, after due consideration, he proceeded to tie round a head bald as a new-born baby's; and, mounting his small shooting-cap on the top of this eccentric coiffure, he followed close upon the heels of his leader.

They were all off at last; the sound of their talking and laughter, recently heard through the long passage, seemed to Gabrielle to render the silence which ensued more oppressive than usual as she opened the door of the breakfast-room, which she had not quitted since the sportsmen retired to equip themselves for the day's amusement. It was quite a novelty to have all this bustle and noise in the establishment, for ever

since she had married, save a couple of weeks spent during the season in London, the monotony of her life had been at times almost unendurable.

The mother, at whose entreaty this wedding had taken place, had not enjoyed, poor woman! many of the pleasures she had longed so much to see herself and her daughter in possession of; for before three months had elapsed from the time of the engagement, a fever, which proved too much for her already weakened frame, caused her death. So Mrs. Watson was left with her husband only as a companion, save when the usual dulness was rendered, if anything, more unendurable by the not unfrequent visits of her two sisters-in-law; antiquated virgins of a certain age, ladies to whom love, alas! was now quite a thing of the past, and who, to solace themselves for its absence, had recourse to bickerings between themselves, and scandal-mongering among their intimate friends and relations.

These pleasant companions were now shortly expected, a fact which seemed to cast a gloom over Gabrielle's face as she re-read the letter announcing their projected arrival early in the week.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said a footman, opening the door just as she was in the act of leaving the room, "but Giles's boy has run up to say that master sent him to tell Mrs. Jenkins that a gentleman is coming here to sleep to-night; master invited him yesterday at dinner, and forgot to mention it; and Mrs. Jenkins don't know what room she'd best give the gentleman, and please can she see you herself."

"I will speak to Mrs. Jenkins before luncheon-time," said Mrs. Watson, in answer. "Of course the blue room will be required for the Miss Watsons, who may arrive to-morrow. If I forget to send for her," she continued, "say that any one of the small bachelor chambers can be got in readiness. Did your master mention the name of his guest?"

Receiving an answer in the negative, the lady of Fernside proceeded to spend the long morning according to her usual custom. She tied on a very pretty coquettish-looking hat, which her maid had all ready in hand at the door, received her shawl, drew on her gloves, and, opening her parasol, sauntered leisurely down the terrace in the direction of the flower-gardens and green-houses.

The grounds surrounding the mansion were not large, but the arrangements of the various parterres and shrubberies showed clearly the taste of the former possessor.

The estate of Fernside came into the market just at the time when Mr. Watson was worrying himself almost into a fever at the obstinacy with which (as he expressed it) the owner of some other coveted place adhered to his exorbitant demand. Fernside had been in the hands of its former possessor but a few years. The only child of a fond but not over-wealthy parent, Mr. Feversham had come into his inheritance rather unexpectedly. A fit which caused the sudden death of his father gave him the property. Had it been carefully managed, it would eventually have become of much greater value, as the young timber about the place was fast growing up; but he, as is often the case with young men, no sooner came into the possession of the estate than he also came into the possession of an idea, namely, that his fortune was enormous, and that to spend double his income was the right thing to be done.

A few years of this kind of living of course soon brought affairs to a crisis, and the instant the smash was apparent and the estate advertised for sale, all his friends prophesied *after* the event. They had eaten of his dinners and drunk of his wines, lived at his house and shot over his preserves, still they had all known beforehand exactly how it would end. His house was to be sold, and the owner had to go abroad. Some pitied poor Feversham, others, again, ridiculed him. "Deuced silly fellow that young Feversham; I foresaw how it would be all along." "I wonder who'll buy Fernside? I hope the future owner will be one of our sort, and none of your humdrum old fogies." "So Feversham's gone, I hear, and the estate is sold to Watson. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*"

Colonel Munroe, the keen, red-faced old sportsman, was one of the intimate friends of the poor young fellow now in exile; he and sundry others had immediately left cards on Mr. Watson on his taking possession.

Clayton, the village in which Fernside was situated, was not more than twelve miles from the principal county town. In the latter a detachment of lancers was quartered, and whatever opinion these gallant gentlemen maintained of "old Watson," as they irreverently called him, at any rate his wines were first rate, his wife the belle of the country, and his preserves in quite as good order, thanks to the same indefatigable gamekeepers, as they were in the time of their former owner.

So, after weighing the *pros* and *cons*, they generously determined to keep in with Watson; and the said Watson, not finding, perhaps, that the elysium would be any the worse for occasional companionship, got over his reluctance to receive visitors, and invited sundry of his new acquaintances for the First of September, to honour Fernside with their goodly presence for a week or two.

The house, although extensive, was built in the cottage style, with long wide terraces back and front—terraces made expressly to court either the early morning sun during the winter season, or the afternoon shade in the heat of the year—terraces made to enjoy a good cigar on after dinner, or to pace up and down leisurely with the one you love; but an after-dinner cigar was not one of Mr. Watson's foibles, and as to the other advantage attributed to the promenade, Gabrielle was not always amenable to the love-making of her uncongenial spouse, so the wide terrace remained much unused, I fear, save when its mistress chose to take a constitutional during the frost of the winter months.

The châtelaine of Fernside returned slowly from her morning wanderings, her hands still full of the roses she had plucked from the gardens; she sighed wearily as she thought of the long day she would have to get through before the seven o'clock dinner, and the probability that when that was ended Mr. Watson would keep his guests over their wine until *she* was fast asleep over the coffee.

The flowers were thrown down hurriedly though, and the dismal reflections cast to the winds, on her receiving the information from the servant that "the guest master expected was already waiting in the breakfast-room; he had been there some time, and it was now long past the luncheon-hour, and the gentleman declined joining the shooting-party this afternoon."

The hall in which Gabrielle stood whilst listening to this intelligence was certainly the most beautiful part of the building; immensely large, with one side almost entirely occupied by a magnificent stained-glass window; an open fireplace stood opposite the entrance door, wherein the logs of wood were kept burning cheerily for the greater part of the year; the floor was tessellated, covered only in the middle by a thick Turkey carpet; all around the walls were hung antlers and trophies, placed there by the former owner; a large wide staircase of carved oak led to the principal sleeping-rooms. All the sitting-rooms were on the ground floor at Fernside, and all gave with doors on to the hall, save the breakfast-room, which was situated at the end of a long corridor opening into a conservatory.

Gabrielle quickened her pace through the hall, and, flinging her shawl down in passing, advanced to welcome her husband's guest. There was no need to pause, rush to a glass, or run up-stairs before entering, in order to see if her attire was in proper trim and her hair in the most becoming style; Mrs. Watson was always presentable, thanks to her own good taste and that of her milliner. We hear a good deal of beauty unadorned, &c., from the lips of sentimental young people, but I don't myself believe one word of it. However beautiful a girl may be by nature, a good choice in dress will always enhance her charms. So Gabrielle passed on, speculating as she went on the name of this unknown guest, and thinking how stupid she had been not to have inquired of William, who, of course, could have informed her.

The door of the breakfast-room was slightly open, and she passed through it, bowing almost before she raised her eyes to the face of the visitor before her. The blinds were all down; the heat of the autumnal sun being always oppressive in that room.

"Mrs. Watson, will you ever forgive me?" said a well-remembered voice close by her side. "I met your husband at Munroe's yesterday; I was introduced, and he instantly invited me; I could not resist it. I would have died last night rather than not have accepted this invitation; I am ready to leave now if you wish it, but I could not resist seeing you once more after learning that you were in the neighbourhood."

And Gabrielle—the first feeling, directly she could analyse her feelings at all, she knew well, was that of anger. Captain Travers had deserted her, and what had he come here again for? He had had the audacity also to say he would "leave" if she wished it; so she quickly determined to resent the impertinence by showing him how thoroughly indifferent she was to his presence. She informed him, therefore, in the coldest manner possible, that any guest of her husband's was sure to find a welcome from her, and that, as luncheon was ready, perhaps he would like to partake of that meal in her company.

Edged tools are not the safest things to play with, especially when we feel inwardly that we are, or shall possibly soon become, as soft as snow before them; that the edge may become just as keen, ay, keener perhaps than ever; and that as snow melts before a fire, so will our good resolutions before the sharp edge of our playthings.

But Mrs. Watson thought not of these things as she quietly put down her garden-hat, and leading the way, proceeded to show Captain Travers



that she intended making a very good luncheon, notwithstanding his unexpected presence.

They entered the dining-room, a long but rather low room, looking out on to the south terrace, with a large broad window flanked by stone steps, which led down to the said terrace; an awning protected the room from the sun's glare, whilst all down the sides of the steps were large white stone vases, holding geraniums and other summer flowers.

The presence of the servants in attendance at the beginning of the repast gave no opportunity for conversation, save of a common-place kind. It was the custom, however, for them to retire after handing round the dishes. Gabrielle could almost have entreated for their presence on this occasion, but she had no excuse for the unusual demand, so they left the room.

Never did Mrs. Watson talk so fast, or so much; a continual flow of conversation kept any remarks of Captain Travers quite in the background. He might have observed, though, had he not been placed just opposite to his hostess at the end of the long table, that all she was helped to remained untouched on her plate.

"Ah! my pigeons, as usual, are anxious for their luncheon!" exclaimed Gabrielle, as she rose nervously and opened the window, letting the tame birds congregated there enter and flutter in confusion round her, eager for the bread she was dispensing.

The said pigeons took a long time to feed; their rapacity on this memorable morning was outrageous. They fluttered around their mistress, some perching on her shoulder, others flapping about with their wings, as they squabbled over the scattered pieces.

Three o'clock, thought Gabrielle, as she glanced at the timepiece before her, and nearly four hours before the sportsmen will be back! She turned round as the unwelcome idea crossed her mind, only to see Captain Travers quietly gazing at her, with such a profound look of melancholy in his dark brown eyes, that, although feeling somewhat annoyed, she had not the heart to resent it.

At this crisis the obnoxious Miss Watsons, even, would have been welcome; but she consoled herself with the thought that they were to arrive probably to-morrow; also, that if this visit of Captain Travers was to be of any duration, his absence, with the others, for the whole of the ensuing days, would be the natural order of things. At any rate she would be firm; he should never suspect that she dreaded being alone with him, or that the memory of the past was still strong within her.

One or two visitors soon, luckily, made a break in the gêne which Gabrielle felt was hourly growing more oppressive. It came, however, to a finale at last, as most things do in this weary world; fortunately for the inhabitants of the same!

## CHAPTER VIII.

## WEDDED FELICITY.

"AND for how long have you invited Captain Travers?" demanded Gabrielle that same evening of her husband, as with her pretty hair hanging still in disorder over her white peignoire, she sat contemplating herself in the large cheval-glass in front of her.

Affairs now assumed a very different aspect to that which they wore at the time of her intimacy with Captain Travers, previously to her marriage. No small inconvenient chamber was here; no cracked mirror reflected back her still childish face. Magnificence, instead of penury, now reigned throughout the apartment; and perhaps the vision of the old, almost forgotten attic, and the scanty wardrobe, rose up to her mind more forcibly, now that the figure of her former lover had been so unexpectedly brought before her.

The room in which this *tête-à-tête* took place was both wide and large; indeed, what with the mass of arm-chairs, tables, sofas, and et cæteras, it looked more like a saloon for the reception of guests than a sleeping-chamber. The presence of wealth was apparent everywhere; and much as she had always coveted it, her actual position at the present time seemed to Gabrielle as if her girlish desire had been granted with only too lavish a hand. Everything spoke of wealth, position, and respectability; and the weight of it all oppressed and wearied her.

One of our most delightful writers observes, in a recent essay, that one "loses the snug in the magnificent," and never was a truer speech uttered. There can be no domesticity, no home-like feeling—if I can use the word—in a suite of gorgeously furnished apartments, with different chambers assigned for every separate meal, and for each separate hour of the day.

I suppose this idea is born with us, and arises from our English blood and education; I, for one, agree with those who place comfort before splendour, and who prefer a small to a large abode. Two or three sitting-rooms in daily use, wherein can be seen and traced the evidences of every-day life in the work, or well-read books, or flowers scattered around, give an idea of home and comfort.

On the other hand, what can be more cheerless (however much it may administer to your pride), on entering your magnificent abode, than to be accosted by the groom of the chambers, or the pompous butler, flanked by two footmen, who, after due reflection, informs you that "my lady is either in her boudoir, or the white drawing-room, or the yellow ditto?" or she may be dressing, or flirting, or out visiting—n'importe; no one, at any rate, springs up to welcome you.

Gabrielle, too, now that the novelty had worn off, felt at times oppressed with the fuss and worry with which this wealth of her husband's seemed to surround her.

But Mr. Watson had toiled hard for his fortune, and he liked to enjoy it in his own way. A retinue of useless domestics, and a large house with a mass of furniture, were necessary ingredients in the plans he had formed for his future happiness.

But during this long digression the lady of Fernside has been waiting anxiously for the answer from her husband.

Leisurely the gentleman in question proceeded to set down the flat candlestick which he held in his hand, ere he thought of replying to the question put to him by his partner. Doubtless, if possible, he would have had an attendant to carry it before him, Indian fashion; but, at any rate, in the sanctity of his wife's apartment etiquette had to be dismissed, so he placed the candlestick on the table, and began to divest himself of his watch (which the custom of years required him to have at the bedside), before entering his dressing-room to disrobe.

"Did you hear me, Bernard?" she repeated, sharply. "I asked you for how long you have invited Captain Travers?"

At the second inquiry Mr. Watson turned his tall form in the direction of his wife, and replied slowly:

"I wish, my dear, I could cure you of some of your impetuosity. I was on the point of answering when you repeated your question so energetically. Captain Travers was asked for no fixed period; the length of his stay will probably depend upon the time he can remain away from London, as I understand his reason for visiting Catsworthy was to discover some lawyer of his late father's. Pray may I ask, have you any particular reason for wishing him to abridge his visit?"

Oh! how much better it would have been had Gabrielle then, at this crisis, taken heart of grace, acted as a wife ought to have done, and told her husband at once that this was not her first acquaintance with his guest; and that having paid her attention before her marriage, she felt uncomfortable in his presence; but her courage failed her. As the wish to do so arose, the tall stern figure of Mr. Watson looked so uncompromising and correct that she trembled, not so much at the scolding and reproaches with which her confession would be met, but from the fear of the never-ceasing allusions which she well knew would be of daily occurrence. In fact, she felt that she would only be adding to the load of offences already stowed away in his heart, and which were now produced against her at the slightest provocation.

Mr. Watson was constitutionally prosy; and had his hopes been realised as he anticipated, he probably would have settled down into a quiet, self-satisfied man; as it was, he was simply a petty domestic tyrant, and one, moreover, possessed of no small amount of temper.

It certainly cannot add to one's hilarity to carry about the conviction of having toiled all one's life—all the best years, I mean—pursuing a cherished object, which after all has turned out to be a chimera, just as you imagined you had attained the end for which all these years had been wasted.

So, failing in what he coveted, namely, the entire love of his wife, he erred as many have erred before him without having his excuse. Love denied, he became irritable, forgot all his protestations of patience, and visited his anger upon his wife because of the absence of that which in her honesty she had told him beforehand was not his.

Like many other husbands, and, alas! their name, I fear, is Legion, he did not, after the first attempt and failure, again strive earnestly for what he had been at first so anxious to obtain.

It took full six months of fearful anxiety and mental worry before he

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gained his point in securing Gabrielle's consent to the marriage, and had the time of probation extended to years instead of months, doubtless he would still have continued striving.

But the goal was reached; Mr. Watson came in first with flying colours, and Gabrielle was his: but no sooner was the prize gained, than, like an irritable, spoilt child, and because he could not obtain all he longed for at once, he became impatient, and threw up the game as lost; and to make matters ten times worse, vented his disappointment and spleen upon his wife.

There was certainly no excuse for such conduct, but it happens too frequently that men who have every reason to suppose that they have full possession of their wives' hearts, treat them with too little ceremony—an error to which many a matrimonial rupture might doubtless be traced.

There is a little story of a Frenchman who, marrying at an advanced age a lady much younger than himself, and perceiving that after marriage she was admired and also much addicted, alas! to the dangerous game of flirtation, made it his study not only to practise great kindness and consideration on all occasions, but to carefully note the course pursued by the favoured rival. If a wish was expressed, before it could be gratified he had already anticipated it. In fact, the attentions and gallantry of the husband so far exceeded those of the lover that the latter was compelled to vacate the field, whilst the former won his young wife's affections for ever.

One of our most celebrated authors narrates a similar case (but told in a far superior manner) in one of his charming novels; still the original hero, I regret to say, was not an Englishman.

It is extremely questionable, however, whether this *modus operandi* will ever become fashionable amongst married men. Certainly a vast amount of money must be at command to satisfy the caprices of such a lady as the one just mentioned; and then we may ask, would the fair one in question be worth the sacrifice, after all the pains had been taken?

Still, I think a little might often be amended on both sides, but I cannot see, O man! why the wife whom you once swore was more nearly allied to the angels than womankind (because she is your wife and the mother of your children) is to be treated with less courtesy than you would use even towards that odious Mrs. Jones or hideous Mrs. Brown in a morning call.

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The hour of six had just chimed out from the great clock over the stable-gate; the autumn dew was lying thick and heavy on the grass, weighing down the summer flowers, still blooming sweetly, with its crystal drops. Nature, indeed, seemed hardly awake, and the only object yet in view was here and there a frolicsome little rabbit, hopping leisurely over the garden-beds, and wantonly nibbling off the tender shoots and buds, regardless of the anathemas of the gardeners and the probability of a spring-trap being laid before his next visit.

Captain Travers stepped out from a side-window on to the terrace walk just as the clock had finished striking; the grating sound of his boots on the hard gravel causing the little pilferers to scamper off suddenly and hide themselves amongst the bushes near at hand. This gentleman was

fond of early rambles, as we have seen before, and on this particular morning he was astrir from a cause somewhat similar to that which occasioned his former matutinal walk.

After a restless night he had turned out of bed betimes, with the consoling reflection that, if sleep were denied him, another blessing still existed in the shape of a morning's cigar in the fresh autumnal air.

Smoking at six o'clock A.M. must be a most uncomfortable, appetite-taking-away custom, I fancy; but perhaps Captain Travers bore in mind that under present circumstances it would appear more sentimental not to exhibit too great an appetite at the breakfast-table; be that as it may, he commenced operations by lighting his weed, taking two or three puffs and two or three turns on the broad terrace, and then began to consider that he had come out expressly for the purpose of thinking over things in general; "things in general" meaning Gabrielle; for he had discovered during the few hours he had been in her company, that not only was his former passion revived, but that she also had not forgotten bygone days. From something which she had said the evening before, he ascertained that his marriage was a thing perfectly unsuspected, and finding this to be the case, he allowed her to continue in the delusion. He had come to Catsworthy, as we know, to obtain, if possible, some clue to the whereabouts of Mr. Gregson, whose son was practising as an attorney in that town. Accident, after a day or two, threw him in Colonel Munroe's path, with whom he was acquainted; he was asked to dine at mesa, there met Mr. Watson, and so became the guest of his former love.

With the feelings which now possessed him, he knew well enough that a speedy departure was the only honourable course left; but, as I have said before, he was pre-eminently selfish, and as for honour, why, as the world takes it, "all's fair in love and war;" so the finale to his reflections (if, indeed, he reflected at all) was simply to decide upon doing what best suited his own inclinations, and that was to stay on at Fernside.

The cigar was nearly at an end; but before he stepped again into the house by the window from which he had emerged, he cast his eyes upward, and scanned attentively all the closed casements, as if with the hope of seeing some token of Gabrielle's presence.

He had come to Catsworthy not anticipating any shooting, so it was agreed the night before that Mr. Watson's stock of guns should be placed at his disposal.

The gun-room, as he knew, was situated at the end of the long corridor leading to the breakfast-parlour, so thither he now bent his steps, in order to look over the various implements of the *chasse*, which he had seen the evening before hanging against the walls.

"Hulloa! you're an early bird," greeted his ears as he entered the apartment, and, looking up at the sound, his eyes encountered Mr. Vavasour, standing busily employed with his gun, ramrod in hand.

The speaker did not appear in a very good temper either, as he looked about him, abusing the unsportsmanlike arrangement of the room they were in, and ending finally by pronouncing "old Watson" to be a "regular muff."

Mr. Edward Vavasour was one of those conceited little specimens of

humanity who was never in a good temper unless he found himself *au mieux* with the lady of the house. He was a lieutenant in Colonel Munroe's corps, and had arrived two days before. He had not returned very long from India, where a fever had deprived him of all his natural locks; but the substitute which the famous Truefitt had provided was so true to nature that Gabrielle would have been surprised as well as amused had she seen the grotesque figure presented by the youthful Adonis on his departure for the shooting expedition.

Ever since he had returned from leave his leisure moments had been devoted to the sublime effort of making Mrs. Watson believe him to be the most enchanting little man in the world, and, moreover, that the said little enchanter was her devoted slave.

Gabrielle had received all his attentions in the most nonchalant manner; she tolerated him as long as he kept within bounds; he had a great amount of fun in him, and life not being very exhilarating at Fernside, his attentions rather amused her than otherwise.

But on the evening of Captain Travers's arrival he had chosen to put so much *empressement* into his usual flirting manner that she was determined to show her displeasure on the spot.

Mr. Vavasour directly imagined that the new comer was the cause of this cruel treatment, and his manner, therefore, was not very cordial. He was a vain, silly little fellow, though not in reality bad at heart, making love to every pretty, attractive woman he met, more from the desire to be considered amongst his acquaintances as a man "*à bonnes fortunes*" than from any really bad motive; and, although extremely small, he possessed more than an average share of good looks.

A long fair moustache and imperial set off his minute features to advantage, and took off from the effeminacy which would otherwise have been striking. He was extremely fastidious about himself and his dress, as most small men are. I suppose they consider it their privilege to be finikin.

His garments were irreproachable; he bore his crest, a double one, on every available article. Handkerchiefs such as he sported would have been suitable for a duchess; and yet with all this, putting aside his vanity, he was generally considered by men as a very good fellow. Captain Travers appeared like a second Goliath looking down upon a modern David in knickerbockers, as they stood there eyeing each other, the giant-slayer with his ramrod poised mid-air.

But I must leave these doughty champions to return to the mistress of the house.

The carriage was to be sent directly after breakfast to the nearest station, situated six miles from Clayton, to bring back those female bugbears of Gabrielle's existence, her two sisters-in-law. The Miss Watsons had intimated that, as their visit was to be one of rather a long duration, the cart had better be sent to convey their luggage.

Gabrielle was again alone on this morning; she felt no inclination for her usual stroll, but ensconced herself patiently in the drawing-room till the sound of the carriage-wheels should announce their return from the station.

She was trying hard to fix her thoughts on the book before her; but

not much pleasure was derived from the perusal, for no sooner did she commence reading, than her thoughts wandered to her old lover, brought so unexpectedly before her. The sound of his voice and the melancholy look of his eyes were continually present. Then she thought how well his deep mourning became him, and she longed again to inquire all about his father's death.

How should she act for the best? What was she to do? He had watched for an opportunity to speak to her alone just before they started on the shooting expedition, and had then said, hurriedly,

"I conclude, from what Mr. Watson told me last night, that he is in ignorance of our having been acquainted formerly; had we not better let it remain as it is? To disclose it now would only cause confusion and create an ill feeling. Will you agree to let bygones be bygones? and one day, if you will allow me, I will relate part of my wretched history, which will, perhaps, account in some measure for my apparently unaccountable actions. Will you suspend your judgment mercifully until you have heard me? and let us be friends if all else is denied us."

Captain Travers looked very humble as he made this speech, and, at the same time, left his hearer under the impression that he had been the innocent victim of some fearful treachery. But that, somehow, was the idea he wished to convey.

And so, tacitly, she had agreed to this friendship, and was now trying to convince herself that they were only friends. She knew, by the way her heart beat and her colour rose at the sound of his voice, that *her* feelings, at least, were many degrees removed from friendship; still she hoped he would not perceive it. She even thought that his manner, on leaving her, was not quite calm as his hand pressed hers; still that might only be his way, or she might have fancied it. One does conceive such absurd ideas at times! And also, she might have added, how readily, when principle is not there to guide us, we gloss over feelings we cannot conceal from ourselves, and how easily the tempter finds excuses for conduct which we know in our hearts to be wrong!

Gabrielle, strange to say, had never heard of Captain Travers's marriage. His wedding took place not very long after her own, and as they were then travelling in the north of Germany, the English papers were rarely seen by her. But had he informed her of it—had he said that a young life was now bound to his, Gabrielle's kind, generous heart would have opened, doubtless, towards the neglected young wife, and her first act would probably have been to exert all the influence she possessed over him in order to induce him to return to her.

As it was, after these few words of explanation, she looked upon Captain Travers in the light of an ill-used man. His father had insisted upon their separation on account of money. Her foolish pique had led her to listen to her mother's entreaties and to marry in haste, when her heart was not her own; and now that it was too late, here was the only man she ever loved giving unmistakable proofs that he had never forgotten her. She looked upon herself now, too, as the chief transgressor; she ought to have waited; and so she ended her reflections by pitying Jack Travers deeply, and blaming herself—the very worst thing she could have done under the circumstances.

Travers, as he waded through the turnips on that same morning, his handsome face red and flushed with the heat of the sun, and swearing inwardly at the toil men made of pleasure, would have given a good deal to have been cognisant of my lady's reflections. He had been half inclined to plead illness, and retrace his steps directly after luncheon, so as to obtain a chat with Gabrielle before dinner, but he restrained the wish, as he was not yet quite certain of the state of her feelings towards him.

But the time for musing on forbidden topics and forming good resolutions (easier in theory than in practice) is at an end for Gabrielle, for the bustle and noise of feet in the hall announce the arrival of the elderly spinsters.

"Dear sister" and "Dear Gabrielle" were heard as soon as the open door allowed them to enter; and, before time was given for a reply, Mrs. Watson was folded energetically in the ample garments of her maiden sisters-in-law.

In outward appearance the Miss Watsons (or Miss Maria and Miss Selina, as they always liked to be called) were not very unlike the generality of unmarried ladies of a certain age.

Gabrielle had never been able to discover the number of years they had passed in this weary world, but, judging from appearances (which the youngest Miss Watson always took care to inform her friends "were very deceitful" whenever the subject of age was on the *tapis*), they neither of them were under forty.

Absurdly fond of dress, the quantity of boxes and receptacles for caps and feathers they generally contrived to bring to Fernside was become quite a byword. They were both tall—in fact, much too tall—very thin, and very like their brother.

They still adored gaiety, they adored cards, they adored dress, and, I may add, the male portion of the community. This last weakness, though, they totally disavowed. Spiteful people said, that the fact of being entirely forsaken by the other sex had given rise to this sudden appearance of dislike on their part. They adored and looked up to their brother in all things; he was a sort of demi-god in their eyes; on matters of the most trivial kind they implored his advice, and his sympathy was solicited on all occasions.

Had they accepted their lot of old-maidism cheerfully, had they been simply quiet and prosy, Gabrielle could have welcomed them joyfully to her house; but they were inveterate talkers, arrant gossips, and curious as to the concerns of their neighbours to a fearful degree.

There are so many things invented now-a-days; the world seems progressing in such a degree, that, before long, we shall come to a standstill, for there will be nothing positively left to exercise our ingenuity on. Women now take their place in this march of science; they willingly and deftly take parts in labour only assigned to the nobler sex in years past. We hear of female doctors, and female commissionnaires are, I believe, already organised.

I wonder if we shall ever arrive at the period when women will be content to cast aside their petty feelings of vanity, and take out a patent for growing old gracefully? If we could only accept it—only perceive how much better it is to show as an honest, sober, grey-haired old maid, or



wife, than to make a paltry attempt to keep up appearances in the eyes of the world for a few years longer!

If we would only accept our advancing years naturally and gracefully, the very fact of our doing so would take years off our looks, instead of adding years to them.

A pretty, silly, infantile giggle, and an affected voice and manner, is very interesting sometimes in the eyes of the opposite sex, when the pretty giggler has not passed the age of seventeen. After that, it simply becomes foolish and offensive. What must it be, then, at past thirty? And yet we unfortunately see this often; often we are compelled to witness scenes which sicken us, and cause a blush to rise at the sight of a woman, long past the age when such follies are tolerated, simpering up to some man of her acquaintance, and palpably, by her affected voice and silly laughter, trying to revive the ghost of a flirtation in her fluttering virgin breast.

And the worst part of it all is, that men are quite as alive to these little deceptions as *we* are ourselves!

### LOUIS DAVID.\*

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID was born in Paris in 1748. His father being slain in a duel, when he was ten years of age, he was adopted by an uncle, who sent him to college; but what between that passion for art, which declares itself so irresistibly in all who are destined to excel, and certain peculiarities of disposition, no progress was made at college, and the boy being willing to do nothing else, he was, through the influence of his friends, placed in the Louvre as a pupil of Vien's. The ambition to distinguish himself displayed itself so early in life, that he became a candidate for the great prize of Rome after but a few years' study, and it was only when he had been so for five consecutive years that he came off triumphant. Yet, from the peculiarities of disposition above alluded to, that combination of firmness, self-esteem, and love of approbation, which lead in excess to obstinacy, pride, and vanity, David felt these rebuffs exceedingly; so much so that, on the last occasion but one, he shut himself up in his room, and would have died of hunger, but for the interference of his godfather Sedaine, who, as perpetual secretary of the Academy of Architecture, had also apartments in the Louvre.

This incident, however, brought David into notice, and he was engaged by Le Doux, the architect of the Barriers of Paris, to finish the decorations of the apartments provided, after the fashion of the country, by the artist for the celebrated opera-dancer, Mademoiselle

\* Louis David, son Ecole et son Temps. Souvenirs par E. J. Delécluze. Paris: Didier et C<sup>ie</sup>.

Guimard, and first begun by Fragonard. He also had the questionable honour of painting the portrait of Mademoiselle Guimard herself.

Vien having been appointed director of the French school at Rome, he took his pupil with him to that city, where he was employed under his master for the first year of his residence in copying from the antique. "Raw antiquity," he used to call it; and then, with his characteristic spirit of innovation, he would "season it up with modern sauce," as he called it. The masters were not at first appreciated by what David himself admits to have been his "coarse Gallic taste," and he applied himself most to copying the works of Valentin, a French pupil of Caravaggio and of Ribera. It was under this influence that he painted his first picture of any repute, "*La Peste de Saint Roch*," which was very properly consigned to the lazaretto of Marseilles.

In 1780, David, having returned to Paris, painted his "*Belisarius*," in the same manner and style as his "*Horatii*," "*Socrates*," and "*Brutus*." Three years after he produced his "*Andromache weeping for the Death of Hector*," in order to obtain admission into the Academy. This picture, although still belonging to an epoch of transition, was nevertheless remarkable for careful drawing and for a correct study of antiquity.

Having been received as a member of the Academy, he wedded the daughter of the architect Pécoul, and, accompanied by his wife, returned once more to Rome to perfect himself in his art. He had received an order from government for the "*Oath of the Horatii*," and he painted it at Rome, but he returned to Paris to exhibit it in 1785. This picture was favourably received by the public, but not so by the authorities, who criticised the details, and complained that the artist had exceeded the dimensions of canvas allotted to him. He received an order, however, from M. Trudaine for his "*Socrates*," a picture which excelled all that he had previously done. In 1788, he painted the "*Loves of Paris and Helena*" for the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.; but the picture only served to demonstrate that the treatment of such subjects was utterly foreign to his genius. The breaking out of the revolution in 1789 was heralded by his "*Brutus*," a picture which met with great success, but not so much as his "*Horatii*." It is, however, like all David's best works, remarkable for its fidelity of costume and details. The head of Brutus was taken from the bust in the Capitol. The picture had also the effect, combined with the movement that was taking place in the political world, of materially influencing the costumes of the day. It is said to be from it that the women, and afterwards the men, were led to adopt flowing locks, and that both sexes rejected shoes with heels, and adopted generally a more simple and classical style of dress.

It is to be remarked, that Art had not, for a long period of time, fallen so low as it was at the period of the reforms introduced by David, and who thus became the founder of a school of painting. Watteau remained the last representative of what has been justly styled the epoch of decline. Lessing, Heyne, and Winckelmann first gave birth, by their profound studies of antiquity, to the new

impulse, which was extended by the labours and researches of Mengs, Sir William Hamilton, D'Agincourt, Gessner, Canova, and others. David, although a man of no erudition, came under this influence early in life; he was not a discoverer or an inventor, but he brought his whole talent and genius to bear upon a reform which in reality had its origin in the theories of others, deduced from the study of antiquity. During the five years that David was at Rome, archæological pursuits were passionately followed up, and all who came within the sphere of the impulse of the day were carried away by it. Literary men, like Sulzer the Encyclopedist and Gessner the Idyllist, amateurs, like Sir W. Hamilton, critics, like Winckelmann, sculptors, like Giraud, architects, like Le Doux, and painters, like Mengs and David, became thus the apostles of a new order of ideas. Hence it is in error that the pupils of the latter have represented him as the sole reformer of painting in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century: in the words of his biographer, M. Delécluze, "the ideas of regeneration of art, adopted by David from about 1775 to 1779, had been first emitted and developed by Lessing, Heyne, Winckelmann, and Sulzer, next put in practice by Mengs and Gessner, and, lastly, newly adopted and applied to the art of painting in France by David."

The most remarkable point in the history of David, after his adoption of the study of antiquity in relation to art, is the influence of the great political changes it was his fate to participate in upon his own style and mode of thought. From 1789 up to 1795, David became an active Republican and a member of the Convention. Not that his political influence was very great, for he limited himself mainly to questions of art, but he was the chief designer and manager of the great revolutionary festivals. So much was he carried away by the frenzy of the day, that his brush was almost laid aside; the "*Serment du Jeu de Paume*," the portraits of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau and of Marat, and the "*Death of the Young Viala*," are almost all that emanated from his pencil during the great revolutionary crisis, and they differ much both in their style of composition and execution from his previous works. They are especially marked by a return to a more simple imitation of nature, and while his art was ever at the service of contemporaneous influences, still he brought into these that gravity of treatment which had previously only been applied to subjects of ancient history. The four pictures above mentioned constitute, hence, a transition between the picturesque style that predominates in his "*Horatii*" and "*Brutus*" and the stately imperialism which guided him in his later and greater efforts.

The passion for everything that was classical assumed, it is well known, a development among the republican party which often verged upon the ridiculous. David was, however, the soul of that movement, and, upon the occasion of the transfer of the remains of Voltaire to the Pantheon, not only was the car and all that appertained to it borrowed from antiquity, but all who accompanied it—authorities, literary men, artists, musicians, actors, and actresses—were all clad in Greek or Roman costumes, and bore in their hands Pagan insignia or instruments of music. But a few years more, and the costumes of

antiquity had to make way for a fashion of far more terrible import—that of the “*sans-culottes*.”

David painted his “*Serment du Jeu de Paume*,” ordered by the Constituent Assembly in 1790, in the Church des Feuillants; but as the system advocated by the said Assembly had no duration, the portraits of its members were never finished, for the painting comprised sketches—very theatrical in the instance of Mirabeau and Robespierre—of men whose ideas of progress did not run in the same groove. Events proceeded with too much rapidity for the limner, and the supplanting of the Constituent by the Legislative Assembly left the picture unfinished. Many of those who figured or who were to figure in it had by that time become traitors, or were denounced as such; and as David belonged to the revolutionary advance guard, he would have nothing more to do with them—or, what was the same thing, at the epoch of the Reign of Terror he did not dare to have anything to do with them.

David bent like a reed before the storm. The *Assemblée Législative* handed him over twin pupils—mere rustics, who were said to have shown capabilities for art. Nothing can exceed the great artist's gratitude at the honour conferred upon him by the nation! He arranged the festival that was given on the 15th of April, 1792, to the insurgent regiment of Châteauneux. He became a member of the National Convention in September of the same year, voted pyramids or obelisks of French granite for Lille and Thionville, advocated the suppression of academies, and became, for the time being, sole republican dictator of arts in France. There is not a greater incongruity between the artist's professed fanaticism for antiquity and his open hostility to existing institutions of olden date, than there is between his professed adhesion to republican doctrines and his assumption of the dictatorship of art. Such are ever the differences between practice and profession.

David, however, lent his aid to artists who were persecuted abroad. Two sculptors had been cast into the prisons of Rome for works highly characteristic of republican fanaticism and vanity—“*Liberty Crowning the Genius of France*,” “*Jupiter Destroying the Aristocracy with his Thunder*,” and “*Religion Supporting the Genius of France*,” the feet of the latter reposing upon clouds, whilst its head was encircled with rays indicating that it gave light to the world! He obtained their liberation. He, however, persisted, at the same time, in the busts of Louis XIV. and XV., and the other “*monuments of feudality and idolatry*,” as they were called, being removed from the French Academy at Rome, which was only exposing the students to fresh dangers. The French ambassador, Basseville, was slain in a tumult, and the French artists and students were obliged to make their escape into Tuscany. This occurred on the 18th of January, and on the 17th of the same month David was voting the death of Louis XVI. His colleague—Lepelletier—who voted with him, was assassinated three days afterwards by one of the old royalist body-guard. David obtained that the honours of the Pantheon should be accorded to his remains, painted his portrait, assisted by his pupil Gerard, for the Convention, and further obtained a decree that his

bust should be placed by the side of that of Brutus—Cæsars were not in favour at that epoch. This portrait, which is partly allegorical (the allegory having been explained in a speech alike characteristic of the man and of the epoch by David to the Convention), is, in the words of his biographer, “an admixture of details at once ostentatious and sanguinary.”

Some idea may be formed of the revolutionary fanaticism of David by the fact that, when Marat, denounced by the Convention, called the Assembly a group of assassins, he also, in his frenzy, shouted out, “I also ask to be assassinated; I am also a virtuous man. Liberty will triumph!” Upon which Petion remarked that such exclamations were those of an honest man in a state of delirium! When the “impious, the sanguinary, the venal” Marat fell under the knife of Charlotte Corday, Guirault, a member of the Convention, exclaimed, “Where are you, David? You have transmitted the image of Lepelletier, dying for his country, to posterity; there remains another portrait to be taken by you.” “Yes, I will do it,” replied David, much moved. He also obtained the honours of the Pantheon for the man whom, writing in 1863, M. Delécluze justly apostrophises as a “monster.”

The part played by Art, as represented by David, during the Reign of Terror is particularly curious. On one occasion—the same when Gobel, Bishop of Paris, waited with his vicars on the Convention to announce that henceforth they would exercise no other worship but that of Liberty and Equality—David declared that kingly tyrants had placed their effigies on the porticos of churches, so as to intercept the adoration of the people, before they could penetrate into the interior of the house of God, and he proposed that these effigies should be mutilated, and then gathered together to constitute one vast monument on the Pont Neuf, to the glory of the people and the humiliation of tyrants—“the image,” as he called it, “of the giant people, of the French people.” This wondrous image was to bear the words Light on its forehead, Nature and Truth on its breast, and Force and Courage on its arms. Liberty and Equality were to be placed in one of its hands, ready to travel over the world, directed by the genius and virtue of the French people! This proposition, as absurd in an artistic as it was in a moral point of view, was carried by the usual frenzied exclamations, but it was never put into execution. Only a plaster model was erected in front of the Invalides, in which huge toads, two or three feet in size, represented the “Marais” crawling at the feet of the “Montagne!”

A project laid before the Convention for bringing Art into alliance with the vast strides which fanaticism led people to believe was being made in intellectual and political progress under the new state of things, was characterised by the same empty and unmeaning bombast. David was more successful in inaugurating a fête to celebrate the recapture of Toulon from the English. Fourteen chariots represented as many republican armies, and these were accompanied by the soldiers and invalids of each army, and decorated with flags taken from the enemy. This procession met with a great success.

David, from being a member of the Convention, became also a member of the terrible committees of public instruction and general

safety. He also presided at times over the National Convention. It was under his presidency that Fabre d'Eglantine was arrested, and three months afterwards was taken to the scaffold, in company with Danton and Camille Desmoulins. The Reign of Terror was indeed at its apogee during David's presidency, and in the space of forty days no less than four hundred and forty-eight human lives were sacrificed to the manes of Liberty and Equality. Life had become almost painful to all. During the morning the business of the day helped for a time to smother the frightful anxiety that oppressed every bosom. Dinner was served at two or three P.M., and consisted of one or two dishes at the most: no one knew but that a third might lead to their being denounced as aristocrats. In the evening people congregated in the Champs Elysées, where they were entertained by abominable songs or spectacles of a ferocious character. Little guillotines were sold as toys to the children. By eight or nine o'clock all were at home, participating in a modest and melancholy repast. If a child laughed, it was silenced at once. All listened to what was passing in the streets. At one moment it was a patrol, at another it was the revolutionary committee of the quarter making its captures. When a knock was heard at a door, no one dared to look out to see. It was only next morning that the rumours circulated that So-and-so had been arrested. People said to one another "their turn had come," and pale with affright they awaited theirs on the ensuing night. Yet amidst these horrors David was painting the boy-heroes, Barra and Viala, one of whom fell amidst the *chouans* of La Vendée, and the other when swimming across the Durance, both alike shouting, "Vive la République!" or he was making speeches to the Convention, in which he declared that despotism "invented punishments, and feasted its eyes upon the bodies of those who were sacrificed to its fury." This, when thirty to thirty-five persons were daily offered up to "Liberty" at the Barrière du Trône. This was on the occasion of David's last address made to the Convention, nor did he pen these addresses himself—he was unequal to the task; they are said to have been written for him by Chénier and others. Six days afterwards Robespierre was arrested; and the day that followed, he and eighty others implicated in his crimes suffered on the Place de la Révolution. David was likewise denounced as an accomplice of Robespierre's, a friend of Marat's, and as a member of the committee of public safety. He extricated himself from the perilous position in which he was placed by declaring that Robespierre had deceived him, as he had done others, and that he believed that he was "virtuous." He was, however, consigned to prison for four months, whence his pupils obtained his liberation by memorialising the Convention. Barely five months elapsed before he was, however, once more in trouble. He was implicated in the terrorist insurrection of the 20th and 21st of May, 1795, and once more incarcerated for three months, being afterwards placed under strict surveillance, nor was he entirely liberated until the establishment of the Directory.

Thus ended the political career of David. He never afterwards took a part in public affairs, except in 1815, when he signed the acts reconstituting the Empire on the return of Napoleon from Elba. The unfortunate career which he had entered upon as a terrorist had also

separated him from his wife. She entertained a natural horror of the guillotine, and departed from him with her two daughters, leaving two sons under his care; but when misfortune overtook him, the brave woman joined him in his prison, and never afterwards left him, even when in exile, up to the time of his death in 1825.

David, wearied of those republican ideas which he had derived from a very imperfect study of antiquity, and which had led him twice into prison and once very nearly to the scaffold, devoted himself on his liberation to the completion of the painting of the "Sabines," which he had begun when confined in the Luxembourg. His school became, at the same time, by a curious revulsion of feeling, a kind of asylum for emigrants and royalists, who screened themselves from inquiries by a pretended pursuit of art. David was still busy with his "Sabines," in which some of the most distinguished ladies of Paris sat for their portraits, when Bonaparte arrived from Campo-Formio. The artist was one of the first to be fascinated by the young hero of the republic, and he was one of the men of the revolution who was most devoted to him when an Empire had succeeded to a Directory. It is said that Bonaparte was indeed the first to befriend the artist, and that he had on a previous occasion invited him to join the army in order to withdraw him from certain political dangers by which he was at that time threatened.

Scarcely had Bonaparte arrived in Paris, than he sat in his dress as a general officer to David. "Oh," exclaimed the artist to his pupils, after this first and only sitting, "what a fine head he has! It is pure, it is great—grand as the antique!" The portrait was, however, never finished. Bonaparte's head—handsomely moulded as it was—was filled with the most extravagant projects, and many months had not elapsed ere he was on his way to Egypt, and David again at his "Sabines." Our artist was one of the few men of the day who ventured to express sorrow on the occasion of the grand festival held to receive the works of art which Bonaparte had brought from Italy. He asserted that the fine arts were not really loved in France. It was a mere factitious taste; and his biographer sides with him, for he says that the removal of these ancient and modern chefs-d'œuvre into France had not the effect of creating a single remarkable artist from 1800 to 1815. The arrival of these works produced, however, a schism in David's school. The passion for antiquity obtained so much mastery over the minds of some of his pupils, that they began to criticise the "Sabines" as far too modern in its style, and David worked in consequence more in privacy than heretofore. He adopted a system in exhibiting this picture, to which he had devoted the labour of several years, which has always been exceedingly unpopular in France—that of paying at the door—and this probably added to the severe critical ordeal it had to undergo; but no one now-a-days contests its claims to admiration, and it had the effect of introducing the study of the naked form, and of imposing on art a character for severity which was afterwards carried to excess.

David was busy with his "Passage des Thermopyles" when Bonaparte returned from Marengo, and the Consul once more expressed his wish to have his portrait painted by the great artist. But the

same difficulty presented itself as on the first occasion ; he had not patience to sit. So he argued the matter with David, declaring that Alexander never sat to Apelles, that the exact features of a great man were not wanted ; what was wanted, was his bearing and general appearance. David declared that Bonaparte was teaching him the art of painting ; he had never, he averred, contemplated art in that point of view before ! He returned to his study, and there conceived the " Passage of the Alps," Bonaparte having, however, himself suggested the idea of his appearing calm when mounted on a spirited horse. David, who, as Chateaubriand says of all Frenchmen, was a republican in opinion and monarchical in manners, was also consulted as to the costumes which should be worn by the great state functionaries. He, as usual, favoured antiquity ; but Bonaparte adopted the court dress of the old régime, and David, the late terrorist, was one of the first to reassume the old cut of coat, the breeches, the shoes with buckles, the sword with knot, and the three-cornered hat. But David had aspirations for the same general superintendence of art that he enjoyed under the Convention, which the First Consul did not favour.

Bonaparte having declined to sit for his portrait, David had to work upon the dress worn by the general at Marengo, fitted upon a manequin. One day the artist, who had small hands and feet, remarked to his pupils that it was generally so with great men. " Yes," added one of the pupils, " as also large heads." David thereupon must fain try on Bonaparte's hat, which fell down over his face and neck, to the great amusement of all present. This well-known equestrian portrait occupied David, who was assisted in it by Ducis, Alexandre, and Langlois, a long time in its completion, for he had several copies made, which he frequently retouched with the greatest care and attention. It was one of his works to which he attached the greatest importance.

It is difficult to shake off old connexions, and David became through these remotely implicated in the conspiracy of Demerville, Cerachi, and Arena to assassinate the First Consul on the occasion of the performance of the " Horaces." Bonaparte could, however, afford to overlook these old terrorist proclivities, and by instituting the Legion of Honour he took a first definite step towards uniting opposite parties, royalists, constitutionalists, republicans, and terrorists, under one common Napoleonic bond. No one took more pride in his order than David, who wore it to the last day of his life. All those who helped to raise Napoleon to the throne, M. Delécluze tells us, expected to be one day dukes, counts, or, at the very least, barons of the Empire. This is the spirit which M. Dunoyer so much insists upon as being at the bottom of all revolutionary changes in France.

David became first painter to the Emperor, and he received at once orders for four pictures—the " Coronation of Napoleon," the " Distribution of Eagles in the Champ de Mars," the " Throning of Napoleon in the Church of Notre-Dame," and the " Entrance of Napoleon into the Hôtel de Ville." Our artist, devoted to the person of the Emperor, and carried away by his pupils, especially Gros, who were filled with ideas of the revival of the days of Charlemagne and his knights, cast



Leonidas, the naked, the antique, and republican dreams aside at the same time, and set to work upon a new class of pictures, in the spirit of a more modern, chivalrous, and anecdotic epoch—"tableaux de genre" as they were termed, in contradistinction to "peintures d'histoire."

The genius of David was characterised by two great peculiarities: one of these was the ease with which he laid aside all preconceived ideas and changed his style, as he did his politics, under each new order of things; and the second was his tendency to make heroes of those he admired. His Horatii, Brutus, Bailly, Mirabeau, and Marat, were all painted under these combined influences. When Bonaparte was general he had proclaimed him to his pupils as his hero, but now he was emperor the artist was even still more taken with the noble and simple character of Pope Pius VII., and all his talent was concentrated in the "Coronation" upon the figure of that venerable old man. He was engaged three years upon this painting. David was at this epoch, indeed, at the apogee of his fame, and his pupils were also acquiring a world-wide repute. Among the most distinguished, both of his pupils and rivals, were Gros, who had painted "*Les Pestiférés de Jaffa*," Gerard, who had produced his "*Psyche*," and Girodet, who had ventured upon an Ossianic picture, the "*Bard of Northern Mists*," having been brought into fashion by Napoleon. Most of these men, as also Guérin, Prudhon, Regnault, Vincent, and others, belong almost solely and especially to the Napoleonic era.

When the picture of the "Coronation" was at length completed, Napoleon went with the Empress Josephine in state to see it. The ceremonial attendant upon this visit was all the more remarkable as David lived in a modest house in the Place de la Sorbonne, close by the side-door to the old church of Cluny. Napoleon walked up and down for half an hour looking at the vast scene painted at his side. The courtiers criticised in silence, and whispered that the picture represented the crowning of Josephine and not that of the Emperor. Napoleon at length broke the painful silence by saying, "It is well, very well, David. You have anticipated my wishes, and made of me a French knight. I thank you for having transmitted to future ages the proof of affection that I wished to give to her who partakes with me the pains of governing." Then taking two steps towards the artist, he raised his hat, and bowing, said, in a loud voice, "David, I salute you." "Sire," replied the artist, who was much moved, "I receive your salute in the name of all artists, happy in being the one to whom you address yourself."

With the completion of this great picture David's talent began to fall off. "The Distribution of Eagles in the Champ de Mars," painted shortly afterwards, is a proof of the fact. Expression and movement were not his forte: he knew this, and giving up courtly paintings to Gros, he went back to what he knew he could excel in—historical pictures. He returned to his "*Leonidas and Thermopylæ*" with all the pleasure of a boy. Denon had, in fact, usurped his influence as director of fine arts; and in the decennial contest for prizes, the historical school represented by David, Garnier, Gerard, Girodet, Guérin, Hennequin, Meynier, Proudhon, and Berthélemi, were opposed in dire

rivalry to the painters of national subjects, among whom were Gros, Thévenin, Carle, Vernet, Gautherot, Debret, and some of the historical painters, as David himself, Girodet, and Meynier.

David painted little, and his pictures fetched a very high price. Napoleon bid up to sixty thousand francs for the "Death of Socrates," the happy possessor, M. Trudaine, still declining to part with it. The time was, however, approaching when these days of glory were to vanish. The disasters in Russia, the approach of the allies, and the rumours of the restoration of the Bourbons, filled the minds of those whose personal safety depended exclusively on the power of Napoleon, with the utmost dread. David had all the works that remained at his disposal removed to a port on the Atlantic. He had not, however, personally to complain either of the occupation of Paris by the allies or of the first Restoration. Two Russian officers quartered upon him treated him with the utmost respect, and the Bourbons left him in the enjoyment of perfect tranquillity. But on the return of Napoleon from Elba, David, although in his sixty-seventh year, hastened to pay his homage to the Emperor; his eldest son became a prefect, his youngest obtained an appointment as captain in the cuirassiers of the Guard. Napoleon even paid him a personal visit during the Hundred Days. No wonder that, under such circumstances, he was led to sign the "additional acts" by which the Bourbons were for ever excluded from the throne; and no wonder that, after the battle of Waterloo, he was in his turn banished the country in virtue of a law which passed the two Chambers on the 12th of January, 1816.

Arrived at Brussels, the King of Prussia offered David, although a regicide, the position of director of fine arts in his realm—this mainly through the recommendations of De Humboldt; but he declined the proposed honour. His age, the illness of his wife, and a repugnance to further exertions, placed such a charge, indeed, out of his power. He never, in fact, painted much that was worthy of his renown during his exile. His wife was struck down with palsy; he himself, although loaded with honours and attentions, became weaker and weaker, until, in 1825, his debility assumed a serious character, and he finally expired on the 25th of December in that year. Strange it is to find M. Delécluze, his biographer, attributing to the influence of the prose of Sir Walter Scott and the poetry of Byron the romantic school of which the "Gustavus Vasa" of Hersent, and the "Raft of the Medusa" by Jericho, were, as it were, the first essays that arose upon the decline and fall of this remarkable—we wish we could add this good—man.

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# THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Fourth.

### V.

IN WHAT MANNER POMPERANT ENTERED MARSEILLES.

TWO days afterwards Marseilles was invested by Bourbon. The main body of the Imperial army occupied the heights overlooking the city from east to west. The lanz-knechts, under the Counts de Hohenzollern and De Lodron, were placed near the shore, and a division of the Spanish infantry, under Del Vasto, was stationed on the plain of Saint Michel, on the road to Aubagne.

On the side of a hill on the north, about four hundred toises from the walls, stood the chapel and hospital of Saint Lazare, and it was under their shelter that Bourbon and Pescara fixed their tents. From this point operations were commenced against the beleaguered city, and trenches opened in the direction of that part of the walls which had been judged to be weakest. The pioneers laboured during the night, and were protected by gabions and mantelets, but they suffered severely from the fire of the besieged. Frequent sorties were made by Renzo da Ceri, and many a bloody conflict took place near the trenches; but these engagements uniformly resulted in the discomfiture of the besieged, and consequently the works advanced slowly but steadily.

At length Bourbon had drawn sufficiently near to use his artillery with effect, and having erected his batteries, he opened a tremendous fire upon the portion of the walls extending from the Porte d'Aix to an old Franciscan convent. The besieged immediately replied, and every cannon garnishing the ramparts, bastions, and towers that could be rendered available against the assailants was brought into play. Even a monstrous piece of ordnance, appropriately enough called "The Basilisk," thundered from the hill surmounted by the clock-tower. This huge cannon, supposed to be the largest then fabricated, projected shot of a hundred-weight, and required sixty men to replace it after each discharge. But its unwieldy size prevented good aim from being

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taken, and the ponderous shot, discharged at long intervals, could be easily avoided. The smaller guns, however, were better served and directed, and caused considerable destruction among the assailants. Ere many hours, however, a breach had been made in the walls, but Bourbon hesitated to order an immediate assault, deeming the aperture not wide enough.

"I would it were possible to obtain exact information of the state of the city," he remarked to Pomperant, as he entered his tent with the latter.

"Leave that to me, my lord," said Pomperant. "I will bring you the information you require."

"You!" exclaimed Bourbon, in surprise. "How will you get into the city?"

"The task is not easy, I admit," replied Pomperant. "I do not mean to swim across the moat, and attempt to scale the walls in the face of the arquebusiers, but I think I can manage to enter the city from the sea-side, where it is less guarded."

"But to do this you must escape the fleet—elude the vigilance of the sentinels on the walls of the Château de Saint Jean—and lastly, you must raise the chain that protects the entrance to the harbour. It cannot be done. It were easier to penetrate the city by the breach made by my guns."

"Difficult as the task may be, I am ready to undertake it," rejoined Pomperant.

"Will you go alone?"

"No; I will take Hugues with me. I can trust him."

Bourbon did not attempt to dissuade him, and at nightfall Pomperant, attended by Hugues, started on the expedition, and rode to that part of the coast where the German lanz-knechts were encamped. The night was dark and favourable for the enterprise. As he was accompanied by the Comte de Hohenzollern and a guard, no interruption was offered him by the sentinels stationed at various points, and he soon reached the shore, and proceeded to a little creek in which a fishing-boat was moored.

Instantly dismounting, and consigning his horse to one of De Hohenzollern's soldiers, Pomperant embarked in the boat with Hugues, who took the oars and rowed cautiously along the coast, making for a rocky headland, which screened the entrance of the harbour.

In a few minutes the boat had got under cover of the rock, and escaped the notice of the sentinels stationed on the ramparts of the fort above. No wind was stirring, and only a slight undulation was perceptible on the surface of the tideless sea.

While Hugues kept the little vessel moving, Pomperant, who was seated in the stern, peered through the gloom to see whether any danger was at hand. He could just discern the French fleet lying between the group of islands and the mouth of the harbour,

and concluded from the sounds that reached him that several boats were leaving the ships. At once determining on the course to be pursued, he ordered Hugues to move noiselessly on, and keep close to the rock until he gained the entrance of the harbour. This was done, and ere long the boats, upwards of a dozen in number, came up. They were filled with armed men, doubtless sent by Doria or La Fayette to strengthen the garrison of the city.

As soon as the boats had passed, Hugues followed in their wake, and speeded between the rocky heights, guarding the narrow channel. The boats were of course challenged by the sentinels stationed on the forts on either side, but the answers being satisfactory, they were allowed to pass. Hugues also passed without exciting suspicion.

It has already been mentioned that a heavy chain was drawn across the mouth of the harbour, and a short delay occurred while this obstacle was removed. Several men were standing with torches on the rocky steps aiding those who were engaged in lowering the ponderous chain, while higher up stood a guard of arquebusiers.

At length, the chain being dropped and the passage free, the throng of boats pushed into the harbour, and close behind them came Hugues, hoping in the confusion to elude observation. But the manœuvre, though skilfully managed, did not escape detection. The torchlight revealed the intruders, and an authoritative voice from the steps called out,

"Hola! who goes there? What boat is that? Stay, and give an account of yourselves."

Hugues paid no attention to the summons, which was reiterated by other voices, but hurrying on more rapidly than before, contrived to place some of the other boats between him and the arquebusiers, so that the latter could not fire, and in another minute he had disappeared in the gloom. Luckily, the soldiers in the boats, though they heard the shouts, disregarded them, and pursued their course without stopping.

As soon as it was practicable, Hugues disengaged himself from his dangerous companions, and while they made their way to a wharf on the left of the basin, he struck across to the opposite side, where a landing was effected without molestation. At this time the harbour was entirely destitute of ships, as any vessels lying there would, of course, have been exposed to the guns of the hostile batteries. Hence the wharf at which Pomperant and Hugues landed was wholly deserted. In fact, there were very few buildings near the spot, for the city had not as yet extended to this side of the harbour.

The walls, however, which surrounded the basin were not far off, but the place was gloomy, and the attention of the sentinels was

elsewhere directed. After securing the boat to the wharf, Pomperant and Hugues made their way as quickly as they could round the head of the basin, which, as we have before stated, was then little better than a swamp, and, reaching the city, plunged into a narrow street communicating with the principal quay.

Just as they had entered this street, which was only lighted by an occasional lantern hung before a door, the sound of martial footsteps warned them that a patrol was approaching, and fearing they might be stopped and questioned, they withdrew into an archway till the guard had passed by. They then pursued their way along the street, which gradually mounted a hill, until they came to an open space, in the midst of which a troop of cavalry was drawn up. This band was surrounded by a crowd of citizens, some of whom carried torches, and in its leader, who was arrayed in a complete suit of armour, but whose beaver was raised, Pomperant instantly recognised the stern dark countenance of Renzo da Ceri. He was haranguing the assemblage, and Pomperant, closely followed by Hugues, mingled with the crowd to hear what he said.

"Be of good cheer, my friends," he cried. "The danger is past. In a few hours the breach will be repaired, and the measures I have taken for the defence of the city are so complete that we may laugh at the threats of the foe. The traitor Bourbon boasted that he would be master of the city this night, and it is well for you that he did not dare to make good his threat."

The mention of Bourbon's name was received with a perfect storm of yells and execrations, and when this had subsided Renzo went on.

"We have an enemy who will show us no mercy," he said. "Were he to take the city, it would be sacked by his soldiery."

"That is false," shouted Pomperant.

"Who spoke?" demanded Renzo, fiercely. "Let him show himself, that I may see who dares gainsay my assertion."

There was a moment's pause, during which glances were turned in the direction of the imprudent speaker, but he could not be discovered.

"Whoever uttered those words must be a friend of Bourbon," pursued Renzo. "I repeat, that it is the traitor's intention to deliver this city to his savage host, and I therefore exhort you to fight to the last in defence of those dear to you. Save your wives and daughters from dishonour. None will be spared."

"Again I say it is false," vociferated Pomperant.

"Seize the traitor, and bring him before me," roared Renzo.

An attempt was made to obey the injunction. Several persons were seized, and, amid the confusion that prevailed, Pomperant and Hugues extricated themselves from the throng, and passed into a side-street, just as dark and narrow as that they had recently tra-

versed. From the noise and shouts which reached them, it was clear the assemblage had just broken up, and presently Renzo, with his mounted guard, rode down the street, followed by a number of men, evidently part of the assemblage who had been listening to his harangue.

Pomperant and Hugues allowed themselves to be borne on by the stream, and at length issued forth into a wide esplanade ornamented with plane-trees, which here intervened between the city and the walls. On the left of this open space, and within a short distance of the ramparts, stood the bishop's palace, a large and monastic-looking structure. Close beside it was the venerable church of Saint Cannat. The palace and the church were the only two buildings near this angle of the walls, and it was quite evident to Pomperant that if Bourbon could once obtain possession of them, the city must fall. The marvel was, that experienced engineers like Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion should allow them to remain. Close to the walls where the breach had been made a large body of lansquenets were collected, and with them was a band of armed citizens. The ramparts also were thronged with arquebusiers, and the canonniers remained standing near their guns.

Within a few yards of the breach a battery had been reared, on which three large cannon were planted, ready for service in case the assault should be made. But already the repairs were more than half accomplished. The gap was filled up with huge stones, pieces of timber, fascines, and other matters, and banked up with earth. A hundred men at a time were engaged on the operations, and a hundred others stood by ready to relieve them, so there was no pause. Officers were stationed on the walls on either side of the breach, giving orders and superintending the work.

After watching the proceedings for some time with an interest such as a soldier only can feel, and satisfying himself that the breach would infallibly be repaired before daybreak, Pomperant moved away. Following the course of the walls, he examined them as well as he could in the gloom.

Proceeding in this manner, he made the circuit of the city; and the result of his scrutiny was, that it was in a perfect state of defence. He remarked that the gates exposed to attack were blocked up, and protected on the inside by parapets and batteries. He also noticed that all the ramparts were garnished with cannon, and that the sentinels everywhere were doubled. The bastions, indeed, were thronged with armed men, and it was evident that the whole garrison was on the alert. Officers, accompanied by a mounted guard, were continually riding from gate to gate, while others made their round on the battlements to see that good watch was kept. Patrols, both horse and foot, were likewise moving about in every direction. Enough was seen by Pom-

perant to convince him that a most energetic defence would be made, and that it would be long before the place could be taken.

Having completed his examination of the walls, he re-entered the city, and shaped his course, as well as he could, in the direction of the mound, on the summit of which stood the clock-tower. As both he and Hugues were unacquainted with Marseilles, they more than once lost their way; and though there were plenty of people abroad they did not dare to question them, lest it should be found out that they were strangers. Pomperant had begun to despair of reaching the mound, when he unexpectedly came upon it.

## VI.

### "THE BASILISK."

DAWN was now at hand, and by the time Pomperant and his attendant had climbed the summit of the mound it had become quite light.

Very striking was the view presented from this eminence. Pomperant had stationed himself on a point of the hill not far from the battery, whereon was placed the monstrous cannon called "The Basilisk," of which mention has previously been made; and he and his companion were screened from the observation of the artillerymen by the clock-tower.

Immediately beneath him lay the city of Marseilles, with its picturesque habitations, its noble mansions, convents, and churches, encircled by fortifications, which in their turn were encircled by a broad, deep moat. On the right lay the harbour, almost enclosed by rocks; and Pomperant looked with interest at the narrow inlet by which he had gained admittance overnight. Outside, and near the islands, lay the French fleet; while far as the eye could range spread out the placid sea, now tinged with the roseate hues of morning.

The heights surrounding the city were crowned with the camp of the besieging army. At that still hour the trumpets were heard sounding a *réveillé*, and the men could be distinguished mustering at the call. The German *lanz-knechts* were concealed from view by the intervening hills, but the division of the Spanish troops under Del Vasto were in sight. The hills seemed peopled with armed men, and the rays of the sun were reflected upon thousands of steel caps and corselets, and upon forests of pikes and lances.

Though Bourbon's tent was concealed from view, its position was marked by the proud banner floating above the walls of the little chapel of Saint Lazare. Pescara's tent was likewise hidden by the sacred edifice, but his banner was as conspicuous as that of Bourbon. The course of the trenches, which advanced in zig-



sags towards the walls, could be readily traced. The men were at the battery, waiting orders to open fire. From the battery Pomperant naturally turned to the ramparts which it faced, and he saw that the breach had been completely repaired, and was defended by a parapet, behind which cannon were planted. The work was a marvel of industry, and showed the spirit that animated the besieged.

If all were thus early astir in the camp of the Imperial army; if the men were mustering and preparing for action; if the artillerymen were at their posts at the various batteries, and both horse and foot in readiness—so also were the besieged. Bastions, ramparts, and towers were thronged with soldiers. A troop of cavalry, commanded by Chabot de Brion, was drawn up near the bishop's palace. Close beside them was a company of pikemen. Detachments of horse and foot were likewise stationed near the Porte d'Aix, and all the other gates not blocked up. In short, every possible preparation for energetic defence was made.

As yet not a gun had been fired by the besiegers, and Pomperant waited with breathless impatience for the commencement of hostilities. There was something ominous in the silence that now prevailed. All the martial sounds recently saluting the ear had ceased. Drums and trumpets were mute. The stillness was undisturbed, for the morning was calm, and the numerous banners on walls and towers hung motionless.

After running his eye along the ramparts, crowded with arquebusiers and pikemen, Pomperant once more turned his gaze towards the little chapel on the hill-side. At that moment came forth a troop of knights, sheathed in polished armour. At their head rode Bourbon and Pescara, both distinguishable, even at that distance, from the splendour of their accoutrements and the rich housings of their steeds. Each had a short battle-axe at his saddle-bow—each carried a bâton, in token of command. As the knightly troop rode slowly down the hill towards the battery, its movements were watched with keenest interest by thousands of soldiers from the ramparts and towers of the city. Still, not a gun was fired.

At this moment, Pomperant, whose attention had been for some time diverted by other objects from the battery near which he stood, was reminded of its proximity by a bustle among the artillerymen who had charge of the monster cannon, and, looking in that direction, he saw they were about to fire; and the match being applied, he was almost stunned by the tremendous detonation that ensued.

The sound was echoed from the heights, and reverberated like thunder from the rocks near the harbour. The course of the huge shot could be distinctly traced, and was watched

by thousands of eyes. Bourbon and Pescara, with their knightly retinue, had been the mark against which "The Basilisk" was pointed. But the ball passed over the heads of the troop, without causing them to swerve from their course, and fell on the farther side of the lazaret-house.

Ineffectual as this discharge proved, it served as the signal for commencing the day's work. The battery at the head of the trenches immediately opened fire, and was replied to from the ramparts and bastions of the city, and the stillness of the lovely morning was broken by the incessant roar of artillery, and the balmy air filled with clouds of sulphurous smoke.

It was some time before "The Basilisk" could be restored to its place, and more than half a hundred men were required for the task; but their labour was quite thrown away, for the second shot was no better aimed than the first—and, indeed, alarmed the besiegers, for it fell into the moat.

Meantime, the roar of ordnance was uninterrupted, and Pomperant looked curiously at the walls; but though some destruction was caused among the defenders, little damage was done to the ramparts.

The conflict had endured for more than an hour, during which Pomperant, enchained by the exciting spectacle, had remained on the same spot, when the sound of a trumpet called his attention to the Porte d'Aix, and he perceived that a large troop of cavalry had been collected at this point. The leader of this troop was Chabot de Brion, who was fully armed, and mounted on a powerful charger. Pomperant at once comprehended that a sortie was about to be made by the commander of the garrison.

In another minute the gate was thrown open, the drawbridge lowered, and Brion dashed out at the head of his men, and, sword in hand, galloped up the hill towards the battery. But ere he got half way thither he was encountered by Bourbon, who had just been joined by a detachment of horse, and a sharp conflict ensued, resulting in the defeat of Brion and his party, who were driven back, with considerable loss, to the city. So hard pressed were the fugitives, that, although their leader escaped, several officers were captured.

During this skirmish, which seemed like an interlude in the terrible drama, the cannonading went on as furiously as ever.

No other incident occurred to relieve the monotony of the siege, and satisfied that little impression would be made upon the walls, Pomperant quitted the mound, and went in search of some house of entertainment where he might break his fast. He was not long in discovering a tavern; but it was not without some trepidation that he entered it.

## VII.

## THE AMAZONS.

SOME cold viands, flanked by a bottle of good wine, were soon set before him by the tavern-keeper, who talked about the siege, and seemed full of uneasiness lest the city should be taken.

"I am told that Bourbon means to allow three days' pillage to his soldiers if he takes the city," he remarked; "and as to the poor women, not even the holy sisters will be respected."

"You alarm yourself without reason, my good host," said Pomperant. "The city will not be sacked, and no outrages will be committed."

"How know you that?" demanded the tavern-keeper, staring at him in surprise.

"Because such severities would be wholly inconsistent with Bourbon's previous conduct," returned Pomperant. "Ever since he has been in Provence he has checked all licence on the part of the soldiery. Only those who resist will be slaughtered."

"Then I shan't be one of them. I wish this city had surrendered like Aix. Folks may talk as they please about patriotism and loyalty, and so forth, but I don't like fighting. Ever since the siege began I haven't been able to sleep in my bed. So you don't believe Bourbon to be the bloodthirsty monster he is represented, eh?"

"On the contrary, I am persuaded he would offer very advantageous terms to the garrison if they would surrender," said Pomperant.

"Why don't they surrender?" groaned the host. "Don't betray me, sir," he hastened to add. "Renzo da Ceri would hang me if he heard I had expressed such an unpatriotic sentiment."

"Fear nothing, my good fellow," said Pomperant, laughing. "I am quite as unpatriotic as yourself, for I concur with you in opinion. I belong to Andrew Doria's fleet, and only landed last night, so I don't know much about the state of the city. Answer me frankly. How long do you think it can hold out?"

"Perhaps a month—perhaps longer. They say it can hold out till the king comes to relieve it."

"But if the king shouldn't come—what then?" remarked Pomperant.

"Nay, then we *must* yield. But we shall have some dreadful fighting. When women turn soldiers, it looks as if mischief were meant."

"Women turn soldiers! What mean you, my good host?" inquired Pomperant.

"I mean what I say," replied the tavern-keeper. "Some of the noblest dames of Marseilles have formed themselves into a military corps, and have determined, if called upon, to fight the foe. The lady who commands this company of Amazons is young and beautiful. Mademoiselle Marphise—for so is she named—is the daughter of M. de Vaudreuil, one of our richest merchants. The second in command is likewise young and beautiful, and quite as high-spirited as Marphise. Her name is Marcelline d'Herment."

"Marcelline d'Herment! Impossible!" cried Pomperant. "Why, if I am not misinformed, her brother, the Seigneur d'Herment, assisted the Constable de Bourbon in his flight."

"Very true," replied the host. "But Marphise has great influence over her, and has caused her to change her opinions. Whatever she may have been before, Mademoiselle Marcelline is now violently opposed to the Duke de Bourbon. She is staying with M. de Vaudreuil, and she and Marphise are inseparable. Their tastes are too masculine for me. They are marching about all day long. If you go to the Esplanade de la Tourette, or the Place de Linche, you cannot fail to see them exercising their corps. Some folks think it a very pretty sight."

"I should like to see them," said Pomperant. "I will go at once to the Esplanade de la Tourette."

"You are more likely to find them in the Place de Linche at this hour," said the host. "Pursue this street, and you will come to it."

Pomperant then paid his reckoning, and, quitting the inn with Hugues, went in the direction indicated by the tavern-keeper.

The Place de Linche, a large square, in which there was an agreeable promenade shaded by plane-trees, was now almost wholly deserted, most of the inhabitants having gone to points whence they could witness the progress of the siege, and only a few old people and children were to be seen. Pomperant was about to depart, when the sound of military music, proceeding from a street on the opposite side, arrested him, and immediately afterwards the corps of Amazons marched into the square.

At the head of this company rode a damsel who might have been taken as a representative of Hippodita, or Thalestria, or any other Amazonian queen. Of unusually large stature, she was still admirably proportioned, and her features were rigorously classical in outline. She was armed in a glittering corslet, and her casque was surmounted with white and red plumes. In her hand she carried a javelin, and a small shield hung at her saddle-bow.

Though it could not be denied that Marphise was handsome, her expression and bearing were too masculine to be altogether pleasing. The rest of the corps, which numbered about three hundred, were on foot, and as the majority of them were young, and possessed of considerable personal attractions, they

formed a very striking appearance. They were all arrayed in burnished breastplates, and had plumed helmets on their heads, and javelins in their hands. Some of these damsels, as their cast of countenance proclaimed, were of Catalonian origin. They marched six abreast, with light quick footsteps, and in good order, towards the centre of the square, where they formed in line. The second in command was Marcelline. Her accoutrements were precisely like those of the rest of the corps, but she was armed with a drawn sword instead of a javelin.

Nearly an hour was spent by the troop in the practice of various military exercises, all of which were very cleverly performed, and during the whole of that time Pomperant and Hugues remained standing by, screened from observation by the trees.

The practice being ended, the troop formed in order of march, and began to move off the ground, taking a direction which brought them close to the spot where Pomperant was stationed with Hugues. He might have easily retired, but instead of doing so he made a sign to attract Marcelline's attention, and on beholding him she uttered a cry of surprise. The exclamation reached the ears of Marphise, who was riding in front of her, and, looking round, she was struck with the other's agitation, and inquired the cause. Marcelline made no reply; but as she looked very faint, the Amazonian leader immediately ordered a halt.

"What ails you?" she said to Marcelline.

"It is nothing—it will pass," replied the other. "Leave me here. I will follow anon."

"The sight of that man troubles you," said Marphise, noticing the direction of her friend's gaze. "Who is he? I must know."

Instead of making any reply to the question, Marcelline sprang forward, and called out to Pomperant, "Away, or you are lost!"

But before he could move a step, even if he intended to depart, Marphise was by his side.

"You are a stranger in Marseilles!" she cried. "I arrest you as a spy."

"No, let him go; he is no spy," interposed Marcelline. "Imprudent that you are to come here," she added, in an under tone, to her lover.

"It is as I suspected!" cried Marphise. "I am certain he is from the enemy's camp. This man is also with him," she added, pointing to Hugues.

"If I tell you who he is, Marphise, will you allow him to depart?" whispered Marcelline.

"I know not that," rejoined the other. "But speak!"

"It is the Seigneur Pomperant," replied Marcelline.

"What! the friend of the traitor Bourbon!" exclaimed the Amazon. "Do you imagine I will let him go? Never! I will rather hang him. Let thirty of the corps step forward and take charge of these men," she shouted.

The order was obeyed with surprising celerity, and Pomperant and Hugues were environed by a double row of spears.

"Take the prisoners before Renzo da Ceri," said the Amazon. "He will dispose of them."

"Marphise!" cried Marcelline, "if you have any love for me do not act thus. You need have no fear of the Seigneur Pomperant. I will answer for him with my life."

The Amazon reflected for a moment.

"Is he content to remain a prisoner on parole?" she demanded.

"Most assuredly," replied Marcelline.

"Let him answer for himself," cried the Amazon. "Will you pledge your word that you will not attempt to quit Marseilles without permission?" she added to Pomperant.

"Do not hesitate," whispered Marcelline. "If you are taken before Renzo or Chabot de Brion, you are lost."

"Now, your answer?" cried Marphise.

"I accept the conditions," he replied. "I will not attempt to escape, and I will be answerable for my attendant."

"Enough," replied Marphise. "You are at liberty. But be careful, or you may fall into the hands of those who will not deal with you as leniently as I have done."

Ordering the party around her to fall into rank, the Amazon put her steed in motion, and the troop marched out of the Place de Linche.

## VIII.

SHOWING HOW THE BISHOP'S PALACE AND THE CHURCH OF SAINT CANNAT WERE DEMOLISHED.

LEFT to his reflections, Pomperant was not altogether satisfied with what he had done. He was now a prisoner on parole, and could not return to the camp, or communicate in any way with Bourbon.

Had he yielded to the dictates of prudence, he would have sought some secure retreat for the day, and none appeared so eligible for the purpose as the tavern where he had breakfasted, but the temptation to witness the progress of the siege was too strong to be resisted, and on quitting the Place de Linche he proceeded to a point whence a view of the ramparts could be obtained.

The cannonade was still going on as furiously as ever. A portion of the ramparts had been destroyed, and a new breach made in the walls. Still it was not yet large enough to allow a successful attack to be made. But it was evident that the besiegers were making every preparation for a speedy assault.

Supported by a tremendous fire from the batteries, and protected by mantelets, which they pushed on before them, a party of men advanced towards the fosse, and endeavoured to form a

traverse by throwing into it a vast quantity of fascines, made of large boughs of trees tied together, fagots, hurdles, and bags and gabions full of earth and stones.

These operations could not be carried on without great loss on the part of the besiegers. A terrific fire was directed against them by the arquebusiers from the ramparts and bastions. Notwithstanding this, the work proceeded. A detachment of arquebusiers, marching down from the camp, fixed palisades within thirty toises of the walls, whence they fired upon the defenders of the ramparts.

At this juncture another sortie was made by Chabot de Brion, and with better effect than that which he had undertaken earlier in the day. Not only did he force the arquebusiers to retire in disorder, causing great havoc among them, but he slaughtered most of the engineers engaged on the traverse. Such as escaped the sword were drowned in the fosse.

So rapidly was this achievement executed, that ere Pescara could reach the scene of action with his cavalry, Brion had re-entered the city.

Infuriated by the losses they had sustained, the besiegers redoubled their efforts. Fresh engineers supplied the places of those who had perished, and the arquebusiers returned to their post. But success had heightened the ardour of the besieged, and stimulated them to greater exertions. Though the cannonade was continued without intermission throughout the day, the breach was not sufficiently enlarged for the assault.

Towards evening, however, the traverse was completed, though several parties of engineers had been destroyed in the task, and preparations were made to erect a gallery upon it. In spite of the constant severe fire from the ramparts and bastions—in spite of the stones and missiles hurled upon them—the engineers persisted in their work, and laboured with such resolution and assiduity, that, in less than an hour, a gallery, eight feet high and twelve wide, was put together. The sides were formed of double planks, the intervals being filled up with earth, and the pointed roof was covered externally with raw hides, so as to prevent it from being set on fire.

A critical juncture had now arrived for the besieged. Had the breach been sufficiently large, the assault would inevitably have taken place, for Bourbon was fully prepared; but not only was the aperture insufficient, but it could be seen that a rear rampart had been erected, which would have to be stormed when the outer wall was carried.

Once more, therefore, the assault had to be deferred, and in consequence of this delay all the works which it had cost so many lives to execute were thrown away. Heavy cannon, placed on the bastions commanding this angle of the walls, were

brought to bear upon the gallery, and the damage done by the shot enabled the besieged to set fire to it by means of burning barrels of pitch, which they hurled upon it. The whole fabric was soon in flames, and the conflagration, which was witnessed by the whole of the Imperial army, produced a very striking effect, as it illuminated all the ramparts, towers, and structures in its vicinity. Bourbon had thus the mortification of seeing the work, on which so much labour had been expended, utterly destroyed.

As soon as the gallery was consumed, and the blackened beams had fallen into the moat, the energetic commanders of the garrison ordered ladders to be brought, and a large party of men descended for the purpose of destroying the traverse. Before they could accomplish this, they were attacked by a strong detachment of Spanish infantry, and a desperate conflict took place. The Spaniards were driven back with great loss, but, as they were speedily reinforced, the besiegers were compelled to abandon the work and remount the walls.

Shortly after this occurrence, a council of war was held by Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion in a large hall in the episcopal palace.

Ever since the commencement of the siege this splendid structure had been abandoned by the bishop, who had taken up his abode in a less exposed part of the city, and the palace was now occupied by troops. All the principal officers of the garrison were present, and Renzo announced to the meeting that it would be necessary to demolish the palace in which they stood, as well as the venerable church of Saint Cannat adjoining it, lest the besiegers should obtain possession of them.

"It grieves me sorely," he said, "to order the destruction of these noble edifices, endeared to the citizens of Marseilles by so many recollections. But there is no help for it. With the aid of Heaven, I trust we may keep off the foe. But should he pass the walls, we must afford him no shelter. The work must be commenced without delay."

Not a single dissentient voice was raised, but the proposition was received with sadness. After a pause, Renzo added, "I perceive from your silence that you are all of my opinion. Let us now repair to the church of Saint Cannat, where mass will be celebrated for the last time."

The edifice which had thus been doomed to destruction was a fine old Gothic church, and, as we have just intimated, was held in especial veneration by the citizens. It was soon known that it was about to be demolished, and thousands flocked towards it to join in the sacred rites which were to be performed within it for the last time.

The interior of the church presented a very striking spectacle,



the interest of which was heightened by the circumstances that had brought together such an assemblage. The aisles were filled with soldiers and armed citizens; and among the former were many whose grim visages showed they had been actively engaged in the recent strife. In the nave was drawn up the corps of Amazons, with Marphise and Marcelline at their head. Within the choir stood Renzo da Ceri, Chabot de Brion, Mirandel, and all the principal officers in their full accoutrements. The viguier and the chief magistrates of the city were likewise present. The Bishop of Marseilles, assisted by other ecclesiastical dignitaries, officiated at the altar, and never before in that fabric had mass been solemnised with such fervour and devotion as on that night.

The occasion, indeed, was one that could not fail to excite the profoundest interest in all who witnessed the ceremonial. Never more within those hallowed walls, which were so firmly built that they might have lasted for ages, would holy rites be performed. All those reverend objects, all those tombs and monuments would be destroyed—all those shrines desecrated. It was a sad reflection, but it weighed upon every breast.

Among those gathered in the church were Pomperant and Hugues. They were stationed near one of the pillars that lined the north aisle within a few paces of Marcelline, who was aware of the proximity of her lover. An address was pronounced by the bishop, in which he deeply lamented the necessary destruction of this temple of the Most High, denouncing Bourbon as the cause of the sacrilege, and invoking Heaven's vengeance upon his head. It was not without a shudder that Pomperant listened to these awful words, and perceived the effect they produced on Marcelline.

Just as the bishop concluded his discourse, the thunder of artillery was heard, and Renzo da Ceri and some of the other leaders quitted the church, but the service was not otherwise interrupted. The corps of Amazons remained to the last, and Marcelline allowed her companions to march forth without her. She lingered behind to exchange a few words with her lover. By this time the church was almost deserted, and they moved to a part of the aisle where the tapers, having been extinguished, left them almost in darkness.

"I ought to regard you as an enemy," she said. "I fear you are included in the denunciation which the good bishop has just pronounced upon Bourbon."

"Listen to me, Marcelline, and believe what I tell you," he rejoined. "The obstinacy of the citizens of Marseilles has rendered this siege necessary. They have brought all the calamities of war upon themselves. Why could they not act like the inhabitants of Aix and other towns of Provence?"

"Because they are loyal subjects of the king," she replied.

"These were not your sentiments when we first met," rejoined Pomperant. "You and your brother were then devoted to Bourbon."

"My brother is still devoted to him," she said. "Nay more, he is condemned to death by the Parliament of Paris for the share he has taken in the conspiracy, and if he had not fled, the sentence would have been executed. But I have changed. Since I have been in Marseilles, and have discoursed with these loyal and patriotic citizens, I have imbibed their opinions."

"You are wrong," rejoined Pomperant. "Marseilles will be far happier and more prosperous under Bourbon's rule than under that of François de Valois. A day will come—and that shortly—when Bourbon's name will be as much honoured in this city as it is now execrated."

"Heaven grant he may never enter Marseilles as a conqueror!" exclaimed Marcelline, fervently.

"Be not deceived, Marcelline. He will never retire till he has taken the city, and it cannot hold out long."

"You are mistaken," she cried, energetically. "It will hold out till it is relieved by the king. But if its fall should be inevitable, it is the fixed determination of the citizens to burn it to the ground rather than Bourbon shall possess it. I have vowed to kill myself rather than fall into the hands of his ruthless soldiery."

"Your fears are groundless, I repeat," said Pomperant; "but if you have such apprehensions, why do you not leave the city? The port is open. You can easily gain the fleet."

"I have promised Marphise to remain here to the last, and I shall keep my word," she rejoined.

"Then I will stay and guard you," he said. "Oh, Marcelline! let not these differences separate us. I love you not the less devotedly because of your loyalty to François de Valois. Do not hate me for my attachment to Bourbon."

"But I am bound to regard you as a traitor," she rejoined.

"Not as a traitor to you," he rejoined. "I have never swerved, even in thought, from my fidelity to you."

"Talk to me no more of love," she cried. "I have steeled my preast against all the softer emotions. But we must separate. Those who are engaged to demolish this saintly pile are about to commence their task. Farewell!"

And she quitted the church by a side-door.

A number of priests and friars now entered the fane, and proceeded to remove all the sacred vessels, reliques, and other objects from the sacristy and from the various shrines. The great silver crucifix, and the tall silver candlesticks, were carried away from the altar.

While this was going on, a large band of workmen, armed with pickaxes, shovels, and bars of iron, had set to work to pull down the monuments and open the tombs, and the church resounded with the noise of their implements.

Ere long a great number of ancient coffins were disinterred—some of stone and some of mouldering wood, and from the former the dead were taken. Coffins and corpses were then laid upon litters, and taken out of the church, to be deposited in a more secure spot—the bearers being headed by a procession of priests and monks.

As soon as they were gone, the church, which had thus been despoiled of its treasures and its dead, was given up to the destroyer.

The work of demolition immediately commenced; hundreds being employed in the task, which was superintended by experienced engineers. Gunpowder was used to accelerate the operations, and before morning the reverend and beautiful fabric was little better than a heap of ruins, the roof gone, the pillars in the aisles undermined and thrown down, and the walls demolished. The most determined enemy could not have done the work quicker than it was executed by the patriotic citizens, and they ceased not in their task till the holy pile was razed to the ground. The stones and beams that had composed it were employed in barricading the streets.

As Pomperant and Hugues were in the church when the work of demolition commenced, they were compelled to join in it, and they both laboured as industriously as the rest, till relieved by a fresh party.

When Pomperant escaped from the irksome task imposed upon him by necessity, he found that a multitude of citizens and soldiers were employed in pulling down the bishop's palace. Explosion after explosion shook the house to its foundations, and the walls fell with a tremendous crash.

The good bishop stood by, watching the destruction of his palace, and expressed no regret, but encouraged the soldiers and citizens in their task. But when the entire fabric fell to the ground, his looks expressed the deepest emotion; and he turned away and quitted the spot.

So complete was the destruction, that it seemed as if it had been caused by an earthquake. But again the active soldiers were at work, and the remains of the late noble edifice were expeditiously removed.

Much had been accomplished during that night—more than Pomperant, who could not tear himself from the scene, supposed possible. A stately palace, embellished by charming gardens, and a large church had been utterly destroyed, and a great portion of the wreck of both buildings carried away, and employed, as

we have said, in barricading the streets, and in the construction of other defensive works.

"If Bourbon should carry yon walls by assault to-day, he will find no shelter here," remarked Pomperant to Hugues.

"And the barricades must be taken before he can get into the city," rejoined Hugues. "These citizens of Marseilles, it must be owned, are good workmen."

## IX.

### LES TRANCHÉES DES DAMES.

GREATLY to the surprise of the citizens, who expected a renewal of the tremendous cannonade which had been carried on during the two previous days, the firing on the part of the besiegers now ceased. As this complete cessation of hostilities endured throughout the day, and as the night passed without disturbance, the general opinion prevailed that Bourbon, admonished by his recent failure, was about to raise the siege and retire.

But this opinion was not shared by Renzo da Ceri and the leaders of the garrison. They felt certain that a new plan of action was about to be adopted by the besiegers; and the supposition was soon shown to be correct. It was found that Bourbon was approaching the walls by sap, and had already made considerable advance before the discovery of his plan was made. It was now evident that, despairing of making a sufficient breach with his cannon, he was proceeding to undermine the walls, and level them with gunpowder.

As soon as Renzo da Ceri discovered the enemy's design, which was revealed to him during a sortie made with that object, he set to work to defeat it, and immediately ordered trenches to be cut near the walls, so as to enable him to prepare countermines. These works were at once commenced, and were carried on with the same zeal and spirit that had been displayed during the previous operations. But as these trenches and subterranean galleries were to be of great depth as well as length, and must be completed within a short space of time, extraordinary exertions were required. Thousands of active citizens offered their services, and worked like regular pioneers.

On hearing what was to be done, Marphise and Marcelline, accompanied by the corps of Amazons, sought an interview with the commander, who received them somewhat ungraciously.

"What would you with me?" he said. "This is no time for trifling. I want men, not women."

"We can work as well as men," replied Marphise, boldly. "We ask to be employed in digging the trenches."

"I admire your spirit, and thank you for the offer," said Renzo; "but such rough work as this is unfit for your delicate hands."

"We will show you what women can do, if you deign to employ us," urged Marphise. "Our example will serve to animate the citizens, and will teach the enemy what they have to expect."

"Again I say, you overrate your own powers," rejoined Renzo. "The work is such as would tax the strength of the stoutest pioneer. You will soon be compelled to abandon it."

"Have no such fear," cried Marcelline, resolutely. "I speak in the name of the whole corps. If we commence the work, we will carry it through. Will we not?" she added, appealing to them.

All the Amazons shouted an affirmative.

"We demand to be employed," said Marphise, warmly. "We will take no refusal."

"Well, since you are resolved, I will not attempt to dissuade you further," said Renzo, smiling. "You have my full permission to work at the trenches."

This response was received by a loud and ringing shout from the whole body of the Amazons.

"You will not regret granting us permission, monseigneur," said Marcelline. "But we must further stipulate that none but women be allowed to work at our trench."

"That is but fair," replied the commandant. "I unhesitatingly agree to the condition. The whole honour of the work shall be yours; and if you achieve it, your names will ever occupy the proudest page in the annals of your city."

This speech was received with another shout from the female corps.

"Conduct us to the spot where the trench is to be opened, and we will begin at once," said Marphise.

Yielding to the request, Renzo proceeded with the gallant little band towards the Tour de Saint Paul, where he marked out a spot adjoining the walls. Experienced pioneers explained to the Amazons the nature of the work they would have to perform, and supplied them with the necessary implements. This done they retired, and the resolute damsels having divested themselves of their helmets and breastplates, immediately set to work, their operations being watched with great curiosity by the soldiers stationed on the adjacent tower, and by those on the ramparts.

They pursued their task with an unflagging energy that excited the admiration of all who beheld them, and in a few hours the trenches were fairly opened. Marphise and Marcelline were foremost in the work, and as they came forth from the excavation to rest for a short time from their toil, and allow others to take their place, they perceived Pomperant watching them from a distance.

This undertaking caused a great sensation throughout the city, and before long dames and damsels of all ranks flocked to the trenches, and zealously assisted in the operations, which were continued night and day without interruption—one band being immediately relieved by another. Marphise and Marcelline passed three entire days and as many nights in the trenches, and during that interval allowed themselves but little repose.

On the morning of the fourth day the work was complete. A long subterranean gallery, about five feet square, had been excavated, having chambers at intervals, carried below the foundation of the walls, in which powder could be deposited. As Renzo da Ceri examined the work, he was struck with astonishment.

"I could not have believed this could have been done had I not seen it," he exclaimed. "These trenches are marvellously executed. If this siege is memorable for nothing else, it will be for this unparalleled achievement. While Marseilles shall endure, these trenches will never be forgotten."

Renzo's words have come to pass. The Boulevard des Dames of the modern city of Marseilles is so designated because it occupies the site of the famous Ladies' Trenches.

## X.

### HOW POMPERANT FURNISHED A SAFE-CONDUCT TO THE DEPUTIES TO THE KING.

In less than a week Renzo da Ceri had completed his vast defensive operations.

In this interval a fosse of great depth had been cut behind that part of the walls most exposed to the fire of the enemy. Not only was it intended that this fosse should be filled with powder, petards, and caltrops, but it was flanked by high ramparts, so that in reality a second line of fortifications would have to be taken if the outer walls should be carried. But though Renzo was firmly persuaded he could hold out, he felt that the king ought to be made acquainted with the exact condition of the city, so that his majesty might take such measures as he should deem necessary for its relief.

Intelligence had been received through the fleet that François was at Avignon with his army, but the difficulty was how to communicate with him. At last the commander bethought him of Pierre Cépède and Jean Bégue, two citizens distinguished for their courage and loyalty, and proposed the errand to them, and they at once agreed to undertake it.

"I thank you, messieurs, for your ready compliance with my request," said Renzo. "If you should be taken, I do not think any

harm will befall you. I can compel Bourbon to set you free. You look surprised, but I will explain my meaning. Last night I made a prisoner of great importance. The Seigneur Pomperant, Bourbon's favourite, has had the foolhardiness to venture within the city, and I should have ordered him for immediate execution, had not the idea occurred to me that I could turn him to account. What ho, there!" he added to the guard. "Bring in the prisoners."

Presently Pomperant and Hugues were brought in, guarded by halberdiers. Both maintained an undaunted demeanour.

"Seigneur Pomperant," said Renzo, sternly, "I know you are Bourbon's chief favourite, and that he will gladly purchase your safety. I shall therefore keep you as a hostage for these two gentlemen, who are going as deputies to the king. You must furnish them with a safe-conduct."

"Even if I were inclined to do so, monseigneur, I lack the power," rejoined Pomperant.

"I will show you how to do it," said Renzo. "Sit down at that table, and write a letter to Charles de Bourbon, telling him you are my prisoner, and that you have engaged to protect Pierre Cépède and Jean Bégue from all harm and interruption. Add, that if they return to Marseilles in safety, I will set you free, but if they are detained or molested, I will hang you in the sight of the whole Imperial army."

"If I write as you desire, the Duke de Bourbon will not respect my letter," said Pomperant. "But if you carry out your threat, I warn you that terrible retribution will follow."

"I will take my chance of that," rejoined Renzo. "If you are wise, you will save yourself from an ignominious death. Refuse to write as I have dictated, and I will forthwith hang you as a spy."

"Methinks you had better agree to these conditions, monseigneur," said Hugues. "If you decline, they will doubtless hang me at the same time."

"You judge rightly, fellow," remarked Renzo. "You will share the same fate as your master."

"Then, in Heaven's name, comply, monseigneur," implored Hugues.

Pomperant sat down and wrote the required letter. When he had done so, he gave it to Renzo, who, after scanning it, delivered it to the deputies.

"There is your safe-conduct, messieurs," he said. "You will start on your expedition to-night."

Then, turning to Pomperant, he added, "Fear not that I will act loyally towards you, Seigneur Pomperant. You have been condemned to death as a traitor by the Parliament of Paris, but I shall not regard the decree. I look upon you only as a prisoner

of war. On the return of these gentlemen, I will liberate you and your attendant. Meantime, you will both remain close prisoners."

Pomperant and Hugues were then removed by the guard, and were conducted to the tower of Saint Paul, where they were locked up in separate dungeons.

## XI.

HOW TULON WAS BESIEGED AND TAKEN BY THE MARQUIS DEL VASTO.

"MORE powder and larger cannon must be had, or a sufficiently wide breach in the walls cannot be made," remarked Pescara to Bourbon, as they sat together in the tent of the latter. "But where are these requisites to be procured?"

"In Toulon. In that fortress there are plenty of cannon of far larger calibre than ours, together with abundance of powder and ball."

"But Toulon has yet to be taken. That may be a work of some time, since the fortress is strong."

"The siege ought not to occupy more than a week," rejoined Bourbon. "I shall send your valiant nephew, the Marquis del Vasto, to besiege the place by land. He will be supported by Monçada, who is lying off the coast, as you know, and no interference is to be apprehended from the French fleet, as La Fayette and Andrea Doria are fully occupied in guarding the port of Marseilles. The capture of Toulon may therefore be regarded as certain."

"The plan appears practicable," said Pescara, after some reflection; "and since you are resolved upon it, the sooner it is executed the better. Del Vasto will like the enterprise."

"I am sure of it," replied Bourbon. "I will ride down at once to his camp and give him instructions. It is but a day's march to Toulon, and he will appear before the fortress ere any tidings can be given of his approach."

As had been anticipated, the gallant young marquis received the command with delight, and at once prepared for the expedition.

Taking with him a large detachment of the Spanish forces, he marched throughout the night, and appeared at dawn on the crest of the hills overlooking Toulon. At the same time, the Spanish fleet under Admiral Monçada, who had received instructions from Bourbon, entered the roadstead, and took up a position opposite the fortress, which immediately opened fire upon the enemy.

At this epoch the castle of Toulon was a place of great strength, and its ramparts mounted a considerable number of guns of large size. Notwithstanding this, the combined attack by land and sea was successful, and on the fourth day from the commencement of the siege, Del Vasto became master of the fortress. Irritated by the obstinate defence he had encountered, and the heavy losses he had sustained, the young Spanish general put the garrison to the sword.



All the large cannon found within the fort, together with an immense stock of the munitions of war, were placed on board the fleet, and after being safely landed, were conveyed to the Imperial camp; thus providing Bourbon with abundant materials for prosecuting the siege of Marseilles with vigour. As may be supposed, Del Vasto received high commendations from the duke for his brilliant achievement.

Meanwhile, despatches from his royal allies had reached Bourbon. The Emperor informed him, by a letter brought by the Comte de Montfort, that the army of Catalonia would speedily enter France.

"Tell the Emperor," said Bourbon, well pleased by the intelligence, "that I hope to send him in a few days the good news of the fall of Marseilles. In anticipation of that event, entreat him to hasten as much as possible the march of the auxiliary army, and entreat him also to strengthen his fleet, which is inferior to that commanded by La Fayette and Andrea Doria. Things could not go better than they do at present. I shall soon be in a condition to give battle to François de Valois—and if I win it—and by Sainte Barbe I *shall* win it!—his Imperial majesty will be the greatest monarch that ever reigned, and able to give law to all Christendom."

Charged with this message, the Comte de Montfort departed.

From Henry VIII. Bourbon received the sum of a hundred thousand ducats, which was brought by Sir John Russell.

"Tell your royal master," he said to Russell, "that the time has now arrived when it will be needful to march his army into Picardy. Fifteen days hence, at the latest, I trust to be joined by the auxiliary forces about to be despatched by the Emperor from Catalonia. By that time Marseilles will have fallen."

"Your highness feels sure of that?" remarked the English envoy, with an incredulous smile.

"I am certain of it," said Bourbon, confidently. "The besieged have made a gallant defence, but they cannot hold out much longer. My approaches are now within a few toises of the moat. I have plenty of cannon of the largest calibre, which will soon make a breach in the walls."

"But I am told by Pescara that there is an inner fosse of great depth, filled with combustibles, and a second line of ramparts with cannon mounted on the embrasures," remarked Sir John Russell.

"No matter," rejoined Bourbon. "I will take the city in spite of its defences, and, having done so, I shall withdraw to Aix, where I shall await the arrival of the Catalonian army. On being joined by it, I shall at once march to Avignon, and compel François to give me battle. If I am victorious, your royal master will be King of France."

"It will rejoice his majesty and the Lord Cardinal to learn that your highness is so confident of success," replied Russell. "I now take my leave, and shall return at once to England."

Sir John Russell had not long been gone, when a great noise was heard outside the tent, and, surprised at the disturbance, Bourbon rushed out to ascertain the cause of it.

"What means this noise?" he demanded of several arquebusiers, who were standing around, and whose countenances manifested alarm. "Is the enemy upon us?"

"Worse than that, general," replied one of the men. "A great shot from the accursed 'Basilisk' has just fallen upon the Marquis of Pescara's tent," pointing in that direction. "Your highness may see the rent it has made."

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Bourbon. "But the marquis!—is he safe?"

"Alas, general, I much fear he is killed," replied the arquebusier. "He was at mass at the time with his confessor, Padre Hilario."

Bourbon heard no more, but flew to the tent. On entering it, a terrible spectacle met his gaze. On the ground lay the mangled body of Padre Hilario, and near the unfortunate priest lay two Spanish officers, one of whom had been beheaded by the huge shot. Pescara was standing near the ghastly group, so bespattered with blood that Bourbon fancied he must be grievously wounded. A strange laugh, however, from the Spanish general convinced him to the contrary.

"I have had a very narrow escape," said Pescara. "If I had not knelt on this side of poor Padre Hilario, I should have shared his fate. The besieged have learned to take better aim with 'The Basilisk' than they did at first. Your highness sees what messengers they send us," he added, in a tone of bitter railleury. "I suppose you thought the shouts were caused by the timorous magistrates of Marseilles bringing you the keys of the city—ha! ha!"

Bourbon made no reply to this ill-timed jest, but instantly quitted the tent.

Next day, the Marquis del Vasto was sent to propose terms of surrender to the garrison. He was accompanied by twenty lances, and preceded by a herald and a trumpeter, and the errand of this little troupe being evidently pacific, it was allowed to approach the Porte d'Aix without molestation.

On arriving before the gate, the trumpeter thrice sounded his clarion, and when the bruit ceased, an officer from the battlements, addressing the herald, demanded his business.

"The most noble Marquis del Vasto desires an audience of the commanders of the garrison, to lay before them a proposition from his Highness the Duke de Bourbon, general-in-chief of the Imperial army."

"Tarry till I ascertain the pleasure of the commanders," rejoined the officer.

After a time the officer reappeared on the battlements, and announced that the Marquis del Vasto could alone be admitted.

"His lordship may enter without fear," said the officer. "I am authorised by the commanders of the garrison to guarantee his safety."

On this the drawbridge was lowered, and the gate being thrown open, a strong guard of halberdiers issued forth, and lined the bridge.

Del Vasto then dismounted, and, crossing the bridge, was met at the gate by the officer, who conducted him to a chamber on the basement floor of the tower, ordinarily used as a guard-room. Here he found two knightly personages, both completely cased in steel, whom he recognised as the commanders of the garrison.

"I am sent to you, messeigneurs," said Del Vasto, after formal salutations had passed, "to make a proposition which I trust may be entertained. Conceiving himself to be in a position to take this city, which you have so long and so ably defended, his Highness the Duke de Bourbon, influenced by feelings of humanity, before making the assault, has determined to afford you the opportunity of capitulating on terms, consistent with your own honour, and highly advantageous to the city."

"It is needless to state the terms, my lord marquis," replied Chabot de Brion, haughtily. "We cannot listen to them."

"Do not reject the proposal unheard, messeigneurs," said Del Vasto. "Have some consideration for the citizens."

"You have taught us what to expect, marquis, by your treatment of the garrison of Toulon," rejoined Renzo, sternly. "But we are not to be terrified. Tell your leader, Charles de Bourbon, to take Marseilles—if he can. We will only treat with him at the cannon's mouth."

"You will have reason to repent your bold determination, messeigneurs," rejoined Del Vasto. "Before departing, I would say a word in regard to the Seigneur Pomperant, who has fallen into your hands. Are you willing to make an exchange of prisoners? You shall have a dozen of your own officers for him."

"Offer us twenty, and add twenty to those, and we will not part with him," rejoined Renzo. "Tell Bourbon so."

With a proud salutation Del Vasto then departed. Conducted to the gate by the officer, he passed through the guard lining the drawbridge, mounted his charger, and rode back to the camp, where he related what had occurred to Bourbon and Pescara.

"I felt sure the garrison would not capitulate," said the latter.

"What of Pomperant?" demanded Bourbon, eagerly. "Will they exchange him?"

"No, your highness, they absolutely refuse," replied Del Vasto.

"But I do not imagine he is in any danger. They have some motive for detaining him."

"Possibly," said Bourbon. "We shall learn what it is in time."

## XII.

## AVIGNON.

ROUSED to exertion by the danger that menaced his kingdom, François I. hastened to reinforce his army, which had been greatly reduced by Bonnivet's reverses in the Milanese, and in a few weeks after Bourbon's irruption into Provence, he had succeeded in augmenting it by fourteen thousand Swiss mercenaries, six thousand lansquenets, and fifteen hundred light horse.

Placing himself at the head of this force, he marched to Lyons, where he was joined by the King of Navarre and several foreign princes. Almost all the nobles, on whose aid Bourbon had counted, flocked round the king's standard, bringing with them large companies of horse, so that he had now a very numerous army—the three divisions which were placed under the command of Marshals Chabannes, Foix, and Montmorency.

Continuing his march along the left bank of the Rhône, François pitched his camp at Avignon, and again surrendered himself to pleasure, passing his time in such festivities as he was wont to indulge in at Blois and Fontainebleau. In the old Papal palace of Avignon—an enormous structure, part convent and part castle—he held his court, and its gloomy halls and chambers were enlivened by the presence of troops of young nobles decked out in gay attire, and echoed to the light laugh of the numerous frolic dames who ever accompanied the luxurious monarch.

Bonnivet was with his royal master at Avignon. In spite of the favourite's reverses in the Milanese, he had lost none of his influence, and easily persuaded the king that it was necessary to his glory to recover possession of the lost duchy of Milan, and that if he appeared at the head of an army in Italy, this object would infallibly be accomplished. François therefore determined upon a new expedition as soon as he should have driven Bourbon out of Provence.

Subjugated by the charms of the resistless Diane de Poitiers, who had now completely supplanted the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, unable to tear himself from her, encouraged in his luxurious idleness by Bonnivet, Saint-Marsault, and others of his courtiers, the king wasted his time in the pleasant city of Avignon, dreaming of conquests which he meant to achieve, and allowing Bourbon to prosecute the seige of Marseilles unmolested.

Attended by a mirthful train, Diane and the king made a pilgrimage to Vaucluse, and, after quaffing of the classic fountain, François carved the name of his mistress, linked with his own, on the walls of the grotto.

One day it chanced that François and Diane were stationed on the balcony over the gate of the Papal palace—an elevated spot whence the sovereign-pontiffs who had inhabited the palace were

accustomed to pronounce their benediction upon the people, as they would have done from the windows of the Vatican had Rome been free to them. Chance had brought the amorous pair to the balcony. For the last hour they had been strolling round the lofty walls of the palace. Vainly had Diane essayed to count the spires that rose around her—nowhere are there so many churches as in Avignon—and as if to confuse her still further, their bells all rang out at once. Half distracted by the deafening clamour, she turned to the towering cathedral, where Popes were enthroned, and where Popes lie buried. From the contemplation of Notre Dame des Dons, as the mighty edifice is designated, she turned to gaze upon the camp which occupied the whole of the plain lying between the junction of the rapid Durance and the rushing Rhône. The long rows of tents, mingled with pavilions decorated with pennons and banners, formed a picture of surpassing beauty.

By this time the bells had ceased ringing, and François was able to resume the tender converse which the clamour had interrupted.

Thus beguiling the time, now gazing at one point of the ancient city, now at another; sometimes looking at the cathedral, at the fortifications, at the vast tract of country traversed by the Rhône, at the mountains, or at the camp, they found themselves in the balcony overlooking the gateway. Here, seated on a marble bench, which had been once used by the Popes, they continued their discourse, while the young nobles and dames in attendance ranged themselves behind them.

The balcony where the king and Diane sat commanded a wide open space in front of the gateway, which was defended by a dry moat and drawbridge. Perceiving two horsemen, escorted by an officer and half a dozen mounted men-at-arms, approach the gateway, and being struck by their appearance, François despatched Bonnavet, who was standing among the group of courtiers, to make inquiries concerning them.

After the lapse of a few minutes Bonnavet reappeared, accompanied by the two strangers, both of whom were men of middle age, grave deportment, and plain attire, and presented them to the king as Messieurs Pierre Cépède and Jean Bégue, deputies from Marseilles.

"I have not waited for permission to bring these brave and loyal citizens before your majesty," said Bonnavet, "because I felt certain you would grant them an immediate audience."

"You did right," rejoined François. "Rise, messieurs," he added to the kneeling deputies. "You are welcome. You must have run great risk in coming hither. How did you contrive to elude the vigilance of the foe?"

"Heaven has aided us, sire," replied Pierre Cépède. "All the approaches to the city, on the land side, are so strictly guarded, that certain destruction would have attended any attempt at

exit in that direction. We were, therefore, compelled to pass out at the port; and not without much difficulty and danger reached the mouth of the Rhône. We came up the river to Arles, and thence, with as little delay as possible, to this city."

"You have done well," replied François, approvingly. "What tidings do you bring me of my faithful city of Marseilles?"

"The city still holds out, sire," said Pierre Cépède; "and its defences have been so greatly strengthened, that no uneasiness whatever was felt by the commanders until the enemy obtained possession of the heavy artillery from Toulon."

"Ha!" exclaimed François, surprised and angry. "How is this? I did not know that Toulon had fallen."

"The news only arrived this morning, sire," interposed Bon-nivet. "I was unwilling to trouble your majesty by mentioning it."

"It should not have been kept from me for a single moment," cried the king, sharply. "By Saint Denis! this is a great disaster. Where was my fleet at the time? How came La Fayette and Doria to let Toulon be taken?"

"Sire, they could not leave the port of Marseilles," returned Jean Bégue. "The fall of Toulon is a heavy blow, but the fall of Marseilles would be still heavier. Listen to the prayers of the citizens, sire, and come to their relief. You do not know what exertions they have made for the defence of the city—what heroism they have displayed. No sacrifices have been too great. Our noblest and fairest dames have formed themselves into bands, and have worked at the trenches like pioneers. Oh, madame!" he continued, addressing Diane, "if you could only behold what they have done, you would be filled with admiration. For three days and three nights they laboured incessantly. We are proud of our women, madame."

"And with good reason," rejoined Diane. "Oh, sire! you must fly to the rescue of this devoted city. You will ever reproach yourself if it should fall."

Both the deputies looked gratefully at her as these words were uttered.

"Is there immediate danger, messieurs?" demanded the king.

"No, sire," replied Pierre Cépède. "We have endeavoured to explain to your majesty the exact condition of the city. Its defences are as complete as they can be made. We have brave and experienced commanders, and our citizens are animated by loyalty and devotion. But we have an enemy opposed to us, skilful, daring, and confident of success. If Marseilles can be taken, Charles de Bourbon will take it."

"It never shall be taken," cried François. "Return to your fellow-citizens, messieurs. Tell them how highly I estimate their courage and loyalty. Say that I will forthwith send them from Martigues a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men-at-arms, with good store of wine, cattle, and provender. Bid them persevere in

their valiant defence of the city. They may rest assured that I will come to their succour. Farewell, messieurs! In good time I will adequately requite the important service you have rendered me."

Well satisfied with these assurances, the deputies withdrew.

Next day, the king marched with his whole army towards Aix. On learning that he was approaching, the viguier and the magistrates, dreading his resentment, rode forth from the city to meet him, and strove to excuse themselves for the welcome they had given to Bourbon. François fiercely interrupted them, calling out,

"Ha knaves! ha traitors! You have opened your gates to a rebel in arms against us and our kingdom. You received him with all honour, allowed him to usurp the title of Comte de Provence, which belongs to us, and took the oath of fidelity to him, in violation of your allegiance to us your lawful sovereign. You deserve death, and you shall die."

"Spare us, sire! spare us!" cried the viguier and the others, throwing themselves at his feet. "We now see the enormity of our offence."

"Repentance comes too late. I will have no pity upon you, vile traitors," rejoined the king, sternly. "From your fate your misguided fellow-citizens shall learn what it is to incur our displeasure. Away with them!" he added to the guard. "Let them be taken back to the city, and decapitated in the place in front of the Cathedral of Saint Sauveur. Set their heads on the gates, so that all may see how treason is punished."

This severe sentence was carried into effect. As the king entered Aix, he looked up at the gates, and beheld the heads of the unfortunate viguier and his brother-magistrates.

Not content with punishing the chief offenders, François compelled all the principal citizens and all public officers to renew their oaths of allegiance to him, and imprisoned several who were proved to have displayed zeal for the rebel chief.

Diane de Poitiers accompanied the king to Aix, and it was arranged that she should occupy the old palace of René d'Anjou, while her royal lover moved on to succour Marseilles.

### XIII.

#### HOW POMPERANT WAS ORDERED FOR EXECUTION.

EVER since the departure of the two deputies to Avignon, Pomperant had been kept in strict confinement in the Tour de Saint Paul. One morning the door of his dungeon was opened by an officer, whose sombre looks proclaimed his errand.

"You are come to bid me prepare for death, I perceive, captain," said Pomperant, with as much composure as he could command.

"You have guessed rightly, monseigneur," replied the officer. "The two deputies have been captured, and unless they are liberated before noon you will be executed. A message has been sent to that effect to the Duke de Bourbon."

"At least the commanders will let me die as becomes a gentleman—not as a common malefactor?" said Pomperant.

"I cannot give you that consolation, monseigneur," rejoined the officer. "You are to be hanged from the summit of this tower in face of the hostile army. The execution will take place precisely at noon. You have yet an hour to live."

"An hour! Is that all?" mentally ejaculated Pomperant.

"Send a priest to me, I pray you, captain," he said, with forced calmness. "I would fain make my peace with Heaven."

The officer then withdrew, and shortly afterwards a priest entered, who received the prisoner's confession, and gave him absolution.

"I will leave you now, my son," said the holy man, "but I shall remain without, and will attend you at the last."

Pomperant had not been long alone, when the door of the cell again opened, and gave admittance to Marcelline. A sad greeting passed between them.

"I have striven to save you," she said, in a voice half suffocated by emotion. "I have been to Renzo da Ceri, and have implored him, on my bended knees, to spare your life—but in vain. He will not even grant you the respite of an hour. All I could obtain was permission to hold this brief interview with you."

"I thank him for the grace—it is more than I expected," replied Pomperant, gazing at her with the deepest affection. "Oh! Marcelline, 'you have made life so dear to me that I grieve to lose it. But the thought that you love me will soothe the pangs of death.'"

"It may console you to be assured that I will wed no other," she rejoined. "I will be true to your memory—doubt it not. As soon as this siege is ended, I will enter a convent, and devote myself to Heaven."

At this moment the priest entered the cell.

"Daughter," said the good man, looking compassionately at her, "you must bid your lover an eternal farewell."

"Oh no, no—do not say so, father!" she rejoined. "Grant me a few more minutes."

"Alas, daughter, I have no power to comply with your request."

"Nay, you must go, dear Marcelline," said Pomperant. "Your presence will only unman me. Farewell for ever!"

Marcelline continued gazing passionately at her lover, while the priest drew her gently from the cell.

Overcome by emotion, Pomperant sank down on a seat, and he had scarcely regained his firmness, when the door of the cell was thrown suddenly open. Nothing doubting that it was the guard



come to conduct him to execution, he arose and prepared for departure.

What was his surprise, when Marcelline, half frenzied with joy, again burst into the dungeon, exclaiming,

"Saved! saved! They are come!"

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for Pomperant, and he could scarcely sustain Marcelline as she flung herself into his arms.

"Is this a dream?" he said, gazing at her, as if doubting the evidence of his senses. "Methought we had parted for ever."

"No, I have come to tell you you are saved," she rejoined. "The deputies have returned. You are free!"

As the words were uttered, Renzo da Ceri, accompanied by the two deputies, and followed by the officer, entered the cell.

"I have come to perform my promise, Seigneur Pomperant," said Renzo. "These gentlemen having been released, you are free to return to your camp. You may congratulate yourself on your escape. A few minutes more and it would have been too late. The escort that brought the two deputies from the camp galloped all the way, and has only just reached the gates."

"We also have reason to congratulate ourselves," remarked Pierre Cépède. "Had we arrived too late, we should have been taken back for instant execution."

"Conduct the Seigneur Pomperant to the Porte d'Aix, where the escort awaits him," said Renzo to the officer. "Let his attendant go with him."

"The orders shall be obeyed," said the officer.

Bidding a tender adieu to Marcelline, and expressing a fervent hope that they might meet again, Pomperant thanked the commander for his honourable conduct, and quitted the cell with the officer.

On issuing from the tower, he found Hugues standing in the midst of a guard of halberdiers, and the faithful fellow expressed the liveliest satisfaction at beholding him. But not a moment was allowed for explanation. They were hurried to the gate through a crowd of soldiers and armed citizens.

On the farther side of the drawbridge, which was strongly guarded, stood the escort. Joining it without delay, they mounted the steeds provided for them, and the whole party then galloped off to the camp.

#### XIV.

##### THE MINE.

WITHIN an hour after Pomperant's return to the camp, all the batteries on which the heavy cannon brought from Toulon had been mounted, opened fire upon that part of the ramparts

where the breach had formerly been made. By nightfall a wide gap was made, and the cannonade then ceased.

At the same time the sappers, who had carried their works under the fosse after incredible toil, had reached the foundations of the walls. Before midnight the chamber of the mine was completed, and the barrels of gunpowder deposited within it; and Lurcy, who had been entrusted with the superintendence of this dangerous operation, brought word to Bourbon that all was ready.

"Let the mine be sprung, then," replied Bourbon. "It will save some hours' work in the morning."

On returning to execute this order, Lurcy was accompanied by Pomperant. After tracking the windings of the long gallery, which was lighted by torches fixed at various points, and crowded by soldiers, they at length reached the chamber of the mine. Having seen that all the arrangements were carefully made, and that the casks of powder were so placed that they could be simultaneously exploded, they were about to retire, when the stroke of a pickaxe was heard on one side of the excavation. They listened intently, and the sound was again plainly distinguished.

"The enemy are making a counter-mine," said one of the sappers who was with them. "They are close upon us."

As he spoke, the strokes grew quicker and louder.

"They are working hard," remarked another sapper, with a grim smile. "But we shall soon check them."

While this took place, a third sapper, who had been engaged in laying a train of powder communicating with the barrels, got up and said to Lurcy and Pomperant,

"Retire, I pray you, messeigneurs. The train shall be fired as soon as you are out of danger."

On this intimation, Lurcy and Pomperant hastily retreated to the first epaulment, which was placed on the outer side of the moat, and in which they could take refuge during the explosion. All the sappers accompanied them, except one man, whose business it was to fire the train.

On reaching the mouth of the epaulment, Lurcy called out to the man who was left behind—"Fire!"

On this the sapper knelt down and applied a lighted tow-match to the long train of powder. Both Lurcy and Pomperant watched the proceeding from the entrance of their place of refuge. In an instant the fiery line started on its terrible errand, and the sapper hurried off to the shelter of the epaulment.

Just at this moment, however, and while Pomperant was still watching the course of the burning train, he was startled by an unexpected occurrence. The whole of the wall of earth at the end of the chamber of the mine suddenly gave way, disclosing those who were engaged in making the counter-mine.

What was Pomperant's horror on discovering that the foremost

of the party were no other than Marphise and Marcelline! Torches held by the Amazons in the rear fully revealed them to view. There they stood, pickaxe in hand, preparing to leap over the mass of earth into the chamber.

Horried at the sight, Pomperant would have rushed towards them had he not been forcibly held back by Lurcy. The two Amazons seemed paralysed by terror, and unable to retreat.

"Back, on your lives!" shouted Pomperant, in extremity of anguish.

A giddiness seized him, and, unable to offer any further resistance, he was dragged into the epaulment by Lurcy.

At this moment the explosion took place with a terrific sound, and a shock like that of an earthquake. From the noises that succeeded, it was evident that a large portion of the wall, under which the mine had been laid, was overthrown.

In another minute all these appalling sounds ceased, and a silence like that of death succeeded.

Lurcy and Pomperant, with the sappers, rushed out of the epaulment. But they could not proceed many paces. The torch held by one of the men flashed on a terrible scene, and revealed the work of destruction. The farther end of the passage beneath the moat was blocked up with huge stones and rubbish, and rents having been made in the sides, the water from the moat was pouring in, the place being already half flooded.

"I have lost her!" exclaimed Pomperant, in accents of despair. "They must all have perished in that terrible explosion. Why did you not let me extinguish the train?"

"Had you made the attempt, you would only have thrown away your own life," rejoined Lurcy. "But come away. You can do no good here."

"I will not go till I have ascertained what has become of her," cried Pomperant.

"Give yourself no further trouble, monseigneur," remarked the sapper who had fired the mine. "Not one of those brave young women can have escaped. They are all crushed beneath those stones."

"I would I had perished with her!" ejaculated Pomperant. And he reeled back, half fainting, against the side of the gallery.

Giving some hasty directions to the men, Lurcy took the arm of his friend, and led him away from the scene of destruction.

As they threaded the winding passages, their progress was impeded by parties of soldiers who were hastening from the place of arms to the farther end of the mine; but at last they issued forth into the open air.

As soon as Pomperant reached his tent, he threw himself on a couch in a state of complete exhaustion, while Lurcy hastened to inform Bourbon that the mine had been sprung.

## ROMAN LONDON.\*

ALTHOUGH Llyn-dun, the "hill fortress on the lake," or Llong-dinas, the "city of ships" (for the learned are not agreed as to the origin of the Roman designation, Londinium), was in the power of the Romans for several centuries, all that remains to attest the presence of the conquerors are fragments of walls, towers, and gates, and numerous monuments, including more especially sculptures, incised stones, bronzes, pottery, tessellated pavements, clay statuettes, tiles, glass ornaments, implements and utensils, and coins.

The aspect of Roman London is therefore, in reality, a matter of conjecture, and the extensive excavations and clearances made in recent times for sewers, railway and other purposes, have led some to doubt if even the outline of Roman London has been correctly surmised or delineated; but still the narrow strip of firm ground which lay between the great fen (Moorfields) and the river Thames, across which ran the Walbrook and the Langbourne, is sufficiently marked out by nature for all adequate purposes. The walls were of later date than the first Roman occupation, and the site of the two terminal river forts, that of the well-known gates, the existence of towers within the space of a century, and the actual remains of walls, leave little doubt as to the extent of Roman London in Constantine's time. The main road through Roman London is also known to have been Watling-street, from the old Lud Gate, along the present Watling-street and Budge-row, to the Walbrook, which it crossed by a bridge at the junction of Cannon-street and Budge-row; and then, branching off at London-stone, in Cannon-street, it ran along the Langbourne to Ald Gate.

"Roman London," says Mr. C. Roach Smith, "thus enlarged itself from the Thames towards Moorfields and the line of wall east and south. The sepulchral deposits confirm its growth; others, at more remote distances, indicate subsequent enlargements; while interments discovered at Holborn, Finsbury, Whitechapel, and the extensive burial-places in Spitalfields and Goodman's-fields, denote that these localities were fixed on when Londinium, in process of time, had spread over the extensive space enclosed by the wall."

Excavations effected for the purposes of rebuilding after the Great Fire brought to light much of the antiquarian wealth of the Roman stratum, tessellated pavements, foundations of buildings, and sculptural remains; coins, urns, pottery and utensils, tools and ornaments. Whenever, indeed, as Mr. Thomas Wright remarks in his "Celt, Roman, and Saxon," excavations are made within the limits of the city of London, the workmen come to the floors of Roman houses at a depth of from twelve to eighteen or twenty feet under the present level.

Although Londinium was not mentioned by Cæsar, and is not supposed to have been occupied by the Romans till the reign of Claudius, about one hundred and five years after Cæsar's invasion, still it is mentioned by

\* Illustrations of Roman London. By Charles Roach Smith. Printed for the Subscribers.

Tacitus as "*cognomento quidem coloniae non insigne, sed copia negotiorum et comestuum maxime celebre*" (lib. xiv. cap. xxxiii.); that is to say, a place much frequented by merchants, and a great depôt of merchandise, before it became dignified with the name of a *colonia*; and the extent of the old City, from Ludgate on the west to the Tower on the east, and from the wall on the north to the Thames, gives dimensions far greater than those of any other Roman town in Britain. Add to this, that recent discoveries have proved that the Roman city extended over what is now known as Southwark. In making the approaches to the new London Bridge, and in subsequent extensive excavations for foundations of buildings in various parts of Southwark, substantial remains of Roman houses were laid open, particularly on both sides of the High-street, up to the vicinity of St. George's Church, in which district the wall paintings and other remains indicated villas of a superior kind.

Such a city of mercantile renown and considerable dimensions, which soon gained supremacy over her rivals—Verulamium and Camulodunum—must have had public edifices—temples or theatres—corresponding to its early wealth and reputation. A statue in bronze of Hadrian, of heroic size, was one of the public ornaments of the place, and there is every reason to believe, from the nature of its site, that St. Paul's occupies the place of a Pagan temple of old—it has been said of a temple of Diana, although Sir Christopher Wren did not find any remains to support the tradition when the new edifice was erected. Still a vast cemetery was discovered in which Britons, Romans, and Saxons had been successively buried, and each may, in their turn, have had their place of worship on the same central and rising ground. Experience teaches that these kinds of things never change from two leading influences—the original advantages of site, and the perpetuation of sanctity.\*

But while at Trèves, Nîmes, Autun, and other Roman sites we find evidences still existing of former greatness, and of their having been grand and noble cities, little or nothing is met with in London. Once the capital of the rich and fertile province of Britain, occupying a larger extent of ground than any other town in the island, and renowned for commerce even in her early days, the modern city has not retained the ruins of one of the public edifices which, we may suppose, must have been provided for so important a place, and the sites of only two or three can be reasonably conjectured. Even her walls, usually the last to fall before the levelling spirit of trade, have almost disappeared, reduced to misshapen, huge blocks of masonry, to be found with difficulty here and there, doing service as the walls of warehouses, stables, and cellars.

This is to be attributed to a combination of causes. The ravages of war, as the plundering of the Frank mercenaries under Allectus, have done their share. The accidents of time, and especially the increase of population and commerce, have likewise done theirs. As a rule, it is found that the prosperity of towns is most fatal to their ancient configuration and monuments; and this is observed in the East as well as in

\* On digging deeper, marine shells were found, thus proving, it has been said, that the sea once flowed over the site of the present cathedral. But it is not said what age these shells were, and whether tertiary or post-tertiary; they being, no doubt, to an epoch long anterior to Britons or Romans.

Europe. The exuberance of religious zeal, aiming at the annihilation of every object of Pagan worship, has been another cause of destruction of works of art. To these must be added the total absence, in the middle ages, of that feeling for the remains of antiquity which prevails among the better educated of the present day, and the general indifference with which they are still regarded—an indifference which will, however, diminish daily as the love of art is disseminated among the middle and lower classes. Mr. C. Roach Smith does not, however, hesitate to say of the citizens of London that they “have ever been perfectly indifferent, with a very few exceptions, to such matters, so inconvertible to pecuniary profit; and they seem rather pleased to find some daring champion who will decry the glory and honour of Roman London, because he helps to shield them from their share of reproach under the pretext that what never existed could never have been destroyed.”

The chief illustrations of Roman London, with some few exceptions, which can in the present day be presented to the public, are contained either in the work before us or in the collection on which it was based, and which is now in the British Museum, and the full importance of such a work can be best judged by what preceded it. The Tradescant Museum contained, for example, only six Roman articles in 1656, besides coins; it was increased by Ashmole, and, as it was not removed to Oxford until 1682, he probably added many specimens of London antiquities discovered after the Great Fire. From this time their importance became better appreciated, and one of the first collectors was John Conyers, an apothecary of Fleet-street, who assembled most of the Roman articles which subsequently formed the museum of Dr. Woodward, dispersed after his death in 1728. Mr. C. Roach Smith's museum contained over five hundred relics of Roman London, collected in the metropolis during street improvements, sewerage, and the deepening of the bed of the Thames; and many additions have since been made from the same sources, to which are to be added the objects discovered during the extensive clearances effected for railways.

Some of the modern collections, as those of Mr. Chaffers, of the late Mr. Saul, and of Mr. Gwilt, contain over a thousand relics discovered in London excavations, illustrative of the domestic and social life and customs of the inhabitants of London in the time of the Romans and during the middle ages. A few of the objects in Mr. C. Roach Smith's collection have been engraved, or are being engraved, in the “*Collectanea Antiqua*,” and a catalogue of his museum has been published; illustrated by Mr. Fairholt; but the “*Illustrations of Roman London*” contain the only artistic and philosophical generalisation of the whole subject as yet given to the public, and the interest and importance of such a work can scarcely be over-estimated.

We have here bronze shields and weapons, illustrating the arms with which the disciplined cohorts kept the rude yet enterprising Britons in subjection. We have fine bronze statuettes of Apollo, Mercury, and Atys showing that the poetical mythology of the ancients, the ideal personification of the powers of nature and of human attributes, was not unknown in the uncongenial climate of the Tamesis. We have a fragment of group of *Deæ Matres*, holding baskets of fruit in their laps, discovered. Crutched-friars—the only instance, with the exception of the discover

made in Nicholas-lane, in which the site of a temple can be identified from existing remains. We have also numerous sepulchral monuments, with more or less interesting inscriptions; a sarcophagus, ornamented with leaden patterns and escalop shells; altars—one with a figure of Diana—and numerous architectural fragments.

If the specimens of tessellated pavements discovered in London do not attain the highest excellence, they are quite equal to the generality of their particular class. One with Europa upon the Bull is a good example of the pleasing effect produced by the judicious arrangement of numerous and complex patterns. The two pavements discovered in excavating the foundation of the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle-street are very beautiful. A very superior description of tessellated pavements was also found in Leadenhall-street, in 1803. The fragments of wall-paintings discovered throughout London are both numerous and interesting. But while in architecture, in sculpture, and in pavements, London affords no such examples as abound on the Continent, some of the works in bronze are as of high a class of art as any in the continental museums. Such are the head of the Emperor Hadrian, and the youthful Apollo, a masterpiece of ideal grace and beauty. The Mercury is of the best and chastest design, and of the most finished workmanship. The Atys, though inferior as a work of art to the preceding, is well executed, and particularly interesting, as affording a representation of a mythological personage, whose effigies, although common enough in Asia Minor, as more especially in the *terra cotta*s of Tarsus, are rare in Europe.

Among other fine works of art is the figure of an archer and a pair of forceps, with busts on the shanks of the deities who presided over the days of the week. The attitude of a little silver figure of Harpocrates is also natural and full of grace.

The perfection which the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans attained in the manufacturing of fictile vessels can only be understood by those who have studied, or at least taken some pains to examine, the numerous varieties which are preserved in our public and private collections and in those of the Continent. Researches made during the last twenty or thirty years have thrown much light upon the origin of several varieties of the fictile ware discovered so abundantly throughout this country. From these researches experienced archæologists, like Mr. C. Roach Smith and Mr. Thomas Wright, have been enabled to refer with certainty particular classes to the localities in which they were largely, though probably not exclusively, fabricated.

As Londinium was the great centre of the commerce of Britain, it might be expected that upon its site would be found traces of the products of most of these factories, especially of those with which intercourse was direct and frequent. There, also, we should naturally look for examples of the pottery made in neighbouring foreign countries. Accordingly, nowhere in England has such an immense quantity of various kinds been discovered as in London. Examples of most of these are given in the "Illustrations of Roman London." Numerous examples are also given of that peculiar class of red glazed Roman pottery, generally called "Samian," and to which so much interest attaches on account of variety and beauty of form, superior material, and the classic designs with which it is frequently decorated. This kind of pottery has been nowhere found

more plentifully than in London, and the illustrations given, with the potter's stamps, present upwards of three hundred varieties. Only fragments of the small figures which served for domestic ornaments, for votive offerings, and as lares and penates, have been found in London, and these in a fine white clay. Almost all the lamps discovered in London are of terra cotta, and chiefly of small size. Of the various kinds of Roman tiles an enormous quantity have been found. Some of them are stamped with the names of the legions and cohorts quartered in the particular localities where they were made. In respect to the state of glass-making among the Romans (and in this, as in other branches of art, it has been hitherto far too much the custom to underrate the state of the arts among nations of remote antiquity), Mr. C. Roach Smith has confined himself to giving a notion of some of the more uncommon kinds. The jewels and personal ornaments of the Romano-Britons are largely illustrated; but it is admitted that they are of a less costly and elegant description, as also less varied, than those of the Anglo-Saxons. Another portion of the costume of the inhabitants of Londinium has curiously enough been revealed to us in the most satisfactory of all ways—namely, by examples almost as perfect as when in use, and quite sufficiently so to understand their forms and mode of manufacture. We allude to sandals, which have been found in certain localities from which the air was excluded, nearly in the same condition as when they covered feet which trod the streets of Roman London. The illustrations of implements and utensils comprise the styles and tablets used by the Romans in their ordinary epistolary correspondence, spoons, knives, sickles, spindles, balances, weights, keys, bells, hammers, awls, millstones, mortars, and a variety of other objects, some of which are almost ludicrously like those used in the present day. The list of medallions and coins, which is adequately illustrated, comprises over two thousand specimens, chiefly obtained from the bed of the Thames, and helps materially to throw light upon the history of Roman London. Some of them are, indeed, of considerable interest, and, of great rarity. The state of Britain, Mr. C. Roach Smith remarks, under Carausius and Allectus, when the province, chiefly by the aid of a powerful navy, was raised to the rank and independence of an empire, is more fully understood from the coins of the period than from the brief notices of historians and contemporary writers. It is to be hoped that Mr. C. Roach Smith may be induced to publish this really admirable picture of Roman London. It is a subject of far too much general interest, whether in an historical, an artistic, or an archaeological point of view, that the knowledge of it should be limited to the few. No educated person's library ought to be without a copy of a work of so much importance to the past history and condition of this country, and especially of its chief city.

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## PARSON ADAMS:

TYPICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

FIELDING winds up his preface to "Joseph Andrews" with a special reference to that ingenuous hero's clerical guide, philosopher, and friend, Parson Adams—in whom the reputed master in novel-writing of our own day has recognised the masterpiece of all character-painting in English fiction. As to the character of Adams, Fielding remarks, that, as it is the most glaring in the whole, so he conceives it to be wholly original—"not to be found in any book now extant." He designed it, he says, as a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of the Parson's heart will recommend him to the good natured, so his author hopes it will excuse him (Henry Fielding) to the gentlemen of his (Abraham Adams's) cloth; "for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no other office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations."\*

Manliness and simplicity are the Parson's salient characteristics. He can be a hard hitter on occasion, but always has a soft heart. There may be a soft place or two in his head also; but a scholar of his attainments is, at least, no sufferer from general softening of the brain. A perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages, he is also an adept in the Eastern tongues, and can read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. Altogether he is "an excellent scholar,"—having applied many years to the most severe study, and treasured up a fund of learning rarely, says Fielding, to be found in a university. "He was, besides, a man of good sense, good parts, and good nature; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world, as an infant just entered into it could possibly be." And the author's irony finds plenteous scope in describing the rise and progress of so virtuous and highly-gifted a man, in his sacred profession; the Parson's attractive qualities so much endearing him to his diocesan, that, at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with; because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.†

It has been justly observed, in a comparison between Fielding and Smollett, that as the latter could hardly have created in its main features so gentle a humorist as Parson Adams, so he probably could scarcely have imagined a stroke of humour so delicate and appropriate to the character, as when the Parson offers to walk ten miles to fetch his sermon against Vanity, in order to convince his auditor of his total freedom from

\* Preface to *Joseph Andrews*.† *Joseph Andrews*, book i. ch. iii.

that vice.\* More in the style of Tobias is the Parson's offer of "ample security" for the three guineas he would fain borrow, on an emergency, of the innkeeper. Tow-wouse, expecting a watch, or a ring, or something of double the value, tells the Parson he believes he can furnish him. Upon which, Adams points to his saddle-bags, and tells him, with a face and voice full of solemnity, that there are in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pounds as a shilling is worth twelve pence, and that he will deposit one of these volumes in the innkeeper's hands by way of pledge.† The simple faith Parson Adams retains in the marketable as well as intrinsic value of his nine volumes of manuscript sermons, despite all the discouragements he meets with in all sorts of ways and from all sorts of men, approaches the sublime.

If this good man, by his author's own showing, has "an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side," it is that he thinks a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters; neither of which points, we are assured, he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.‡

Well, as Fanny says of him, "he is the worthiest best-natured creature!" "Ay," said Joseph, "God bless him, for there is not such another in the universe."—"The best man living, sure," cries Fanny.—"Is he?" says the squire, "then I am resolved to have the best creature living in my coach."§ And by the same token he finds his way into this magazine;—unique indeed, or, as the Germans have it, *der einzig*, in his way; yet typical, or a representative man, in certain distinctive features of an engaging as well as amusing kind.

There is an essay of investigation by Hazlitt, why the heroes of romances are insipid; in the course of which he remarks on Joseph Andrews, that "hero of the shoulder-knot," that it would be hard to canvass his pretensions too severely, especially considering what a patron he has in Parson Adams; of whom the critic exclaims, with a hearty note of admiration: "That one character would cut up into a hundred fine gentlemen and novel heroes!"|| Mr. Nichols informs us, in his "Literary Anecdotes," that the character was taken from a clergyman named Young;¶ and indeed it has been held almost impossible that so peculiar a character should have been the work of imagination, for, says one of Fielding's biographical critics,\*\* there is perhaps scarcely anything so difficult for a novelist as to draw singularity without allowing it to lapse into improbability and extravagance.

Dove-like simplicity is one of the distinguishing characteristics claimed by Izaak Walton for Richard Hooker. What went they out to see? asks the fine old angler, concerning scholars who pilgrimised to the personage of Borne, for a sight of the "judicious" divine, whose life and learning were so much admired. What to see? A prelate, clothed in

\* See Professor George Moir's treatise on Modern Romance and Novel.

† Joseph Andrews, book i. ch. xvi.

‡ Book iii. ch. v.

§ Book iv. ch. v.

|| Sketches and Essays by Wm. Hazlitt: Why the Heroes of Romances are Insipid.

¶ Literary Anecdotes, iii. 371.

\*\* In the English Cyclopædia.

purple and fine linen? No, indeed, exclaims honest Izaak; "but an obscure harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat, . . . and of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor Parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time."\* The story of Hooker's courtship and marriage—for once in his life he was injudicious—is instinct with the strange simplicity of the man; and many a trait in his scholarly career betokens him near of kin to Parson Adams. Nor in the matter of straitened means does the parallel fail.

Buchholz, who finds a place in Mr. Carlyle's last history, appears to have come of the same kindred; a poor country schoolmaster, who next became a poor country parson, in his native Altmarch; and whose book, of service to the biographer of Frederick the Great, is by him described as "of innocent, clear, faithful nature, with some vein of 'unconscious geniality' in it."†

Cowper, on making acquaintance with the Unwins, writes to Joseph Hill, "dear Joe," that "the old gentleman . . . is a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams."‡ Another clerical acquaintance, made just about the same time, is also after the Adams pattern; "a Mr. Nicholson, a north-country divine, very poor, but very good and very happy. He reads prayers here [Huntingdon] twice a day, all the year round; and travels on foot, to serve two churches, every Sunday through the year; his journey out and home again being sixteen miles. I supped with him last night. He gave me bread and cheese, and a black jug of ale of his own brewing, and doubtless brewed by his own hands."§

The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds used to be likened by his friends to Parson Adams. He was a scholar, we are told, guileless as a child, and as ignorant of the world. With extreme simplicity of manners and innocence of heart, he was so absent withal, that, "riding on horseback, in a pair of gambados, he dropped one of them by the way without missing it." If Parson Adams numbered six children to maintain on his "handsome income of 23*l.* a year," Mr. Reynolds could boast of double that number—though death reduced it, within his own lifetime, to our typical Parson's half-dozen.

Mrs. Richard Trench describes her "kind and good, nay doting grandfather," as one of those guileless, humble, benevolent, firm, affectionate, and pious characters who are rarely seen, and never, she thinks, duly appreciated; particularly when a species of *naïveté*, "which, for want of a better word, the world calls simplicity, is blended with those qualities."|| In learning, activity, and diligence, he was also of the Adams tribe.

The original of Abel Sampson appears to have been the George Thomson, of Melrose, for whom Sir Walter Scott begs preferment in a letter to the Duke of Buccleugh, and who was, in fact, the "grinder" of Scott's two boys. "He is nearer Parson Adams than any living creature I ever saw—very learned, very religious, very simple, and extremely

\* Life of Hooker, by Walton.

† Carlyle, *History of Friedrich II.*, vol. ii. p. 423.

‡ Cowper to Hill, Oct. 25, 1765.

§ Cowper to Lady Hesketh, Sept. 14, 1765.

|| Remains of the late Mrs. R. Trench, p. 3.

absent." "If you knew the poor fellow, your Grace would take uncommon interest in him, were it but for the odd mixture of sense and simplicity, and spirit and good morals."\* The order of grinders, college coaches, dominies, and schoolmasters in general, furnishes a large proportion of representatives of Mr. Abraham Adams. Andrew Dalzel (of the *Collectanea Græca*) is described by one of his pupils, Lord Cockburn, as "mild, affectionate, simple, an absolute enthusiast about learning—particularly classical, and especially Greek; with an innocence of soul and of manner which imparted an air of honest kindness to whatever he said or did."† Dr. Valpy figures to something of the like effect in Justice Talfourd's sketch of his old master; as a man to whom Envy, Hatred, and Malice were mere names—phantoms which scarcely touched him with a transient sense of reality; and whose guileless simplicity of heart was preserved by "the happy constitution of his nature, which passion could rarely disturb, and which evil had no power to stain."‡ Even of Dr. Parr would Sydney Smith make a quasi-Adams,—so far, at least, as to say, in a celebrated review of the Doctor's notes to his Spital Sermon, that he, the reviewer, had, in perusing them, been as much delighted with the richness of the preacher's acquisitions, the vigour of his understanding, and the genuine goodness of his heart, as he had been amused with "the ludicrous self-importance, and the miraculous simplicity of his character."§ And, by-the-by, Thomas Moore, in his *Diary*, draws a contrast between Sydney Smith, in the matter of clerical simplicity, and the Richmond schoolmaster who is best known by his *Horatius Restitutus*,—when he met the two at dinner in the Row (Longmans'). "Canon Tate, a regular *Princeps Editio* old fellow, whom I had never met with before. . . . Sydney most rampantly facetious; his whole manner and talk forming a most amusing contrast to the Parson Adams-like simplicity and middle-aged lore of his brother canon, Tate, who, between the volleys of Sydney's jokes, was talking to me of 'that charming letter written by Vossius to Casaubon,' and 'the trick played by that rogue Muretus upon Scaliger.'"||

Coleridge described his father, the vicar of Ottery St. Mary, to De Quincey, as "a sort of Parson Adams, distinguished by his erudition, his inexperience of the world, and his guileless simplicity." The good man used regularly to delight his village flock, on Sundays, with Hebrew quotations in his sermons, which he always introduced as "the immediate language of the Holy Ghost." This is said to have proved unfortunate to his successor, who was also a learned man, as his parishioners admitted; but the admission was generally made with a sigh for past times, and a sorrowful complaint that he was far below Parson Coleridge—for that he never gave them any "immediate language of the Holy Ghost." Altogether, Mr. de Quincey traces in Parson Coleridge a decided resemblance to Scott's Josiah Cargill, as regards his Oriental learning, his absence of mind, and his simplicity. He must also have resembled him in short-sightedness, to judge by the ludicrous instance related in the

\* Scott to the Duke of Buccleugh, April 15, 1819.

† Memorials of his Time, by Henry Cockburn, p. 19.

‡ Preface to "Ion."

§ See the first of Sydney Smith's reprinted articles in the *Edin. Rev.*

|| *Diary of Thomas Moore*, April, 1837.

Opium-eater's best manner, and from him "conveyed" into the foot-notes below.\*

William Lisle Bowles, if we may judge by the frequent notes about him in the journal of his lively neighbour and brother-poet, was, by direct descent, of Abraham's seed. "What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, &c., he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets." "Bowles called in the morning, and was most amusing about his purchase of a great-coat once in Monmouth-street, which while in the shop he took for blue, but which on his appearance in the sunshine, he found to be a glaring glossy green. His being met in this coat by a great church dignitary, &c., &c."† "Bowles . . . wished me to read what he had done in answer to Campbell [in the great Pope and Poetry feud]. Found

\* "Dining in a large party, one day, the modest divine was suddenly shocked by perceiving some part, as he conceived, of his own snowy shirt emerging from a part of his habiliments which we will suppose to have been his waistcoat. It was *not* that; but for decorum we will so call it. The stray portion of his own supposed tunic was admonished of its errors by a forcible thrust-back into its proper home; but still another *limbus* persisted to emerge, or seemed to persist, and still another, until the learned gentleman absolutely perspired with the labour of re-establishing order. And, after all, he saw with anguish that some arrears of the snowy indecorum still remained to reduce into obedience. To this remnant of rebellion he was proceeding to apply himself—strangely confounded, however, at the obstinacy of the insurrection—when the mistress of the house, rising to lead away the ladies from the table, and all parties naturally rising with her, it became suddenly apparent to every eye that the worthy Orientalist had been most laboriously stowing away, into the capacious receptacle of his own habiliments—under the delusion that it was his own shirt—the snowy folds of a lady's gown, belonging to his next neighbour; and so voluminously, that a very small portion of it indeed remained for the lady's own use; the natural consequence of which was, of course, that the lady appeared inextricably yoked to the learned theologian, and could not in any way effect her release, until after certain operations upon the vicar's dress, and a continued refunding and rolling out of snowy mazes upon snowy mazes, in quantities which at length proved too much for the gravity of the company. Inextinguishable laughter arose from all parties, except the erring and unhappy doctor, who, in dire perplexity, continued still refunding with all his might—perspiring and refunding—until he had paid up the last arrears of his long debt."—Collected Works of Thomas de Quincey, vol. ii. pp. 174 sq. (edit 1854).

The reader, if familiar with French literature in general, or at least with Mme. de Sévigné's letters in particular, may be reminded of a passage in one of these, describing a certain New Year's-day ceremony at Versailles, whereat the following incident occurred: "*Mais ce qui déconcerta entièrement la gravité de la cérémonie, ce fut la négligence du bon M. d'Hocquincourt, qui était tellement habillé comme les Provençaux et les Bretons, que ses chausses de page étant moins commodes que celles qu'il avait d'ordinaire, sa chemise ne voulait jamais y demeurer, quelque prière qu'il lui fit; car, sachant son état, il tâchait incessamment d'y donner ordre, et ce fut toujours inutilement; de sorte que madame la Dauphine ne put tenir plus longtemps les éclats de rire,*" &c.—Madame de Sévigné à Mme. de Grignan, 3 janvier, 1689.

The same general reader is, perhaps, more likely to be conversant with the writings of Balzac; and, in that case, may bethink him of a savant introduced to Raphaël, in the mystic romance of *La Peau de Chagrin*—the savant in question being a naturalist whose nights were devoted to study, and whose very mistakes subverted the glory of France: Raphaël admires him accordingly: "*mais une petite-maitresse aurait ri sans doute de la solution de continuité qui se trouvait entre la culotte et le gilet rayé du savant, interstice d'ailleurs chastement rempli par une chemise qu'il avait copieusement froncée en se baissant et se levant tour à tour, au gré de ses observations zoogénétiques.*"—*La Peau de Chagrin*, § iii.

† Diary of Thomas Moore, Oct. 3 and Dec. 23, 1818.

him in the bar of the White Hart, dictating to a waiter (who acted as amanuensis for him) his ideas of the true sublime in poetry : never was there such a Parson Adams since the real one."\*

The breed may be getting scarce in these isles ; but it flourishes, by all accounts, in the island-country, *Sarri-ma*, off the mainland of Esthonia ; where the clergy (Lutheran) are so unsophisticated, thanks to their seclusion from the world, that "the Parson at Rūno" is in common talk an accepted synonym with extreme simplicity.

The real interest of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is justly held to lie in the development of the character of Doctor Primrose himself—so rich in unworldly, so poor in worldly wisdom—"with enough of literary vanity about him to show that he shares the weaknesses of our nature,—ready to be imposed upon by cosmogonies and fictitious bills of exchange, and yet commanding, by the simple and serene dignity of goodness, the respect even of the profligate, and making 'those who came to mock remain to pray.'"<sup>†</sup> A worse motto might be found for him than what Shakspeare's Troilus, with no such meaning, says of himself :

I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.‡

Mrs. Mathews is of opinion that the father of her husband "might have suggested to Goldsmith his Vicar of Wakefield." And adds : "According to my idea of Parson Adams, Mr. Mathews's father was a personification of the character ; guileless as sensible, he was an image of simplicity and goodness."§

There is a flavour of the good Parson about Southey's Richard Guy (educator of Daniel Dove), whose acquirements—including something of both astrology and alchemy—were grafted on a most easy disposition, and who was beholden to nature for an understanding so clear and quick that it might have raised him to some distinction in the world if he had not been under the influence of an imagination at once lively and credulous. "Five-and-fifty years had taught him none of the world's wisdom ; they had sobered his mind without maturing it ; but he had a wise heart, and the wisdom of the heart is worth all other wisdom."||

Sir Walter Scott comments, in the instance of one of his characters, on the extraordinary conjunction there presented between a liberal stock of mental acquisitions and a total ignorance of actual life. It seemed as if the person in question saw and knew everything, except what passed in the world around ; and a piquant contrast is suggested between this ignorance and simplicity of thinking upon ordinary subjects, and the co-existing fund of general knowledge and information.¶ Of no parson, however, or elderly pedant, is all this said, but of a dashing demoiselle. But Sir Walter, in other works, furnishes us with clerical cousins, once or twice removed, of Parson Adams. There is something of affinity to Abraham in Reuben Butler, for instance, who read Virgil's Georgics till he could not tell bear from barley ; and had nearly destroyed the crops

\* Diary of Thomas Moore, March 26, 1819.

† See the treatise on the Modern Novel, in *Encycl. Britan.*

‡ Troilus and Cressida, Act III. Sc. 2.

§ Life and Correspondence of Charles Mathews, ch. x.

¶ The Doctor, ch. vii.

¶ Rob Roy, ch. xiii.

of the family farm, while attempting to cultivate them according to the practice of Columella and Cato the Censor.\* The reverend Reuben is fairly distanced, however, by another Scottish minister, Josiah Cargill, in a less popular (but surely underrated?) successor of the Waverley series. The Reverend Josiah has not a particle of Abraham Adams's muscular development; but he is related to him in several qualities of mind and heart—the sweetness of his disposition, and his aptitude for blundering, in particular. He is a “mild, gentle, and studious lover of learning,”—of “maid-like modesty.” Bewildered amid abstruse researches, he has acquired many ludicrous habits, which expose him to the ridicule of the world,—not only indulging in neglect of dress and appearance, but becoming “probably the most abstracted and absent man of a profession peculiarly liable to cherish such habits.” But all the neighbourhood acknowledge Mr. Cargill's pastoral worth; and the poorer parishioners at least forgive his innocent peculiarities, in consideration of his unbounded charity.† If Abel Sampson is something like broad farce, Josiah Cargill is his congener, and Parson Adams's, in a kind of genteel comedy version.

Only superficial is the likeness to Cargill of a certain tutor in one of Mackenzie's fictions: “a man of that abstracted disposition, that is seldom conversant with anything around it. Simplicity of manners was, in him, the effect of an apathy in his constitution (increased by constant study) that was proof against all violence of passion or desire.”‡ This apathy dispels the charm, and excludes the grace, that may else make interesting and lovable a simple-minded scholar.

The autobiographer of John Galt's *Annals of the Parish* is better appreciated north of the Tweed than south. By Scottish critics he is hailed as worthy to pair off with either Parson Adams or Doctor Primrose. These three members of the sacred profession are pronounced by one authority to hold the same rank among the clergy, that Sir Roger de Coverley, Baron Bradwardine, and (the comparatively unknown) Sir Hugh Tyrold do among laymen: they take possession of the heart of the reader through every avenue, by the mere force of their guileless and kindly natures. The Reverend Micah Balwhidder has not, it is allowed, the learning or mental vigour of Parson Adams, nor the tenderness and delicacy of “the husband of one wife,” the Vicar of Wakefield; still, “he is worthy, in virtue of their common good heartedness and pastoral affections, to take his place by their side; and he is the first presbyter who has been thus honoured.”§ For the critic here cited has a grudge against Sir Walter's “presbyters,” and refers only to such among them as are essentially and emphatically diverse in spirit from the Sampson and Adams type.

When the “Amber Witch” first came out,—supposed to be the composition of Abraham Schweidler, a pastor in the Island of Usedom,—it was welcomed by English reviewers with the remark, that clergymen have been from time out of mind among our best narrators: Dr. Primrose, Army Chaplain Schmetzle, the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, and half a

\* The Heart of Mid-Lothian, ch. ix.

† St. Ronan's Well, ch. xvi., *passim*.

‡ The Man of the World, by Henry Mackenzie, ch. ix.

§ See Critical addenda annexed to “Annals of the Parish,” edit. 1850, p. 308.

dozen more worthy men of different "persuasions," rising up in pious row to the reviewers' remembrance; to the company of which clerical narrators was now to be added the Abraham Schweidler aforesaid—a man "simple, generous, faithful, credulous," "pedantically accomplished in displaying his clerical learning,"—and altogether a not too distant relation of his Christian namesake, Mr. Adams.

Washington Irving sketches a parson of the type under notice in the chaplain he assigns to Bracebridge Hall; a poor scholar who, having lived almost entirely among books, and those, too, old books, has a mind as antiquated as the garden at the Hall, with its yew-trees clipped into urns and peacocks; and who, with all his quaint and curious learning, has nothing of arrogance or pedantry, but "that unaffected earnestness and guileless simplicity which belong to the literary antiquary."\*

The portrait of an "amiable, enthusiastic, and yet absurd Methodist parson," Ezekiel Daw, in Cumberland's "Henry"—a now forgotten novel—has been admired for its air of originality, even when placed beside that of Parson Adams, by which, says Professor Moir, it was obviously suggested.

M. Sainte-Beuve sees in Prévost's *bon doyen de Killerine*, a *tuteur cordial et embarrassé*, &c., who is *passablement ridicule à la manière d'Abraham Adams*.†

## DEATH OF THE SIXTH EARL DOUGLAS, A.D. 1456.

### AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

THE heath-bell purples all the glen,  
The yellow gorse shines gay,  
And twice a thousand mail-clad men  
Ride down the rocky way.

Two thousand swords of temper'd steel  
Flash back the sun's red light;  
Two thousand loyal voices peal,  
To bless their youthful knight.

What means this tramp of neighing steeds,  
This tread of armed men?  
Earl Douglas, famed for val'rous deeds,  
Spurs down Lord Chrichton's glen.

At sixteen years, as brave a boy  
As Douglas-born need be;  
He well can give his sword employ,  
For strong and bold is he.

\* Bracebridge Hall, ch. xvi.

† Portraits Littéraires, ii. 275.



Earl Douglas in the warlike West  
Hath towers and castles old,  
Where nobles wait their lord's behest,  
All vassals true and bold.

Douglas is chief of Allandale,  
And lord of Galloway;  
And many a clan, o'er hill and dale,  
His mandate must obey.

Douglas is lord of Longueville,  
And duke of proud Tourraine;  
He rides encased in glittering steel,  
With warriors in his train.

Yet heavy on his youthful face  
A boding cloud hangs dark;  
A thought of fear he cannot chase,  
Yet scorns to own—and, hark!

Methought the owlet flitted past;  
The raven's note of fear  
Croak'd harshly on the gathering blast—  
Lord Douglas, didst thou hear?

Methought the leaves came rustling by,  
And whispers fill'd the air:  
"Douglas, beware the serpent's eye  
Among the flow'rets fair!"

And Douglas' cheek grew deadly white,  
As died those bodings hollow;  
'Twas but a moment, and the knight  
Cheer'd on his men to follow.

"Speed on, speed on, my henchmen brave,  
Lord Chrichton's hall to gain;  
See from its towers his banners wave,  
Bright welcome to my train.

"King James is in the castle-yard,  
Lord Chrichton by him stands,  
Surrounded by a chosen guard  
From Scotland's bravest bands.

"Long live the King!" the Douglas cried,  
"And Chrichton long live he!"  
It echoed far on every side,  
And fill'd the woods with glee.

"Welcome, Earl Douglas!" quoth King James,  
"Thou chief of dauntless might."  
They rush'd into each other's arms,  
The monarch and the knight.

It was a goodly sight, I ween,  
Those two fair boys together;  
A nobler pair were never seen  
On Chrichton's purple heather.

Into the castle-court they sped,  
Right royal was the cheer;  
And yet a ghastly sound of dread  
Aye murmur'd low of fear.

And oft the owlet flitted by,  
 And whispers fill'd the air :  
 " Douglas, beware the serpent's eye  
 Among the flow'rets fair !"

Two days had pass'd in revels gay,  
 And a young moon shone pale,  
 When Douglas took his lonely way  
 Adown the fern-clad vale.

It chanced that night he could not sleep,  
 And wander'd forth alone,  
 What time the owls their vigils keep  
 On watch-towers of stone.

When, lo ! there stood the Earl beside  
 A hermit old and grey.  
 " Now who art thou," the chieftain cried,  
 " Dares stop Earl Douglas' way ?"

Solemn and slow the hermit said,  
 " Last night I knelt in prayer,  
 In Marie's chapel, for the dead  
 Who lie entombèd there,

" When silent pass'd a phantom by,  
 That paused before the shrine,  
 And by the blue light of her eye  
 I knew St. Catherine.\*

" I shook in every limb with dread,  
 My beads fell rattling down—  
 Ah me ! a spirit from the dead  
 Might fright an armed town.

" She spoke—at least methought she spoke,  
 None else it seem'd were there,  
 And yet a voice the silence broke,  
 Echoing from everywhere :

" ' Woe, woe to Scotland's bravest knight !  
 To Scotland's monarch woe !  
 Ere western fades to-morrow's light,  
 Blood, noble blood, shall flow !

" ' Dunedin, o'er thy rugged brow  
 Thy castle crown shines fair ;  
 Dunedin, mute thine echoes now,  
 That soon shall sound despair !"

" Douglas, beware ! a path of flowers  
 May lead to dungeon keeps ;  
 And who would linger in the bowers  
 Wherein a serpent sleeps ?

" Douglas, beware ! for flattery's guile  
 But hides a poison'd dart ;  
 And who would trust to Chrichton's smile  
 That knew his sin-black heart ?

\* It was on St. Catherine's-day that Earl Douglas was treacherously killed.

"Oh, chieftain, fly; a spirit's warning  
Who braves, his deed shall wail.  
To horse! and may the break of morning  
Light thee to Annandale."

Again the owlet flitted by,  
And whispers fill'd the air:  
"Douglas, beware the serpent's eye  
Among the flow'rets fair!"

But Douglas curl'd his lip in scorn:  
"A warrior knows no dread,  
Though fair St. Catherine rise to warn  
E'en from the silent dead.

"Yet to the phantom ladye fair  
A courteous message bring,  
That Douglas shall requite her care  
With costly offering."

Alas, rash youth! thy heedless pride  
Too surely seals thy doom;  
And jocund life's full river-tide  
But rushes to the tomb!

Bright rose the morning, not a cloud  
Hover'd or far or near,  
The banners flutter'd high and proud,  
The bugle blast peal'd clear.

Lord Douglas, from his casement high,  
Look'd wonderingly below,  
Where men and horses, all astir,  
Were hurrying to and fro.

His prancing steed, that ill could bide  
Other than his control,  
Stood chafing in its restless pride  
Beneath a velvet stole.

The sight was one the youth to please,  
And vaulting on his back,  
"Pleasant," he cried, "the morning breeze  
That fans the red deer's track."

"Not to the hunt we ride to-day,"  
Lord Chrichton straight replied;  
"Towards fair Dunedin lies our way,  
With Livingstone to bide.

"The Regent holds high revel there  
Within the castle wall,  
And humbly craves your presence fair  
To grace his banquet-hall."

A raven croak'd above the gate  
His wild hoarse note of fear;  
A warning of impending fate  
It struck on Douglas' ear.

He bared his brow to meet the wind,  
He spurr'd his courser's pace,  
The doubt swift vanish'd from his mind,  
The pallor from his face.

Beside him rode an aged knight,  
A warrior tried and bold,  
True as his own good sword, and hight  
Fleming of Cumbernauld.

On, on, for many a weary mile,  
Nor yet the silence broke;  
But when they near'd the royal pile,  
To Douglas thus he spoke:

"Be not the foremost of thy train  
To cross the castle bridge,  
Or much I fear none else may gain  
Yon grim rock's farther ridge.

"I trust not Chrichton's flattering words,  
Nor Livingstone's false wiles;  
I dread them not with unsheath'd swords,  
But much I fear their smiles.

"My chieftain! ere it be too late  
An old man's caution bear,  
Nor rashly tempt a cruel fate  
Without thy followers there.

"At least, Lord David must not go;  
If both of ye shall fall,  
Think of your loyal kinsman's woe  
To weep your father's all!

"For ne'er a son beside ye twain  
To bear his name left he;  
And such a chief of might again  
Shall Scotland never see."

But Douglas turn'd, with eye that burn'd,  
And measured words of scorn:

"Thy hoary years excuse thy fears,  
But one of Douglas born

"Needs but the terror of his name,  
And but his own good sword,  
Nor Chrichton dares my clan inflame  
By murdering their lord.

"For vengeance from ten thousand tongues  
In accents stern would swear  
T'avenge to blood the Douglas' wrongs,  
And 'they can do who dare.'

"But thou art free; adventure not  
Thy dear loved life within!"  
On Fleming's cheek a burning spot,  
Lit by that taunt, was seen.

Yet silently again he rode,  
With heavy heart I ween,  
And spanning now the dusty road  
The castle gate was seen.

And royal James has enter'd now,  
And Chrichton by his side,  
And now Lord David and the Earl,  
Through the grim portal ride.

Then with a dull and heavy strain  
Down the portcullis fell,  
And Douglas to his faithful train  
Look'd forth and waved farewell.

Again the raven, flitting by,  
Croak'd with a warning sound,  
And Douglas scann'd with startled eye  
The festive scenes around.

But when his anxious glance descried  
Fleming of Cumbernauld  
Standing in silence at his side,  
Again his heart grew bold.

And, for that heart was warm and true,  
His strong right hand he gave,  
"Forgive! my hasty words I rue!"  
And Cumbernauld forgave.

The fragrant banquet graced the board,  
The sparkling wine flowed free,  
And minstrelsy its wild notes poured  
Amid the noisy glee.

The rarest spoils of sunny air,  
Or briny depths below,  
The forest's antler'd pride, were there,  
And luscious fruits—but, lo!

The latest dish they bore along,  
The massive cover raised—  
The minstrels falter'd in their song,  
The guests in horror gazed!

There lay in red blood, reeking high,  
With muscles quivering still,  
The black bull's head! its glazing eye  
Struck to each heart a chill.

A furious rush! a frantic shout!  
And well the Douglas knew  
His sands of life were nigh run out,  
His shrieking moments few.

And yet he kept his foes at bay,  
In knightly prowess bold,  
Till dead before his chieftain lay  
Fleming of Cumbernauld!

And then he bared his heaving breast,  
And, with one bitter cry,  
The brave young chieftain of the West  
Resign'd himself to die.

That night, by flickering torches' light,  
A secret grave they made,  
And there, beside their father's friend,  
The Douglas boys were laid.

And oft the raven, flitting by  
Dunedin's castle fair,  
Bemoans them with her startled cry,  
Those heroes sleeping there!

## THE HEIRESS OF AVENING ABBEY.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE HUNTING-PARTY.

A LARGE party were seated in the oak-panelled dining-hall of Avening Abbey at a long table, with hissing tea-urns at either end, and coffee-pots at the sides, with cream-jugs and milk-jugs, muffin and butter-dishes, toast-racks, egg-stands, plates of sausages, potted meats, honey and preserves in crystal glasses, and numberless other delicacies lay scattered about in the confusion into which they speedily fall when people have once commenced the operation of breakfasting. But this was not the only provision against hunger prepared for the guests. The large, richly-carved, dark oak sideboard, its back glittering with silver cups, tankards, and salvers, with two gigantic bronze figures in Oriental costume supporting candelabras at the two extremities, literally groaned with the substantial fare which covered it; brawn and chines of pork and hams, boiled beef and roast beef, and pies and fowls and game, food to suit all tastes and degrees of hunger; small piles of sandwiches also, enveloped in white paper, were ready for the coat-pockets of those whose appetites required appeasing before dinner-time; while a dignified butler and two powdered footmen, having just lifted the covers from the table, stood ready to dispense the more substantial viands to those who demanded them. Large oaken carved arm-chairs were occupied by the host and hostess, smaller ones of a similar character being arranged for the guests. A few grave-looking full-length portraits in massive frames, with a small rim only of gold, hung from the walls, the panels between them being ornamented with stags' horns, antique arms, and brackets for lamps. A thick soft Turkey carpet was spread on the polished oak floor, which appeared for a foot or two from the walls round it. Altogether, everything in the room bespoke the abode of an English gentleman or noble of wealth, and accustomed to enjoy the luxuries which wealth affords. From the large double windows an animated scene could be witnessed. Hounds and huntsmen were collected, with whips cracking, and uttering shouts and cries strange to uninitiated ears, and red-coated horsemen in white cords and spotless top-boots came riding up from either end of the long avenue, now thickly sprinkled with autumn leaves, and knowing grooms were either leading or slowly riding up and down steeds not, from their appearance, often to be surpassed for bone and muscle, trained into the most graceful forms. Several with side-saddles showed that ladies were purposing to join in the sport, or, at all events, to see the hounds turn off.

In front a wide expanse of greensward spread out to a considerable distance, dotted with clumps of trees of many varied hues. On one side a broad lake could be seen between the stems of the partially leaf-denuded trees, and on the other, on the slope of a green hill, a grey ruin with a pointed window, a crumbling arch and pillar appearing

through a mass of clambering ivy, while intersecting slopes of pasture and arable land, groves and copses, a sparkling stream and blue hills in the distance, added to the soft beauty of the landscape, and showed the commanding situation of the mansion.

But we will join the company at the breakfast-table. Sir Stephen Leicester, the host, though he was advanced in life, and his hair was white as snow, had a complexion clear and healthy as in the days of his youth. His voice scarcely faltered when he spoke, and his light, small, well-knit figure, now as he was dressed in a red hunting-suit, showed that he was as active and capable of enduring fatigue as any of his younger guests. His finely-chiselled, well-formed features were almost reflected by the beautifully fair girl who sat opposite to him at the other end of the table. No one could have required to be informed that she was his daughter. Her brow might have been slightly broader, and her blue eyes larger, and certainly, when she stood up, she was seen to be taller than her father.

Julia Leicester was, in truth, a beautiful and graceful English girl, the light-fitting riding-habit she wore setting off her figure to great advantage. She was Sir Stephen's only child, and the heiress of the broad lands and handsome mansion of Avening Abbey. Her manner was peculiarly calm, gentle, and thoughtful. Some might have considered that she wanted animation, though she could smile and laugh heartily, too, on occasion; and an acute discerner of the lineaments of the human countenance might have discovered that she was capable of exerting considerable firmness and determination when persuaded that she was right. Her mother, a true, right-minded Englishwoman, had died a few years back—not, however, too soon to impress on her daughter the main principles which were to guide her through life.

Presiding at one of the tea-urns sat her cousin, Caroline Barnard, a dark-eyed, sparkling girl, full of life, animation, and, as she herself acknowledged, of impudence; not that, but rather of utter indifference to what the prim make-believe decorous part of mankind thought or said of her, her sayings and doings. She was handsome also; a fine specimen of womankind—hearty, impulsive, but not lacking in wisdom, which generally brought her up in time before her spirits had run too far away with her. There were two or three other ladies—a Miss Lushingham, sister of Sir Guy Lushingham, a young, single, and wealthy baronet in the neighbourhood, who was present in hunting costume; and a Miss Etheldreda Surplice, the sister of a young, single, and handsome clergyman, the vicar of the parish. Etheldreda Surplice, taking advantage of a general invitation to the abbey, had come, as she had said, to see what was going on, but certainly not to see the hounds turn off. There was not altogether a satisfactory expression in the young lady's countenance. There was another lady, not to be passed over without remark. Though Sir Stephen sat at the end of the table, she actually performed the duty of pouring out the tea. She was habited in a rich silk dress befitting a middle-aged lady, with a few handsome ornaments. Most women are said to have a weakness for appearing younger than they really are. Her countenance, though utterly devoid of colour, and free from all expression which betokened the workings of her mind, from

its clear hue and freedom from wrinkles, and the gloss on her light-brown hair, rather belied her declared age. She never could have been handsome, though she was not now plain, and she might be a most estimable, amiable person, but her cold grey eye and thin lips were not attractive. She had been highly recommended to Sir Stephen through some relations of Sir Guy Lushingham's as a lady in every way qualified to act the part of protectress and duenna to his only daughter. She was noiseless, unobtrusive, and never gave offence to the housekeeper, butler, or any of the servants, but, somehow or other, had gradually insinuated herself into the confidence of every one, and gained considerable influence in the household.

"Mrs. Macherly, may I ask you for a cup of tea?" said Sir Guy Lushingham, bowing to the lady as he spoke. "We are, indeed, indebted to you for the trouble you are taking, and you and Miss Surplice are, I find, the only ladies present who are not to accompany us to the hunting-field. Do you never ride?"

"No, Sir Guy. I have been content all my life to move humbly on my own feet, or when compelled to journey in a carriage, and at my time of life I am not likely to alter my ways."

"Come, come, my dear Mrs. Macherly, pray don't talk of your age!" exclaimed another gentleman near her. "Those who have the pleasure of seeing you will not believe that youth and you have parted company, nor you with sense, talent, and discretion."

The speaker was a pleasant-looking, strongly, though not coarsely, built man, with a broad forehead, clear, somewhat florid complexion, and grey open eyes. He was still young, though his forehead showed signs of coming baldness.

"You are fonder of paying compliments than I am of receiving them, Mr. Miles Falkner," returned the lady, without altering her countenance or the tone of her voice.

"I beg your pardon, but you know that I am privileged to be impertinent; however, I confess that even I should not venture to tell a lady that I think she is older than she really is, and so I conclude that the subject of a lady's age should never be alluded to," returned Miles Falkner.

He was not a favourite with Mrs. Macherly, though she veiled her dislike by the bland courtesy with which she treated every one.

Whether Miles Falkner liked her or not, it was difficult to say, for he joked with and bantered her in the same free-and-easy way that he did everybody else—Julia Leicester, his cousin the heiress, not excepted, and Caroline Barnard, to whom he was equally related; neither did he spare the Reverend Ambrose Surplice, the vicar of the parish; nor even the wealthy Sir Guy Lushingham, his uncle's nearest neighbour of much consideration. Caroline Barnard always fought him with his own weapons. Julia took his bantering in good part; she liked and respected him, and had just a slight fear, not of him, but of not standing well in his good opinion.

"To horse! to horse!" was the cry.

Breakfast was over, and the guests began to assemble in the hall to look for hats and caps, for whips and gloves. Sir Guy hurried down to help Miss Leicester on her horse; but Miles Falkner had been



before him, and Caroline Barnard, nothing loth, obtained his services. The morning was bright, the air pure and bracing, and everybody seemed in high spirits as the gay and gallant cavalcade set forward towards the spot where it was expected a fox would be found.

The huntsman's horn sounded cheerfully, the dogs gave tongue, shouts resounded through the copse, the fox, unearthed, stole off, soon finding that he was followed, putting forth all his speed to try the mettle of his pursuers, and away went hounds and horsemen after them, the old baronet among the headmost, taking every leap before him, the younger one following with the ladies, that he might show them the short cuts and easy places through which they might make their way. The cunning fox led the huntsmen a long chase. Suddenly the red coats were seen to pull up; there was a gathering of them together; the hounds were called off; the huntsman's horn ceased blowing. It was evident that a serious accident had occurred. Miles Falkner was seen separating himself from the group and galloping at headlong speed in the direction from which he calculated the ladies were coming. He found them. His manner was calmer than usual. He told them that the fox was lost, the hunt over, and that it would be best to return forthwith to the abbey. He easily evaded certain questions put to him by Sir Guy, and, addressing himself to Julia, succeeded in occupying her mind on various subjects till they reached the abbey.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CONSPIRATORS—HOW THE FOXES TOOK TO HUNTING, AND THE GAME THEY CHASED.

As soon as the hunting-party had disappeared, Mrs. Macherly, having left Miss Surplice copying some illuminations for a collection of hymns to the Virgin Mary which her brother was making, put on a warm cloak and bonnet, and took her way through the woods to the farthest corner of the park, round which a footpath ran, affording a delightful walk at most seasons of the year. After taking a few turns in a glade under some lofty beeches, and looking more than once at her watch, she was joined by a person who, if precision of costume, soft manners, and good address, and well formed, rather refined features could make a gentleman, was certainly one; at the same time, it might have been questionable whether he would have been received as such among men of the world.

"I am glad that you have come at length, for I wish much to consult you," she said, in that unimpassioned tone which was habitual to her. "The plan should work well, for she has a religious spirit, and a mind which might easily be weaned from worldly matters, as I judge from the conversations I have had with her; but yet I do not make the progress I had a right to expect from my experience with other girls under similar circumstances. I felt that even to hint at my views would be fatal. Even Etheldreda Surplice, who enters fully into her brother's opinions, does not appear to have won her confidence. What advice can you give me, father?"

"Wait the course of events," answered the person addressed.

"Some affliction may visit her, or an illness, when her feelings may be more impressible; or she may be, what would be more effectual, crossed in love—disappointed in the hopes dearest to a woman's heart."

Mrs. Macherly winced. It was seldom so much expression of feeling passed across her countenance. Perhaps she was off her guard with the person who was speaking to her.

The priest, if such he was, continued: "The latter plan might be accomplished, but it would be difficult. There are few men we could venture to employ who would have, from the character you give of her, much chance of success. Could we find one, we might win all. Failing this, we must endeavour to advance Sir Guy's interests with her. He admires her as much as he is capable of doing, and is ready enough to pay his addresses, and Sir Stephen would certainly favour him on account of his position and the proximity of their estates, provided the girl herself fancied him. This, then, is the surest game to play; but Sir Guy, I find, dull as he is, is fond of money—the whole, if not the larger portion, of the property will be entailed, and we should obtain probably only a meagre annual harvest out of their income, with an occasional sum to endow a convent or a church. Sir Stephen himself is, you tell me, even averse to the ritualistic observances which some of the Protestant clergy are introducing into their churches, weak imitations of our gorgeous and attractive ceremonies, though we have no reason to complain of them. I do not know to what extremes he might not be forced were he to find his daughter turning Catholic. Most certainly he would, as far as the law would help him, so closely lock up every sixpence of the property, that we should benefit but little by it. Therefore, you see, great caution and management is necessary."

"I am fully impressed with that fact," said Mrs. Macherly. "Not long ago, when I had got his ear, and no one was listening, I touched delicately on the subject of religion, and merely hinted that Catholics have some advantages not possessed by Protestants; and from the scornful, angry way in which he came down on me, I heartily wished that I had not broached the subject."

"Yes, I believe it," was the answer. "These Protestant country gentlemen, who have very, very slight knowledge of the articles of the faith which they profess to hold, are wonderfully tenacious of their heretical communion, and highly indignant if for a moment the slightest praise is bestowed on our Holy Church. Sir Stephen is obstinate, too, in his own opinion on all subjects, and utterly unlikely to change. Sir Guy, on the contrary, is soft, and, fortunately for our object, when at Oxford belonged to the extreme High Church party, who played at being priests, indulged in mock masses, and dressed themselves up in vestments imitating ours. Much as we may laugh at their puerility, his mind has been prepared for his becoming a willing and facile tool in our hands. His dulness, however, is trying, and had I not stirred him up, he would never himself have thought of paying his addresses to Miss Leicester. Depend on it, your occupation is pleasanter than mine, though that should be no consideration to either of us. To have to manage the mind as well as the affairs of

a dull fool is trying in the extreme to our human feelings, though I contrive to extract a no inconsiderable per-centage on the rents of the estate which pass through my hands, for the use of our Holy Church."

Enough of the conversation has been given to show the objects of the speakers, and at length the worthy couple parted, the man being no other than a Mr. Simon Silk, the upper steward or manager of Sir Guy Lushingham's estate. He had been in his employment for about a couple of years, and had succeeded in gaining much influence over him. He had no particular right to the name of Simon Silk, nor would he have chosen it, but fortune threw it in his way. A real Simon Silk was recommended to Sir Guy, but he was taken ill on his way and died, and the gentleman who has just been introduced, being called in to attend him, possessed himself of his credentials, and, having taken precautions to prevent the interference of the dead man's relatives, presented himself in his place. There was some risk of discovery, but there was a great object to be gained, and, in his opinion, the end sanctified the means. He was also thoroughly acquainted with agricultural matters and the work he had undertaken, so that he greatly advanced the material interests of his employer. He ascertained that Sir Guy knew nothing of the antecedents of the real Simon Silk, and he was therefore safe in speaking about himself when it suited his purpose. He had visited several parts of the world, and could talk well of what he had seen; he accounted for this by saying that as a youth he had run away to sea, and thus had touched at all the countries he spoke of, but, growing weary of the life of a sailor, he had returned on shore, and taken up that of a farmer. Sir Guy thought him a wonderfully clever and intelligent man, a jewel of a steward, and he soon rose high in the baronet's favour, and became the keeper of his purse and pretty well of his conscience also—at all events, of his secrets. It was through Mr. Silk's management that Mrs. Macherly had been recommended to Sir Stephen, and possibly his hand had forged the testimonials which induced the old baronet to accept her services.

Little did the young heiress dream of the net which the fowlers were preparing to cast around her. Had Mrs. Macherly had a heart, it might have been touched with compassion for the innocent and lovely girl; but the thoughtless schoolboy watching the happy bird approaching his snare no more feels pity for it than she did for Julia Leicester. All such tender sentiment as might have caused her to relent, all free agency, all feeling of self, had been stamped out, pressed, extracted from her, by the training she had undergone from her earliest youth. Thinking over the remarks of the steward, she slowly returned towards the abbey. As she drew near it, she saw a number of horsemen in red coats collected before the entrance.

"It is strange that the hunt should so soon be over," she said to herself. "Something serious must have occurred. Has Julia been hurt? Has the heiress been killed?"

If so, all her plotting, all the time she had expended, would be of no avail. She hurried on, and inquired of the first groom she met in the avenue with more animation than she had ever before been seen to exhibit—it was put down to her sensibility—if Miss Leicester had

been hurt. No, Miss Leicester had just before dismounted, and been led in doors by Mr. Falkner and Miss Dalton. It was Sir Stephen who had received an injury. His horse had fallen on him, and it was believed that he was killed. A gleam of satisfaction passed over her countenance as she turned aside to pass through a side-gate by which she could reach a private entrance into the house. She devoutly hoped that there might be no mistake about the matter.

Her cousins, Caroline Barnard and Miles Falkner, led the heiress to her own boudoir. She trembled to ask what had happened.

"My dear father—what of him?" she said at length.

They told her that there was no hope, that his horse fell on him, and that he was killed on the spot. She asked no more; she knew that she was an orphan, she felt the crushing weight of her responsibilities, but that more selfish feeling was soon swallowed up by grief for the loss of him who had been her all in all on earth. No daughter could be more attached to her father, and she knew, too, how fondly he loved her. She waited till the evening, and then she stole forth to the room where he was laid, and she knelt down by his side, and prayed that strength, and knowledge, and wisdom might be given her to fulfil the new duties to which she was called, and that she might be supported in the difficulties and protected from the dangers to which she might be exposed. Then, overcome, she gave way to a burst of tears. Mrs. Macherly had watched her, and now glided into the room.

"My dear Miss Leicester, for your own sake this must not be!" she said, in her soft yet curiously firm tone. "We should not grieve overmuch for those who are gone, when we know that they are happy, or that we have the means in our power of ensuring their happiness. Oh! what a blessed privilege that is given to us, to be able to redeem the souls of our departed loved ones, to know that our humble alms are valued at a high price, and that the prayers of the Church are received as incense and an acceptable sacrifice! But come, dearest lady, I must use gentle force, and conduct you to your room; then we can the better by ourselves talk over these deep mysterious matters, and assuredly they will prove a comfort to your wearied heart in this time of trouble."

Julia only comprehended that she was invited to return to her room, and allowed herself to be led there without resistance.

Mrs. Macherly continued to pour forth remarks similar to the above, but they scarcely reached the ears of the heiress. She had not the power to offer any real comfort to an afflicted heart; she could threaten, or alarm, or mystify, but of the chief precious truth—the centre of all religious knowledge—God's love and the Saviour's all-sufficient merits, she knew nothing; all her careful training, all the lessons she had received, had not taught it to her, for it was a knowledge her masters did not possess. Though Mrs. Macherly discovered that she had not made much progress in this great opportunity, the very time for which she had been waiting, she did not despair—she had numerous other engines to bring into play. Mr. Silk must be consulted without loss of time; he, indeed, would certainly summon her to an interview as soon as he knew what had occurred. One

person she dreaded more than anybody else was Caroline Barnard. She had frequently heard her speak contemptuously of forms and ceremonies, and Mrs. Macherly knew that, if once her own designs were unmasked, Caroline would be her determined opponent. She had far less fear of Miles Falkner. She believed him to be a rattle-brain, careless person, who thought very little about religious matters, and would care nothing for any fancies his cousin Julia might take up; besides, gentlemen relations, unless they have some closer tie than mere relationship, seldom exercise much influence over ladies. A little occasional bantering and quizzing was all she dreaded from Mr. Falkner. For the present, she believed that if she could get Caroline out of the way she might have the field to herself; no one would come to interfere with the fresh grief of the young heiress, and in the few coming weeks what effect, if the time was judiciously employed, might not be produced? Mrs. Macherly, when at length compelled to leave Julia's room, met Caroline coming to it.

"Do not go, Miss Barnard, I beseech you," she said, in her soft bland tone. "I dread the effect which any fresh excitement, such as seeing you, may have on the sweet, dear girl. This sudden bereavement may produce the most serious consequences to her health, if the greatest care is not taken. She is utterly prostrated; sometimes hysterical, sometimes nearly fainting away."

Caroline, on hearing this account of her cousin, though more anxious than ever to be with her, felt herself compelled to return to her own room. She was, however, of too impatient a temper to remain there long. Again sallying forth to try and see Julia, to speak a few words of sympathy, if not of comfort, she met Mrs. Higgins, Julia's own maid, who had been her mother's also.

"Lawk! miss, no; hysterics—nothing like it, nor fainting neither," she answered, to Caroline's inquiries. "No, miss; to my mind, it's too deep, solemn sort of a grief for anything of that sort. How could Mrs. Macherly say so?"

"Do not let Mrs. Macherly know that I told you what she said to me," answered Caroline. "I will go in and see my cousin."

"Pray do, miss; it will do her good," said the maid. And as she went along the passage, she muttered to herself, "Well, I never did believe much in that Mrs. Macherly, and we shall see now what line she takes. There's one thing she takes, that I know, and that's a great deal too much on herself to please me, with all her soft-sawdering ways."

Caroline found her cousin more composed and thoughtful than she had expected. Yes, her grief, as Mrs. Higgins had described it, was too deep, too solemn, for continued floods of tears. She could even speak of what had occurred, and of the duties which had so unexpectedly devolved on her. Caroline felt now that she would fill the new position to which she had been called with dignity, and guide her conduct with wisdom. As Caroline was leaving her, she begged that she and Miles would, at all events, remain on at the abbey to help her with their advice. Before the funeral she sent to see Miles, that she might consult him on various important points. Caroline was present, and Mrs. Macherly made some excuse for coming in several times.

The conversation, however, did not seem to her to be taking any turn to which she could object, not even while she remained listening outside the door.

She discovered two things, however, which annoyed her: first, that Julia placed great confidence in the opinion of Miles Falkner; and secondly, that he was not the harum-scarum-brained fellow she had supposed; though when she herself came into the room, he made some rather extraordinary and utterly inappropriate remarks. Julia insisted on being present at the funeral; she was accompanied by Caroline and Etheldreda Surplice. The Reverend Ambrose Surplice performed the service, and all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, from far and wide, being present, among whom the most conspicuous was Sir Guy Lushingham.

### CHAPTER III.

WHICH CHURCH SHALL HAVE THE SPOILS?—THE VICAR MAKES A BOLD PUSH TO BE FIRST IN THE FIELD.

THE Sunday after the funeral certain innovations were visible in the parish church. Some tall candlesticks stood on the communion-table, some crosses ornamented the reading-desk, and a crucifix was fixed at the back of the pulpit. Mr. Surplice mounted it in the dress in which he had performed the service, and, with a handkerchief to his eyes, preached a funeral sermon, speaking of the boundless charity of the departed, his generous hospitality and kindness, whereby he had assuredly attained eternal happiness, and urging on the congregation to pray for the soul of their departed landlord. Julia was too ill to attend; and Caroline, lost in astonishment at what she had heard, might have given an unfavourable impression of the sermon to her cousin, had she not been joined by Miss Surplice, who proposed walking home with her, and employed the time in putting the most favourable construction possible on what had been said.

"You see, my dear Caroline, my brother is resolved to have everything in the most perfect order, and befitting a temple dedicated to God," she observed. "Think of the Temple of Jerusalem—how grand, how beautiful was that—how sadly negligent are we at the present day of what the Jews, of what even our own ancestors, barbarous though we call them, thought so much of. My brother says we have a rule, and he is resolved to carry out that rule thoroughly. There will be a cry against it; there always is, when good things are introduced; but he is resolved to live down all opposition, and feels sure that he shall have your cousin's support."

Caroline, who had never thought about High Church and Low Church, had no objections to offer to what Miss Surplice had remarked, and not having very closely followed Mr. Surplice in his sermon, was easily convinced that she had not understood his meaning, so that by the time she reached the abbey she had nothing in disparagement of it to say to Julia. Mrs. Macherly, who had driven home, had in the mean time praised it exceedingly, as breathing forth in every word a true catholic spirit.

The young heiress, in her fresh grief, was little able to discuss that

or any other subject with calmness. Miles came to see her. His holiday was over; the end had been a sad one; he must take his departure early the next morning. He wanted to have spoken to her alone, but Mrs. Macherly, and Caroline, and Miss Surplice, who requested to be allowed to sleep at the abbey, pertinaciously remained with her all the evening; and unless he had turned them out of the room, or begged to speak to Julia in private, he could not have obtained the opportunity he sought.

No sooner had Miles Falkner gone than Mr. Surplice arrived at the abbey to see his sister. She received him in the drawing-room, which she had to herself. He was a slight, tall, good-looking young man, as far as regular features were concerned. His forehead was high and narrow, his eyes grey and inexpressive, and his lips thin in the extreme, surrounding a small mouth with a downward turn. His dress was that usually worn by the more wealthy clergy of the High Church party, with a bluish tint in his white cravat, destitute of a bow; coat with stand-up collar, silk waistcoat to match, closely buttoned up, and tight-fitting trousers, with gaiters; a low shovel hat, such as is still worn by monks in Roman Catholic countries, though of rather smaller dimensions. Nothing could be more correct than his costume and general appearance. There was not a wrinkle in his coat nor on his cheek, except, perhaps, that some slight crow's feet might have been detected about the corners of his eyes, and a line or two on each side of his mouth. His manners and language were precise and formal; his voice was soft, and he generally smiled when he spoke, though there was no particular reason for his doing so.

"Think you, dear Etheldreda, that our sweet friend will see me?" he asked of his sister, as he entered the drawing-room. "Tell her that I have come to bring her that consolation which a minister of religion is alone qualified to offer."

"I am uncertain whether she will see you, dear Ambrose," answered Etheldreda. "Except to Mrs. Macherly and Caroline, she has spoken to no one beyond a few words. She merely thanked me for attending her at the funeral, and was evidently unable to say more."

"I was informed that she had seen Miles Falkner," said Mr. Surplice.

"Yes, she did, but only on business which it was absolutely necessary for her to transact," said Etheldreda.

"Are you certain, only on business?" asked Ambrose. "At all events, she will, I feel sure, see me; nay, as a minister of religion, her own pastor, I may claim the right of seeing her to speak on matters pertaining to her soul's welfare."

As Etheldreda never thought of disputing her brother's opinions, she hastened off to inform Julia of his request.

Julia received his message with coldness, and expressed herself very unwilling to see even him; but Mrs. Macherly, who was sitting with her, supported Etheldreda so warmly, that she was at last compelled to give way. Mrs. Macherly volunteered to be present, and observed that the visit would probably be but a short one. Caroline was out riding, which Mr. Surplice very well knew, and had timed his visit accordingly. Etheldreda went back to bring him up. He entered

the room with the air of a man of the world. His manner at first was deferential; then it became kind and paternal. He spoke of her to herself as a daughter of the Church whose humble representative he was—humble as regarded himself personally, but loaded with authority and power with respect to his office.

"Yes, indeed," he continued, "it is given to us to bind and loose, to bless and anathematise, to absolve and to command penance and restitution, to expound and explain. Oh, Miss Leicester, when I think of the importance of my duties and responsibilities, I often feel that I should sink under them, had I not the dictum, the unbounded authority, of the Church to appeal to to support me—that support which she affords to the clergy and laity alike, to the humblest as well as to the most powerful, the most wealthy of her children."

Miss Leicester felt that she greatly needed support at that moment; there must be something extraordinary in the power of that Church of which a man like the Reverend Ambrose Surplice could speak so confidently. Mrs. Macherly had been continually speaking in the same strain. She needed comfort—some one into whose willing ear she could pour an account of her troubles and difficulties. The religious instruction she had received had not prepared her to contend with sophistical and false reasoning. Not a word could she say in reply. She earnestly wished to act rightly, but her mind was of a yielding rather than an obstinate character. She began to believe that she had hitherto seen things in a wrong light. It would, indeed, be most satisfactory to have an authority to which she could at all times refer when oppressed with doubts and difficulties. "On whose bosom you can rest as a child in the arms of its mother, in whose love and wisdom you can confide as does the infant in that of its parent." Mr. Surplice had made that remark shortly before.

"Yes, yes," he repeated, "if men would but learn to come on all occasions to the Church, the only interpreter of Scripture, and instead of reading it, as they now do too often alone, listen to it issuing from the mouths of its ordained priests, inheritors in regular unbroken succession of the gifts of the Apostles, save the power of working miracles (and of that I will not now speak), oh, what a vast, fearful amount of dissent and of schism would be avoided, and what a beautiful and brotherly union would exist! Dear sisters, let us pray."

And before Julia had time to consider the meaning of his words, he knelt down and poured out with wonderful fluency a prayer that she might be brought into the true fold, that she might become a bride of the Church. Had Julia understood the meaning of all that he was saying, he might have found that he had gone too far. If she did not feel spiritually refreshed, her mind was, at all events, drawn off from her present grief.

"Dear sister, I will come again soon, very soon, shall I?" he said, when about to go, taking both her hands, and speaking in his softest, most insinuating tone, full of compassion and tenderness. "I will, I will; it will benefit your mind, it will refresh your soul, I know it will. Nothing shall prevent me coming."

And with a blessing on his lips, which we refrain from repeating, he glided from the room. His sister followed him. Mrs. Macherly re-



mained. She was able to explain and enlarge on much that he had said, strengthening his arguments with remarks of her own, which she did not fail to do. At length she stopped; then added:

"We have talked too much for you already on this deeply-interesting subject, and I would urge you not to mention it to your cousin Caroline; nay, I would almost insist, for your own sake, on your not doing so. Her mind is scarcely prepared for the reception of the truths we have been discussing, and were you to be drawn into an argument, you would become too much excited and fatigued, and your precious health would—Think how much depends on you. Promise me that you will say not a word on the subject to Miss Barnard."

Julia readily promised, for she really did feel that the conversation had fatigued her overmuch, and she wished to banish the subject from her mind.

Mrs. Macherly was satisfied. "It begins to work," she said to herself. "With perseverance and caution the victory will be gained."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PUBLIC OPINION—MILES GETS A HINT TO LOOK AFTER THE FOXES.

SOME months had elapsed since Sir Stephen Leicester was carried to his grave, and a large dinner-party was assembled at Stainton Hall, the seat of a Mr. Godolphin, some few miles from Avening Abbey. The cloth was removed, the ladies had retired, the wine was circulating more freely than it usually does at the present day, for it was excellent, in the first place, the host was of convivial habits, and most of the guests were sporting men. Near the head of the table, now vacated by the hostess, sat Miles Falkner, with a steady clergyman and one or two oldish men, magistrates, near him, discussing parochial and national matters. At the other, the conversation was assuming a somewhat free-and-easy tone.

"They say she's handsomer than ever, and I've seldom seen a finer girl than she seemed that last day she was out hunting," said a young man, known in the neighbourhood as Tom Harding. "By Jove! what a catch she'll be."

"I believe you, old fellow; she's worth going in for, independent of her fortune, for herself alone. I've a great mind to try," said a remarkably good-looking young man, Frank Neville, a captain in a cavalry regiment, in a slightly affected tone.

"Do, Neville—do!" exclaimed another young man, Mr. Minton, who happened to be married. "I wish you would, if it was only for the sake of cutting out that Priest Surplice. It is said that he is at the abbey every day, and it is easy to see how that will end."

"Surplice win the heiress!" cried another. "Why, I thought that she was engaged to Sir Guy Lushingham. It isn't fair in Surplice to take advantage of his cloth to cut him out."

"That was pure nonsense as to her being engaged to Lushingham. My women-kind know all about it," said Minton. "He'd have had a good chance if he had come forward before her father's death, as Sir

Stephen thought a good deal of his family and property. The two estates united might, by good management, have raised him to the peerage."

"Sir Guy Lushingham! haven't you heard what has occurred?" asked another gentleman, who had not hitherto spoken. "The priests have got about him, and he's turned Roman Catholic. I heard the fact only yesterday; there's no doubt about it."

"I am not surprised at it," said Tom Harding. "He had a turn that way at Oxford, and of late he has been very thick with Surplice, gave him a thousand pounds to embellish his church, as he calls it, and came down pretty handsomely to assist him in forming a sort of Sisters of Charity establishment—or a convent, I believe it might more honestly be called—in the parish, of which Miss Etheldreda Surplice is to be Lady Prioress, or whatever title she chooses to assume. The priests, seeing that he had this turn, looked on him as game it would be well worth their while to hunt down. Probably they had long marked him for their own from his Oxford days. I know those gentry; they scent a rich young man or an heiress with a malleable mind who gives signs of ritualistic propensities afar off, and pounce down on them like birds of prey; and Sir Guy, who is really a good fellow at bottom, though terribly soft, was at once marked as their prey. Of course they'll pounce also on the heiress of Avening Abbey, and spare no pains to get hold of her broad lands; but as I never spoke to her, I don't know what chance they'll have."

All this time Miles Falkner, with no very comfortable feelings, was endeavouring to listen to what was being said, while he continued his conversation with his immediate neighbours. He had lately fitted up a cottage on a property he possessed in the neighbourhood, ostensibly as a shooting-box, but, in reality, that he might be near Julia, and render her the assistance he knew she would much require. He had paid her frequent visits, but nothing she had said or that he had observed had led him to suppose that Mrs. Macherly or others were exerting any undue influence over her mind. He had thought it very likely that Sir Guy Lushingham would become a suitor for her hand, but when Sir Guy became a Roman Catholic he hoped that he would have lost all prospect of success. Caroline had been compelled to return home to attend to her invalid mother at the very moment that her presence would have been most valuable to Julia, and this also prevented Miles from being as well informed as he might have been of the state of affairs at the abbey. He now, however, resolved to keep a stricter watch over her interests than he had lately done. The conversation continued. Curious circumstances were mentioned, which showed that, clever and artful as those intriguers probably thought themselves, their proceedings had not passed unnoticed. Mrs. Macherly did not escape suspicion. She had been seen twice or oftener in company with Simon Silk, Sir Guy's steward, in the abbey park, though her motives might have been mistaken. It was supposed that she had been bribed through the steward by Sir Guy, to forward his designs on the hand of Miss Leicester. When, however, Sir Guy became a Roman Catholic, suspicions had been aroused with respect to Mr. Silk himself. One gentleman asserted that he had met him, or his brother,

or somebody exactly like him, in Ireland in the dress of a priest in company with a foreign Catholic bishop; another, that he was exactly like an undergraduate he had known at Cambridge, and who, after some time, had disappeared without taking his degree, and who was remarkable for the pains he took to speak in praise of Rome and her system, and to encourage some of the more silly of the young undergraduates to play at priests. Some of the gentlemen present laughed at these surmises. Mr. Silk might, or might not, have before been a Romanist; he was possibly one now, having turned with his employer, but it was ridiculous to suppose that a Jesuit could enter at any English university without the certainty of being discovered; indeed, the idea was scouted, notwithstanding the assertions of the gentleman who made the statement that he believed it.

"Of course you do, my dear Musgrave. No one for a moment doubts your word. We only think that it is a case of mistaken identity. You would elevate Mr. Silk into a hero of romance, or rather an interesting and mysterious rogue of the present day, of Protean powers, whereas he is probably only an ordinary very honest gentleman, who is thoroughly alive to his own interests and those of his master as long as they do not clash," observed Minton. "It doesn't do in the present day to indulge in such fancies."

"Fancies or not, there would be slight difficulty, I believe, in proving that Mr. Silk has not always been what he appears; and I rather suspect we shall see him appearing in the character of Father Confessor to Sir Guy, or in some such capacity," answered Musgrave.

"We shall see," said Minton, laughing. "But I suspect his own proceedings can as easily be explained as his connexion with Mrs. Macherly, Miss Leicester's *gouvernante* or housekeeper. They are plotting to bring about a marriage between their respective employers with some benefit to themselves in prospect, or perhaps they are arranging a match for themselves."

"Well, I cannot say. I have heard of very extraordinary things taking place," observed Musgrave; "nuns getting into Protestant families as governesses to pervert the young ladies, Jesuit tutors to carry off the young men, father confessors to sponge on rich widows and old maids, and priests getting ordained, like wolves in sheep's clothing, merely for the sake of carrying over their flocks to Rome."

"But, my dear Musgrave, do you seriously believe all that sort of stuff?" asked Minton. "There are vain fellows who get ordained and get livings into the bargain, and not knowing how to preach or how to manage a parish, and yet, wishing to do something, set up for being singular, and take the theatrical line. It is sure to attract, because people like to do what they fancy they ought to do—that is, go to church, and be amused and excited at the same time. Sensational church services and sensational novels have a run at present for the same causes. Highly-seasoned dishes are in fashion. I really don't think that the Jesuits have anything to do with the matter."

"I wish that I thought as you do," said Musgrave. "The Jesuits have had a good deal to do in perverting Sir Guy Lushingham, and I am very much afraid that they will carry off Miss Leicester, and if

they do, we may thank Master Surplice for preparing the way for them." Musgrave, in the excitement of the moment, spoke much louder than he had before done, and at that moment looking up, he saw Miles Falkner's eye fixed on him. Suddenly he recollected the near relationship of Miles to the heiress. "I beg your pardon," he said, frankly, bending towards Falkner. "Had I recollected, I should not have taken the liberty of speaking as I did."

"Should your suspicions be well founded, I shall be truly grateful to you for giving me warning," answered Miles. "As a relation, I may have some slight influence with Miss Leicester. I trust, however, that she is not yet caught in the traps of Rome."

No one who overheard the conversation of that very mixed party of gentlemen of all ages and professions which ensued would have had much fear that England was about either to drift silently or to plunge headlong into the jaws of Rome. One and all joined in reprobating the folly, the vanity, and the ignorance of those who had led, or were leading, a few young noblemen, commoners, and ladies in that direction. Miles Falkner's neighbour, the old clergyman, spoke gravely. That young people are led astray arises chiefly from their ignorance of the simple truths of Christianity—they have never understood the scope and tenor of the Gospel; that young men of learning and reasoning powers have gone over to Rome may be accounted for by the same cause—they have not understood the scope of the Gospel, and starting from a wrong premise, the more accurate their reasoning, the more completely have they been led astray. Profound learning, a perfect knowledge of all the arts and sciences, will not keep a person free from religious error. If they did, we should have all learned men of one accord; whereas they differ in their opinions fully as much as the unlearned, except, perhaps, that they do not fall into the same gross extravagances. Still, if I remember rightly, many learned men believed in Joanna Southcott, though I never heard of any following Joe Smith.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE FOXES ARE AT FAULT, AND FIND THAT THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND HUNTING AS WELL AS THEY FANCIED.

THE next morning Miles Falkner rode up to the door of Avening Abbey. He was shown by a footman—Thomas, who had been in the family from boyhood—at once into the large drawing-room, where Lady Leicester had been accustomed to receive her more formal visitors, and where neither she nor her daughter ever sat except when the house was very full. The footman returned shortly, saying that Miss Leicester was very much engaged, and could see no one.

"Then beg Mrs. Higgins to come here; I will leave a message with her."

"She isn't here now, sir," answered Thomas, in a tone of regret.

"How is that? Has she left Miss Leicester's service?" asked Miles.

"She has, sir," was the answer. "I don't know how it was, sir; but something went wrong between her and Miss Leicester. Mrs.

Macherly said she had done something or other, and Mrs. Higgins said she hadn't, and dared Mrs. Macherly to prove it, and said something pretty strong to her; and I don't know what Mrs. Macherly did, but the long and the short of it was, that Mrs. Higgins packed up her things and went, though, to be sure, she did cry more than I ever thought she could at leaving the house where she'd been ever since she was a girl, and so fond of our mistress, too."

"Who gave you the message just now, Thomas?" asked Miles, abruptly.

"Mrs. Macherly, sir. She's in and out with Miss Leicester all day."

"Oh! and when is Miss Barnard expected again, do you know?" asked Miles.

"I cannot say, sir. We thought she would be here before now," answered Thomas.

"And is Mrs. Macherly as much liked as formerly, Thomas? She used to be a favourite in the servants' hall, I think—eh?" observed Miles, though it went somewhat against the grain to even say thus much.

"No, she isn't, sir," answered Thomas, confidently. "We are pretty sure it was all through her Mrs. Higgins went, and not one of us knows whose turn it will be next to be sent away—though we all say, sir, that if Miss Leicester knew the rights of the case, it wouldn't be so; but she's made to think that all sorts of things are happening in the house—everything that's bad, sir, and that the household is all going to pieces, though I'm bold to say, sir, that there isn't a better in the whole neighbourhood. But there is strange goings on, sir; though not what missus thinks, sir," continued Thomas, growing more confidential, and giving way to his feelings. "There's strange outlandish sorts of people coming to visit Mrs. Macherly, and she takes them up to see Miss Leicester—that we know; and there's Mr. Sims, the butler, sir, goes to the Romish chapel over at Thorley with that Mr. Silk; and James goes too, sir, who was my lady's page, and Crupper, the coachman, and no end of the servant-girls. Whether they've all turned Papists I can't say, for they keeps their thoughts pretty much to themselves. The servants' hall isn't a bit like what it was, Mr. Miles, in the days that is gone—that's a fact, sir."

"I am sorry to hear it, Thomas," said Miles. "But how is it that you haven't gone there also, even for curiosity's sake?"

"Because, sir, father and mother were straightforward people, and we were all sent to a Sunday school—that is, my brothers and sisters, and they taught us; and at school we learned all about Rome and Papist errors, and how the people were taught to worship saints, and make offerings to them—that is, to the priests—and pay for getting souls out of purgatory—when there's no such place—that the priests may get the money, and to buy indulgences, that they may do all sorts of wickedness, and that the Pope's money-boxes may be filled; and then, sir, we all were taught to read our Bibles."

"I understand, Thomas; I don't think that there's much fear of your going over!" observed Miles. "Hold fast to that, and remember that you do not let any one know that you have told me this. Per-

haps things may mend. I will remain till Miss Leicester is at liberty to see me. Don't mind me; go to the hall and say nothing. I can take good care of myself."

Miles Falkner took up a book and sat reading for some time, or trying to read, for his thoughts kept continually turning to his cousin and the difficulties which surrounded her. At length he grew weary of sitting quiet, and, seizing his hat, took his way by a side-entrance through a conservatory into the grounds. He looked at his watch. "It is still half an hour to luncheon-time," he said to himself. "I must, without fail, see Julia then. That woman can have no pretence for keeping me from her." He walked rapidly round the lake and along some of the paths through the woods, and was returning by the more ornamented part of the grounds, where rock-work and flowers and arbours abounded, when, as he was passing near a summer-house, he heard voices. He would have refrained even from looking in, but his name was called. He looked round, and saw Julia resting on a seat, and Sir Guy Lushingham standing before her. She sprang up as her cousin came near, and, taking his hand, exclaimed:

"I am so glad to see you, Miles. When did you come?"

"A couple of hours ago. I was informed that you were engaged and could not see me, so, of course, I waited till you were disengaged."

"How very strange. I was not told that you were here. However, come in to luncheon—it will be on the table soon."

She had not even turned, while she was speaking, to Sir Guy, who stood looking rather sheepish, not knowing whether he ought to stay or to take his leave. Whatever the object of his interview with the heiress, it did not appear to have been very successful.

"I—I—am afraid I cannot do myself the honour of being among your guests at luncheon," he stammered out. "I have an engagement which calls me imperatively away."

"Oh, pray do not let us detain you a moment!" she answered, with marked coldness. "If you will have the goodness to order your horse when you reach the house, it will be brought round to you immediately. Good-bye to you, Sir Guy!"

The baronet looked stupefied, and, making an awkward bow to the lady and her cousin, took the way towards the house.

Julia, as soon as the baronet had disappeared, took her cousin's arm, which he offered, for she looked as if she required support. He felt hers tremble as they walked slowly onward, and her manner, which had been so free, like that, indeed, of a near relation, suddenly became timid and reserved.

"Yes," she answered to a question her cousin put to her, "Sir Guy has made me an offer; but, independent of other circumstances, he rested his claims on grounds which would prevent me from accepting any man. He scarcely said a word about his affection or esteem even, but talked almost entirely about the contiguity of our estates, and the suitableness of such a union between people of the same rank and fortune. He should not have touched on such a subject so soon after my dear father's death; and he is, besides, a man for whom I feel—I know not why—I should never have that respect which a woman should entertain for her husband."

"Cogent reasons, dear Julia; and you have acted most wisely and most like yourself," said Miles, looking round on her with a look of calm approval. "But you have not given as another reason that Sir Guy has become a Roman Catholic."

"Sir Guy turned Catholic!" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of astonishment. "He has not said a word about it, nor has Mrs. Macherly, and she would certainly have heard of it if such were the case. However, I have seen so few people, that I know nothing that takes place outside the park gates, and Mrs. Macherly has been unwilling to let me go out among the cottagers, as she says that a bad fever is raging among them, highly infectious, though not generally fatal. Had it been true, I think that Mr. Surplice would have told me."

"What! that there is a fever raging, or that Sir Guy has turned Romanist?" asked Miles, in his old joking tone.

"What! have you any doubts about the fever?" asked Julia.

"Certainly; for on my way here I passed old Quarbottle, and he told me that there was nothing doing in his way. Nobody to kill, and nobody to cure; he never knew the parish so healthy," answered Miles.

"Very extraordinary indeed!" exclaimed Julia, stopping short. They had taken a turn, and were moving away from the house. "But if my information is correct, so may also be yours."

"Certainly mine is only from common report," said Miles; then, recollecting what he had heard the previous evening, he asked, "Why do you suppose that Mrs. Macherly would have been informed of it had Sir Guy gone over to Rome?"

"Because she has lately received several visits from a foreign abbé and two priests whom, she says, she knew abroad, and that they were very kind and polite to her; and that though they tried to convert her, she could not but feel grateful to them, for they are such excellent men, and, after all, only a shade between their faith and ours," answered Julia, in a frank tone.

"Have you had an opportunity of judging of them yourself?" asked Miles.

"Yes; she begged to introduce them to me, and, as ministers of religion, I did not like to refuse them, and I found them most agreeable, well-informed, amiable men," answered Julia.

"Amiable-mannered men, possibly," said Miles. "Then one of the reports I heard is not without foundation. I will inquire into this matter, and let you know the truth. As you have seen Mr. Surplice and his sister, I wonder neither of them told you of the current reports."

"Neither of them ever mention Sir Guy; indeed, Mr. Surplice comes here in his character of a minister of religion, and, as far as possible, I avoid every other topic," said Julia, ingenuously. "He has been a great support and comfort to me in my sorrow, and I think very highly of him. His sister has been long my friend, though I might wish certain things altered about her."

"I have seen very little of her, and less of her brother," said Miles. "I am given to understand that he has been introducing a good many innovations of late in the service and the appearance of the church. Is that the case?"

"He has been beautifying the edifice, and restoring, he assures me, what in purer days gone by were the established customs of the Church, all symbolical of its deep and hidden mysteries, and giving a unity and brilliancy to the spiritual edifice, which has been decaying and fading during the last three hundred years, since the glorious building was rent asunder by the dreadful schism caused by Luther and his coadjutors. These are his own words; for you know that till lately I never turned my attention to these things, and now I am not perfectly clear about them, but his arguments appear very strong. It must be a great thing to have unity; and Christianity being so beautiful, surely we should have everything beautiful connected with it; beautiful edifices, and beautiful paintings and statues, and beautiful vestments, and beautiful music, and holy men and women united together, and employed solely in singing its praises and performing its services; and surely must it not be an act well pleasing in the sight of Heaven if we devote our property and our lives in bringing about so glorious a result?"

A smile had begun to play round Miles Falkner's handsome mouth when Julia began to speak, but as she went on he grew grave.

"I had no idea things had come to this pass," he said to himself. "Still I don't think the nonsense has sunk very deep, and she was always open to reason."

They were walking very slowly. He turned round and looked her full in the face with that gentle, kind expression his features always wore when he spoke to her.

"Dear cousin," he said, quietly, "I think that I can show you that unity can exist among rogues and others who have no claim to excellence or reverence; that though Christianity is beautiful, it being also spiritual, and influencing, as it should, every action of our lives, it requires neither beautiful edifices, statues, pictures, nor music to forward its objects; nay, that, however beautiful in themselves, they may be employed in diametrical opposition to spiritual religion; and as for holy men and women, if you knew the world as I do, you would know that such never have existed, and never can, unless engaged in the active duties of life, and in their proper relations as fathers and mothers of families, or assistants to those who are. In my opinion, the mother nursing one child and teaching another to lisp the name of its Creator, or knitting a sock, for that matter, is a more holy woman than a miserable pining nun deprived of all the gentle endearments of another's love."

At that moment Mrs. Macherly stood before them. Her eye flashed, her lip quivered. She must have overheard what had been said. By a strong effort she conquered feelings which, seldom aroused, must have agitated her the more.

"I thought that Sir Guy Lushingham was with you, Miss Leicester?" she said, in a tone still trembling, in spite of her attempts to calm it.

"He went away half an hour ago. But I thought that you were acquainted with my cousin, Mr. Miles Falkner," said Julia.

The lady, in her agitation, had forgotten to show the slightest recognition of him. His comment was, "Then the story I heard is



true. I must keep a narrow watch on that woman. The sooner she is away the better."

"I am sorry that I did not make a deeper impression on you," he said, putting out his hand, and laughing. "I dare say, now, you don't remember whether I take sugar in my tea or not?"

The lady turned away her head. She felt that she had betrayed herself, and that she was in the presence of one who had seen through her. They went in to luncheon. Miss Etheldreda Surplice was in the house, and her brother soon made his appearance. Miles could have no more private conversation with his cousin, and whether or not from a sign from Mrs. Macherly, Surplice carefully avoided all topics which could have led Miles from expressing a difference of opinion. On the contrary, he was the courteous, affable man of the world, and Miles thought him a much pleasanter fellow than he had expected.

Mrs. Macherly took very good care that Miles should not enjoy another moment's conversation in private with his cousin, and at length he was compelled to order his horse. He purposed returning the next day, though he took care not to say so to any one present. In the mean time he was not idle; he got Mrs. Higgins's address from Thomas, and he employed two or three trusty people to make certain inquiries of importance to his object. The next morning he got a letter summoning him to London. He wrote immediately to Caroline, giving her an outline of what he had heard, entreating her to go to the abbey without delay, and advising her how to act. He went away, however, notwithstanding these precautions, with certain forebodings of ill.

## CHAPTER VI.

MILES SETS AN EXAMPLE TO HONEST ENGLISHMEN, AND RIDES DOWN THE FOXES.

DIRECTLY Miles Falkner was at liberty, he hurried back to the abbey. Thomas opened the door. Yes, Miss Barnard had come, but Miss Leicester was ill, and unable, he was told to say, to see any one, scarcely Miss Barnard herself. Miles, knowing what he did now know, resolved not to be defeated in his purpose of seeing Julia. He sent up his card to Miss Barnard, begging her to come down to him. She soon appeared, with traces of annoyance and agitation on her countenance. Mrs. Macherly had treated her with rudeness, and Julia had begged her not to remain more than a couple of minutes in the room at a time, though, as far as she could judge, she was as well as usual, and Mr. and Miss Surplice came and remained for hours at a time with her; indeed, unless he had lately gone away, Mr. Surplice was still with her.

"Caroline, we must employ strong measures, or Julia will commit some fatal error of which she will repent all her life," exclaimed Miles. "I have taken some steps already. I sent for Higgins, whom Mrs. Macherly, as she calls herself, has most vilely calumniated. From the information I received from Higgins, I have been enabled to institute legal proceedings against the lady. To-morrow morning she will receive a lawyer's letter which will astonish her, and, though we may not be able to prove everything, all I want is to get her into

court, so that we may bring all her antecedents and present proceedings to light. I have got my thumb also on Master Silk, and, clever as he and this woman think themselves, they made a fatal mistake in getting rid of poor Higgins in the manner they did. The proceedings of all these Romish priests who have been brought to the house will be inquired into, and Julia's eyes will be opened wide enough then, if they are not before. Let us get rid of the Papists, and we can easily manage to drive away their jackal, if Julia, in the mean time, does not dismiss him."

"I am, indeed, relieved by what you tell me, but I am every moment dreading what will happen. It is extraordinary the influence those people have gained over Julia's mind," said Caroline.

"It will be for us, then, the greater satisfaction to upset it, and to restore her to liberty," answered Miles, in a confident tone; "and now I am going to ask you to do something very outrageous. Take me up into Julia's sitting-room, introduce me suddenly, and trust to me for obtaining her forgiveness both for yourself as well as for myself."

We must intrude into the boudoir of the lady of the mansion. Julia Leicester was seated at the fire in a high-backed oak chair; it had been her father's, and she had taken to it. She was beautiful as ever; a slight pallor was on her cheek, but that was the only trace of illness, and might have been produced by care and thought. Before her stands in glossy habiliments, with hair freshly curled and cravat stiff and speckless, the Reverend Ambrose Surplice, the vicar of the parish. Suddenly he drops on one knee.

"Oh! adorable lady, I can no longer resist the feeling which impels me to declare how I admire, how I love you! Let us together carry out those noble projects for the renovation of our holy church, of which we have so frequently talked." He endeavoured to take her hand, but it was far from unresisting, for she drew it suddenly away, and perhaps the look of astonishment and annoyance which was depicted in her countenance stopped the flow of his eloquence, for he could only ejaculate, "Oh, say yes—oh, say yes!"

"No! you have misled me—cruelly misled me," exclaimed Julia, with firmness. "I entreat you, Mr. Surplice, to rise from your knee, and put an end to this scene, discreditable to you, and excessively annoying to me."

But the vicar retained his position, and began again to plead in still warmer and more forcible language. At that moment the door opened, and Caroline walked in, saying:

"Dear Julia, I have brought Cousin Miles to see you!"

The vicar sprang from his knees; not, however, before Miles had seen the attitude he had assumed.

"My dear cousin, how thankful I am to see you!" exclaimed Julia, rising from her seat and giving both her hands to Miles. "I have numberless matters of importance to talk to you about, and expected to have seen you many days ago."

Miles explained that he had been obliged to go to London the day after he had last seen her.

Mr. Surplice, casting a glance of reproach at Julia and one of anger at Caroline and Miles, and wishing them a formal good morning, took

his hat and walked out of the room. No sooner was he gone than Julia burst into tears.

"I looked for consolation and counsel at his hands, and he has deceived and insulted me!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "Cousin Miles, I want your advice; I want to know how to act. I am assured that the lands on which this house stands, and those venerable ruins, once a beautiful abbey, were unjustly taken from the Church by Henry VIII., and bestowed on our ancestors, and, if such is the case, once knowing the fact, I feel that no blessing can rest on my soul if I retain what belongs to another. If the Church has a prior claim to Avening Abbey, I wish to resign it—to live on the smallest pittance awarded me—to go out as a governess—to work for my daily bread—to enter a convent, where, with other sisters, I might labour for the re-establishment of the ancient order of things." I cannot retain possession of what is not mine own."

"My dear Julia, I have heard every word you have said. Now listen for a moment. You speak of the Church as of some visible existing body. If you mean the Church of Rome, England was only for a period under her sway, and has long ago been emancipated from her rule. The Church lands, as they were called, belonged to the English clergy—abbots, monks, friars, priests, and others. They had become a very disorderly reprobate set, and by the king, through the prerogative which he exercised, were deprived of their lands; the best embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and became parish ministers, the rest disappeared after their short and bloody triumph in the reign of Queen Mary. But supposing that you are not satisfied with this account, I have got a little bit of family history which will prove that these lands are most justly yours by all the laws of inheritance. In Crookback Richard's reign we had an ancestor, Sir Miles Coverdale, who was the owner of all the broad acres you own, and of others also. He and his wife were pious people, for I find that they gave great alms to the poor, and also money wherewith they might pay for masses for the good of the souls of their deceased relatives, so that they looked after the interests of the dead as well as of the living. This was an encouragement to a certain foreign priest, Father Ambrose by name, to form a plan by which he might obtain the whole, or the greater part, of the broad lands they possessed for the Church, or rather for himself, for his aim was to build an abbey, of which he himself was to be the abbot. While Sir Miles was on one occasion from home at midnight, a beatific vision of the Virgin Mary, or St. Anne, or St. Agatha, appeared to Dame Coverdale, and informed her that her husband's life was in great danger, but that if she would swear not to rest day or night in persuading him to resign the estate of Avening into the hands of the Church, she would instantly fly to his assistance. Could a fond and affectionate wife hesitate? She took the required oath—the vision disappeared, leaving an odour of sweet incense behind her. When Sir Miles returned home, he narrated how he had been attacked by a band of robbers; that he was about to be slain, having lost his sword, which had been abstracted from his side, when the villain suddenly fled, crying out that the saints were fighting against

them. Dame Coverdale then told what she had seen, and of course, after this, there was no longer any doubt in the minds of pious people what should be done. Avening was made over to Father Ambrose, who built an abbey, of which he became abbot, while Sir Miles and his dame lived in a small house in the neighbourhood, where they continued to employ themselves in works of charity. A great scandal occurred at this time. A nun fled from a neighbouring convent with one of the monks. Some few years afterwards the good Sir Miles was on a journey, when he found two people, a man and woman, dying by the roadside. He stopped to assist them, like a good Samaritan as he was. They knew him. One confessed that he had been once engaged, with others, by Father Ambrose to act the part of a robber, and had stolen Sir Miles's sword; the other, that she had been employed by the same venerable personage to represent the saintly female in the beatific vision which had appeared to Dame Coverdale at the same time. Whether this discovery increased the old knight's respect for religion I cannot say. He tried hard to get back his lands, but might as well have attempted to drag its prey from the claws of a lion. His sons, meantime, had been compelled to depend on their swords for support. The eldest died on Bosworth Field fighting for Richard; the second joined Henry the Seventh, and, under him and his son, rose to influence; and his son, who had an only daughter, succeeded in getting back part of the lands out of which the grandfather had been swindled. You inherit through that daughter. If, after knowing this, you think, dear Julia, that the Church has a claim on your lands, by all means give them up. In my humble opinion, the noble fraternity of the swell mob have quite as great a claim on the society of swindling letter-writers, on the plea of inheritance of talents if not of name. What say you?"

"Yes," said Julia; "but it is very sad to think that such things were."

"And are," said Cousin Miles, emphatically.

The next day Mrs. Higgins arrived at the abbey with a detective, sent for by Miles Falkner. Julia was truly glad to see her faithful servant, as poor Mrs. Higgins was to see her. When search was made for Mrs. Macherly, she was nowhere to be found. Two of her boxes had been removed—so the housemaid who attended to her room asserted—the rest were found empty. Mr. Silk disappeared on the same day. Scandal said that they had gone off together. At all events, the credit of the Papists was saved, and the exposure of the two worthies was rendered difficult. Poor Sir Guy remains captive under the shackles of Rome, whose priests drain his coffers to the detriment of his Protestant tenants; but Julia Leicester completely regained her liberty, and, as a reward, gave her hand to the knight who had freed her from her bonds, and whose straightforward, honourable character she had always held in high esteem, which ripening into affection, she felt that he would afford her what she so much required—support, counsel, and protection. Etheldreda Surplice retired into a convent, and a living in another county being offered to the Reverend Ambrose Surplice by a semi-Papist peer, Miles earnestly advised him to accept it, and to take his stage properties with him.

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER V.

"WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?"

COLONEL HOME and Lady Lenox were in the pleasant "china room" at Cragmere. The former was writing letters, and the latter puzzling over the intricacies of a new knitting pattern, when a servant entered and presented a card to his mistress.

"Errol! Errol!" said the old lady, knitting her brows; "for whom did he ask?"

"For Miss Charlton, my lady; and when I said the young lady was too ill to receive visitors, the gentleman sent in his card to my master; but as Sir Thomas is out——"

"Yes, yes, I see. Show him in here."

"I am sorry Miss Charlton is too ill to see you, Mr. Errol," said her ladyship, when the first rites of salutation and apology had been duly performed.

"I had hoped that I *might* have been allowed to see her," replied Arthur.

"Quite impossible, I assure you. We at first thought her injuries very serious indeed, but, on a close examination, Mr. Dyke has decided that there is nothing to prevent her being quite well in a month or two. However, just now quiet is indispensable, for she has had a violent shock, and I have strict orders not to allow her to be disturbed."

"May I request you to tell her I have been here, and that I most deeply regret not having seen her?"

"With pleasure. She is asleep at this moment, but when she awakes I shall not fail."

"Thank you very much. I have only now to apologise to you for intruding on you."

"Oh! pray don't mention it. Any friend of Miss Charlton's is welcome here. I suppose you purpose making some stay in this part of the world?"

"I had at first some idea of staying for a few weeks, but now I think I shall return home for a time and fulfil a deferred engagement. Would you kindly tell Lau—Miss Charlton—that I will write to her?"

He rose to go.

"You will not think of leaving before lunch, Mr. Errol?"

"Thank you, I cannot stay to-day. When Miss Charlton is better, I will, if you allow me, do myself the pleasure of calling again."

"Certainly; we shall be glad to see you at any time."

So poor Arthur went away, and Lady Lenox, turning to her companion, said, sharply,

"You might have stopped writing and helped me to entertain that poor young fellow."

"Why 'poor'? And why was I specially called on to entertain him?" asked the colonel, with a half smile.

"Your two questions can be answered in the one sentence. Because your stupid perseverance in having your own way, and taking the girl to the caves instead of coming back, as you were told, to lunch, has half killed his lady-love, and prevented his seeing her."

"In the first place, Miss Charlton is not half killed; in the next, the Fates had ordained that she was to have hurt her ankle that day, and, whether we went before or after lunch, the thing must have happened."

"Well, I should like to know what Mr. Errol would have said had he known the misfortune was owing to you? I declare I felt tempted to tell him; it so provoked me to hear your pen go scratch, scratch, over the paper."

"It would not have signified a straw to me. I am truly sorry that my awkwardness should have caused the disaster, but certainly I shall not trouble myself as to Mr. Errol's opinion of the matter, even supposing him to have the right to offer one."

"Right! Why, he is engaged to her."

"That may be a very good reason why he should bully her, but I can't see what I have to do with it."

"Can't you? A nice fellow you are, going about the country leading girls into mischief, and breaking their legs, and then washing your hands of the responsibility; and as for bullying, you are far more like a bully than that gentle-looking creature."

"My dear lady, you are becoming personal. What has put your nerves ajar this morning?"

"Several things. A lily of the field, like your lordship, who neither toil nor spin, cannot be expected to understand my troubles."

"Impart them. If true sympathy can aid you, it is yours."

"Don't be nonsensical. It is all dreadfully provoking."

"What have I done? Peacefully writing, interfering with no one. How have I roused your indignation?"

"There! have done! I see Sir Thomas coming, and lunch is served. Put up your papers, and come away."

She went to meet her husband at the door.

"Who was the young man I met riding out of the gates?" he asked.

"Mr. Errol, Miss Charlton's lover."

"A pink-and-white chap, like a girl himself. What did he want?"

"To see Laura."

"Did he see her?"

"No, indeed, she was asleep; but if she had not been, I should not have allowed it."

"A thousand pities, isn't it, Dolly, that Home should have missed that? He wants a good wife to settle him down."

"I declare I feel quite angry about it. A chit like that, scarcely out of the schoolroom, engaged to be married; but if she were not, Home is so obstinate, and so spoiled by foolish women, that ten to one he would never think of her."

"Thank you!" said the colonel, coming out on the steps, where this colloquy had taken place. "You are one of the 'foolish women,' then, for you do more to spoil me than any one else. But who is the special 'she' of whom I would never think?"

"You shall not hear. I have no patience with you. As for you, Sir

Thomas, you might have told me he was coming eavesdropping behind me."

"I thought it might do him good to hear a little of your plain-speaking, my dear."

"Oh, if that were any use! I am sure he gets enough of it."

"Not to-day; you have been as enigmatical as a Sphinx."

"That is because Doran has burnt the jelly, and I wished to have it for Laura when she awakes. And Fanny has chipped the cover of the green urn in the lobby; and besides, as to my other troubles, I don't exactly know what I want, or, if I were quite clear on *that* point, whether it is right for me to wish anything about it."

"It—what is the mighty 'it'?"

"That's likely to be no concern of yours. Come, Sir Thomas, lunch is served, and I have fifty things to do."

By-and-by, when Colonel Home had gone out with his sketch-book, and Sir Thomas was off to his rosery, Lady Lenox betook herself to Laura's room. She opened the door noiselessly and peeped in, but was met by a bright smile from the patient.

"You are awake, my dear?"

"Yes; I have had such a sweet sleep."

"Did you dream of any one?"

"No; I think it was too sound for dreams, and I feel so rested and refreshed now."

"That's all right. There has been a visitor here for you."

"For me! Mamma, I suppose."

"No; guess again."

Laura flushed brightly.

"Surely not—not——"

"Not whom?"

"No one from home?"

"It was a Mr. Errol, if you know such a person—a pretty, dainty young man."

Laura turned her face from the light, and said:

"You are so good to me, that I think, since he has been here, you ought to know. I should like to tell you."

"I know it all, my dear. Lucy Charlton told us."

"Oh! did she?"

"Yes. I think it's a pity, myself, to tie a girl down before she can know her own mind. I suppose, now, that is the first man you ever saw, except, of course, your father?"

Laura laughed. "I have known him all my life," she said. "And his mother has been the dearest and truest friend I have ever known."

"Oh! and Jemmy Jessamy takes up the rôle of dearest and truest now?"

"Dear Lady Lenox, I hope you are not angry at his coming here."

"Why *should* I be, my dear? Why do you fancy that?"

"I can hardly tell. I fancy I can feel that you do not like him."

"Ridiculous! Did I not say he was very pretty, and got up as if he had been taken out of a handbox?"

"Yes; but you said it in a queer way, and I somehow know that he has made a disagreeable impression on you."

"My stars! what a sharp young lady I have got to do with! I had need watch my looks and words when you are by."

"Yes; but am I not right?"

"If I were to say yes, you would feel hurt and angry; and I will not say no, for I saw so little of the young man that I could have no opinion whatever about him, save as to mere externals, and I have said honestly what I thought of them."

"Had he seen mamma?"

"I suppose so, as he knew of your accident. He wanted to see you, but you were asleep. And, besides, I thought you might not like to receive him until you could come down-stairs."

"You were quite right. I shall so much prefer seeing him then; but I suppose he was disappointed?"

"Of course he was; he said he would write to you."

"Poor Arthur! He would think I was much worse than I am."

"He'll live through the trouble, my dear. How is your ankle?"

"It feels enormously weighty, but, I think, not so painful."

"It's time it should be bathed again. Now, you are not to make the smallest movement."

"Thank you; how much trouble you take for me. I wonder that you should be so good to me."

"Yes, it is a wonder; but I can't have people talking, and saying that I bribed Colonel Home to throw you down the cliff, and then let you die for want of care; nothing but fear of that would make me plague myself about you."

And with a tenderness in marked contrast to her rough speech, the old lady bathed and bound up the poor swollen limb. When all this was done, she drew a strip of bright-coloured knitting from her pocket and sat down by the bed.

Laura watched the bright needles and scarlet wool tripping each other up in silence, and then her eyes wandered to the withered face, where hardness and kindness seemed ever combating; she wondered how that face had looked when the skin had been smooth, and soft, and un-wrinkled—the white hair brown and abundant—and the hollow, faded eyes bright and undimmed by time and tears. Then she thought of the sad story she had heard—the one darling son, leaving his parents full of high hopes and soaring ambitions, and the miserable end of it all. Lady Lenox looked up suddenly, and met such a wistful look in the eyes of her young guest, that she said:

"What now, miss? Are you fretting for Mrs. Charlton or Mr. Errol?"

"I was not thinking of either."

"Of what, then?"

"Of several things."

"A most illogical answer, and equivalent to saying that you don't mean to tell me; but I must know, for all that. Come! out with it."

"Are we in the palace of truth?" asked Laura, smiling.

"No, it's well for you we are not; you'd hear some things that would not please you."

"Such as——?" asked Laura.

"Not being in the palace of truth, I am not bound to answer; but I must have your 'several things.'"



"It's nothing to tell," said Laura. "I was only thinking of all the trouble there seems to be in the world, and why it should be allowed to be; and when I shall begin to have my grown-up share, and what it will be—oh! and several things of that kind."

"A cheerful train of thought; what set it going?"

"I think it was the quiet, and the seeing you knitting so peacefully; then I remembered all about your dreadful sorrow, and I wondered if people ever get over such things."

"Some do, and some don't, my dear; grief comes to us from the same Hand that sends joy; and we have only to bear on, and trust that it is never sent without cause. We were two foolish old people, and we thought our boy was the one thing in the world for which we were to live and think and plan and save. And so God took him; but I know now that it was best. Oh yes! I can feel it and say it *now*. But oh, Laura! Laura!" She bent her head on her hands, and two or three sobs, those hard tearless sobs which are so dreadful to hear from an old person, shook her from head to foot. After a minute or two she raised her face again. "Now, my dear, we'll talk no more about it, for it's all over, only the wound bleeds sometimes. But you will not wonder that we love Colonel Home. He took my boy in his arms, and, wounded himself, he carried him out of range of the Russian guns, and he tended him when he was dying, and brought me his brown hair and his last words; and he never told us all he had done for our darling, we heard that from other quarters. I always feel as if there were something of my Frank about him."

Laura's eyes were brimming over with tears; she made no effort to speak, but stroked the thin hand which rested on her pillow.

"I have made you cry, my dear; a nice nurse I am. Oh dear! As for *your* troubles, Laura, don't be in a hurry to find them, they'll find you soon enough; indeed, I dare say you have met a few already; Lucy Charlton could help you to that."

"Dear Lady Lenox, I am sure you do not like Mrs. Charlton—mamma; but I am sure you will not think me impertinent for saying that I think you ought not to try and let me see it. If I have not been very happy, I am sure I have often been, and meant to be, very provoking. And I have been very unfair towards mamma, for I determined not to like her; and a step-mother has a difficult part to play even in favourable circumstances, how much more when she is met by positive dislike. You have hinted to me that you have heard a good deal of what went on at Charlwood, but please don't speak of it to me, for I must not listen, and I should be so sorry you should think me ungrateful."

Lady Lenox stooped and kissed the truthful earnest face.

"You are a good girl," she said, "and I will not hurt you again. But when old people are alone, with no children of their own, rich, and with tribes of relations watching for them to drop, that they may pounce on what is left behind, they are apt to grow soured and malicious. The mind is more given to contract than expand, Laura, if left to itself, and our views of life narrow as our interests become fewer. I was not always the cantankerous old woman I am now. But I'll say nothing more to you about Lucy Charlton."

"Thank you so much; she has often been very kind to me, and of late especially."

"Well, well, my dear, we'll dismiss her from our thoughts, or at least from our conversation, for I have a strong distaste to her, and always had, and she returns the compliment."

Next day came Arthur's promised letter. Therein he explained that his mother had meant to have invited some very old friends to stay at Feltham Abbey, but in consequence of Arthur's strong wish to see Laura, had deferred doing so until her son's return from Whitecliffe. Now, however, as Arthur understood that he could not see Laura for some time, he had thought it best to return home, and have his mother's friends at the abbey, so as to be at liberty by the time Laura should be well enough to leave her room.

The letter was on the whole very affectionate, yet there was through it all a tone of pique and pettishness which struck Laura as being unreasonable, and the sharp eyes of her hostess detected in the girl's manner a perplexed uneasiness which her shrewd wit was not slow to connect with the letter received that morning. Prompt to speak out her thoughts, she did not fail to bring them to light as usual, and as she sat by Laura's bed while the invalid ate her early dinner, she opened the subject.

"Laura! you ate no lunch, and now you are playing with your dinner. What's the matter? I suspect you had bad news in that letter I brought you this morning."

"I assure you you are mistaken."

"Am I? There was nothing unpleasant, then?"

"Really nothing, Lady Lenox; that is, nothing to which I could give a name, even in my own thoughts; one is so fanciful at times. And after all there is really nothing in my letter to make any one but a goose uncomfortable."

"Then you are a goose, for you are not like the same creature you were this morning."

"Well! yes, I dare say you are right. I suppose this staying in bed, so contrary to what I have been accustomed to, has made me nervous; and although that letter was as kind as it could be, I thought there was an atmosphere about it as if Ar——Mr. Errol were not pleased; yet there is not one word or phrase in it which could give rise to my impression."

"You may be sure you are right; he is just the sort of man to be angry with a woman for falling and being very much hurt."

"How ridiculous! Indeed, Lady Lenox, you do not at all understand him."

"No, my dear. I hope he understands himself."

"Now you ought not to speak of him, because you know you do not like him; and not knowing him, your dislike must be a mere senseless prejudice, as you said of my dislike to your cap this morning." From which speech it will be seen that Laura was very much at her ease with the old lady.

"Come, saucebox! my cap is a beauty, and so is Mr. Errol, and in all my life I never could abide a beauty-man. I don't dispute his being perfection in every way, but he is not the style of man I admire. However, as I am not going to marry him, I dare say he will survive the want of my approbation."

"You were so good to me about mamma that I am tempted to try if you will be as good about this matter. Even if I had not promised to marry Arthur, I must always love him, for I know how very good he is; but as I shall probably be his wife, you must not say anything against him."

"You are quite spoiled. You were tolerably meek three days ago, now you are become dictatorial and impudent. I'll send you back to your step-mother until you get back your good behaviour."

"Ah! now I know you are not vexed, and will do exactly what I have asked you."

"I'll make no promises. You are a little serpent, and can fool me to the top of my bent. One comfort is, though, that I know perfectly well I am being fooled. Do you know that Mr. Dyke says you may be carried to the sofa next week?"

"May I? I am so glad! And yet if it had not been for my wretched ankle I should never have had you for my friend; so, after all, my fall has had its advantages."

"I was your friend long before I saw you, Laura. I had always had a strange pity and interest for the little girl who got Lucy Lenox for a step-mother. Well! I'm not going to say anything more, you need not remind me; but you see old habit is strong, and I have been accustomed to abuse the woman regularly to Sir Thomas."

It was a fortnight from the time of Laura's accident before she was able to bear being carried down-stairs to the drawing-room, and her reappearance was signalled by a little family fête, at which Mrs. Charlton and the children assisted. Colonel Home was still at Cragmere, nor did he seem to have any present intention of leaving. It was not difficult to flatter Mrs. Charlton's vanity, and the colonel, in his lazy way, seemed to make it his peculiar study to please her. Before she and the children left in the evening, she was for a short time alone with Laura, and hastened to use the opportunity by leaving her step-daughter a subject for pleasant meditations.

"Don't you think you could walk if you tried, Laura?"

"I should be sorry to try, mamma. Mr. Dyke especially ordered me not to attempt putting my foot to the ground. He said I should certainly undo all that has been done if I tried it."

"Well, with care we can have you removed in a day or two. The old people have been very kind indeed, but, you know, it is for the sake of your connexion with me, and I really do not like incurring further obligations, especially when I know their ways so well, and am sure they will talk of it for years."

"I don't think you quite understand them. I love Lady Lenox dearly, and, although I have been a sad trouble, I feel quite certain *she* does not think so. I am sure she likes me."

"What a charming person you must be to have conquered the heart of the most selfish old woman in England! And as for loving her, I cannot understand those temperaments which attach themselves warmly to a stranger, while they turn from those who from years of solicitude and tenderness have really some claim on their capricious affections."

"Indeed, mamma, I am not ungrateful for any kindness I have ever received; but, being ill in this house, I have, of course, seen so much of

Lady Lenox, and she has been so good to me, that I don't see how I could help loving her."

"Has Colonel Home been very good to you also?"

There was something so significant in the tone of this question and the look which accompanied it, that Laura coloured with indignation, but, looking full in her step-mother's face, she answered:

"I have never seen Colonel Home since *that* day till this, and I have heard very little about him."

"Don't look so furious. I merely wished to warn you, for your own sake. He is an atrocious flirt in his peculiar way, and has a manner very likely to impose on a young girl; but he is one of those men who in their hearts regard all unmarried women as idiots."

"What a queer idea!" said Laura, laughing. "Is it because they have not had cleverness enough to get themselves married?"

"Don't be stupid! No; he says young girls are so hard to get on with, their ideas so unformed, and what they may have, lost for want of power of expression."

"Very likely he is right. But all that is nothing to me. I assure you I do not need the warning."

"Don't be too sure. It would be a nice business if you were to lose your heart to him, as many a girl has done, and then some fine day he bids you good morning, and there is no more about him; and then probably Arthur would leave you too."

"Oh, mamma, what horrid thoughts! Colonel Home never thinks of me, and scarcely looks at me, and, if he did, it would not matter. I really am not an idiot!"

"I hope not, for your own sake. Oh! dear aunt!"—as Lady Lenox came bustling in—"I have been telling our little Laura that we have trespassed quite long enough on your hospitality. It is quite time I relieved you of your troublesome charge. Now that she is down-stairs, she could, with care, in your nice roomy carriage, get to Whitecliffe. It has been such a sad upsetting of your dear recluse ways."

"Don't distress yourself, Lucy. We shall not let Laura go yet. She is my especial friend, and she shall not be moved for a month at least. When she is married, I shall go to her when I feel one of my bad attacks of neuralgia coming on, and she shall nurse me through it, and pay me back in that way."

"But, dear aunt, I must go home at the end of next week, and I cannot leave her behind me."

"You certainly shall. Have you any idea how severe her injuries were?"

"Oh yes! A dislocation and sprain are trifles."

"Pretty trifles! You shall not take her, unless you mean to quarrel with me."

Laura sat silent, while Mrs. Charlton, still persistent but imperturbably sweet, urged her point, and Lady Lenox, growing every minute more energetic, absolutely refused to part with her young guest. At length Mrs. Charlton's temper seemed on the point of giving way, and Laura hastened to the rescue.

"Indeed I think mamma is right, Lady Lenox. I have been very happy here, and, though I must have been such a plague to you, you

have made me feel as if you never thought me so. Just now I am sure I could not bear the journey, but by next week I think I might, and I think I ought to go."

"If there is one thing in the manners of the present day more abominable than another," answered the old lady, turning furiously on Laura, "it is the odious way young people have of putting themselves continually forward. Nobody wanted your opinion, and it goes for nothing. Lucy Charlton knows that if she insists on taking you she will mortally offend me, and for you, why do you want to go—you were happy enough to-day—what has she been saying to you?"

Mrs. Charlton hastened to interpose, for she knew Laura for a truth-teller, and gave her credit also for sufficient malice to inspire the wish to mortify her step-mother.

"I merely cautioned her to be careful in her intercourse with Colonel Home—an affianced girl, and he so attractive! I felt anxious, as any mother must, that nothing should occur to injure Arthur Errol's interests."

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy! I knew you were at the bottom of it. So you've managed to make the poor child uncomfortable! It's just like you. You shall not have her, then. I'll write to her father this night. Come, Laura, it's quite time you were carried up-stairs; bid Mrs. Charlton good night."

Crestfallen and angry at herself, Laura, and her aunt, Mrs. Charlton made her adieux, and Laura was borne off on an American couch which Sir Thomas had got expressly for her, and which, as it could be turned into a bed, chair, or sofa, and was the only modern article of furniture at Cragmere, was regarded by Sir Thomas and his wife with a mixture of contempt for its slight materials and Protean capabilities, and admiration for its ingenuity. Every day Laura was carried down to the pleasant "china room," where splendid flowers looked through the glass doors of the conservatory, and pleasant odours filled the air. The sofa on which the girl lay became a rallying-point for Sir Thomas and his wife, and, after a few days, even Colonel Home began to be frequently found hovering somewhere at hand. There is something in many men which leads them to undervalue an object until they discover that some one else desires to appropriate it, and Colonel Home was one of this class. He had thought very little about Laura at their first meeting. She had not impressed him as anything but a girl with splendid hair, fine eyes, and a delicate spirituelle face, all which advantages were almost nullified in his eyes by her disordered dress and want of manner. The next time he had thought her an elegant-looking creature, but too young to be agreeable. All this was changed since he had heard of her engagement to Arthur Errol. He had as yet no idea of wishing to appropriate her to himself, but, for all that, he felt a strong dislike to Arthur, and mentally called him "coxcomb" and "muff;" and every day he saw fresh charms in the innocent, naïve girl, who, by his own fault or misfortune, had suffered so much pain, and borne it so bravely. Perhaps that, too, helped to interest him. He had over-persuaded her to visit the caves, and, confident in his strength and activity, he had not taken sufficient care of her; and he had carried her in his arms up to the house! Altogether, he became more and more given to think about her, and at

last to wonder what might have happened if the same set of circumstances had thrown them together, and Laura had not been engaged to Arthur Errol. He appeared at his best in this quiet out-of-the-way place; he had a real regard for his host and hostess, and felt sure of pleasing, and probably he had never exerted himself more to do so; he had much and varied information on most subjects likely to interest his companions, had seen a great deal of the world both at home and abroad, and, if his knowledge were not very thorough, he had the gift of imparting it pleasantly, and making a little do duty for much.

While Laura and Lady Lenox worked he read to them; and as he had a fine voice, and read well (that rare accomplishment), the hours which were occupied in listening to him were the pleasantest of the day to Laura. Mr. Charlton's answer to Lady Lenox's letter came in due time, and gave an unqualified approval to Laura's stay with her new friends, and Mrs. Charlton returned to Charlwood without having been able to secure another private interview with her step-daughter. Arthur wrote almost daily, bemoaning his hard fate in being compelled to play the host, instead of being near Laura; however, he hoped that the guests at the abbey would soon leave, and then he would set out for Whitecliffe at once. And Colonel Home saw with pleasure that Laura was quite as bright and happy on the day when she had no letter, as on those when the white oblong missive awaited her on the table by her sofa. As we are talking about letters, there was one of Colonel Home's, about this period, which throws some light on his state of mind. Here is the portion of it which concerns us:

"You ask me what tempts me to bury myself here in the very middle of September? And I answer, that I can hardly tell you; it is not the shooting, although even for that I have every facility, for Sir Thomas is a strict 'preserver,' but I have not had any inclination to do more than coquet with the game for an hour or two occasionally. My old wound is (as you know) apt to remind me of its presence in autumn and spring, and I suppose that makes me languid and lazy. There is nothing in the way of amusement here, yet I get through my days in a lotus-eating sort of fashion that is rather pleasant than otherwise. My friends have a very nice girl staying here, daughter of old Charlton of Charlwood, and if it were not that she is engaged to some lucky fellow, I don't know but I might be tempted in the end of my days to make myself a Benedick. On the other hand, it is possible that, were she quite free, I might not think of her at all. '*Une chose défendue, c'est une chose désirée*,' was it not thus poor St. Luc's philosophy went? I think I shall leave this soon, for I really feel like making a fool of myself, and I have no inclination for that pastime. Of one thing I am sure, the girl cares no more for her so-called lover than you do; she is just the innocent, ignorant creature to engage herself to the first man that asked her, provided he dwelt sufficiently on the misery her refusal would cause him. She will have a handsome *dot* too, and (as is always the way) her *futur* has got more than enough of his own—no such luck would think of coming in *our* way."

One beautiful day, Laura was brought out of doors to sit under the walnut on the lawn. Colonel Home, lounging on the grass, read Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" aloud. Lady Lenox was "on house-

hold cares intent." And a very pretty idyllic picture was formed by the pair beneath the walnut-tree, where the flickering light and shade from the branches fell on the vivid scarlet of the shawls and cushions of the couch, on Laura's soft pearl-grey dress, and the golden brown of her pretty hair. Any one coming down the avenue must have been struck with the tableau; and some one there was approaching on horseback. Of course it was Arthur Errol, and when he turned the flank of a clump of oaks and hollies which screened the angle where a narrow path diverged from the drive, he was close upon the pair. Colonel Home had seen and recognised him; but Laura's back was to the avenue, and her attention was too much absorbed to admit of her noticing what was passing thirty yards behind her. Arthur reined in his horse at the junction of the two paths, and just then Colonel Home, raising himself slowly, leaned over Laura's sofa, to show her a pretty scarlet and black ladybird that had lighted on the page; to an on-looker his attitude was very confidential and lover-like, and it had the effect it was meant to have. Presently Colonel Home resumed his reading, and in a little time the horseman repassed, on his way from the house. He did not once turn his head towards the group beneath the walnut-tree, but rode quickly on till he was out of sight.

"Here is Lady Lenox," said the colonel, calmly, after another page or two had been read. And Laura looked up smiling to see the spare, active little figure coming lightly across the smooth sward.

The old lady drew near, and in her face was a queer troubled look, half triumph and half regret.

"What a stupid pair you must be not to have seen Mr. Errol pass by!"

"Mr. Errol!" exclaimed Laura, with a certain expression of blank dismay in her voice.

"Yes, Mr. Errol; he rode up to the house (though he must have seen you) and asked for you. Thomas told him you were out here, and offered his pilotage; but, as he said, the gentleman seemed put out, and said he would not disturb you now, but would call again."

"I saw a gentleman ride by, but concluded he was going to the house," said Colonel Home.

Laura was silent for a minute, and then, feeling sure that Arthur must be very angry indeed to have passed and not spoken to her, conscious also, perhaps, of being guilty towards him in feeling too happy in his absence, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! what shall I do now?"

"Do!—you'll put this card of his up as a relic, and weep till he returns. I call it very cavalier behaviour indeed."

## NAVAL WORTHIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

FOR the halo of glory which is shed over the pages of Grecian and Roman history, for the mighty deeds on land and sea, for the arts and sciences which raised those republics to a proud pre-eminence among the nations of the earth, their citizens were indebted to the succession of warriors, statesmen, and philosophers who sprang up among them; nor did the people refuse to award honour where honour was due, or to acknowledge that, without those master-minds, they would have remained in a state of Bæotian apathy, if not of perfect barbarism.

Still greater reason have we Britons to do honour to the long line of gallant chiefs who have borne triumphantly over the ocean the battle-flag of England to every clime, to every sea, for the world-wide renown attained by the British navy. Their bravery has won for us the far-extended commerce enjoyed by our country, the mighty colonies which are both a source of our wealth and a prevention from much suffering and poverty at home, and it has secured us hitherto against the dire curse of a foreign invasion.

We have no history of the lives of any of King Alfred's sea-captains, yet we have a glimpse through the mist of the far-distant times which enshrouds them to convince us that such men existed; brave, sagacious, and daring, the same spirit animated their bosoms which has burned in the breasts of their successors for many ages, and still shines as brightly as ever.

We hear of one Neulfstan, sent by King Alfred to survey the coasts of Norway and Lapland, and to report on the best means of establishing a whale-fishery in the Arctic regions. Now, when we come to consider the limited means by which that old sea-captain had to guide his course, the clumsy construction of his ship, and the imperfect mode of rigging her, we should look with no small respect on his courage and perseverance. Depend on it that old Captain Neulfstan was a right true gallant man, of whom we in the present day might be justly proud—a Parry, a Ross, a Franklin, or one of their brave successors. In his stout ship of perhaps seventy, perhaps a hundred tons, with her one short mast and large square sail, and maybe a staysail of some sort, with long oars—or sweeps, we now call them—worked from the deck, some dozen or more, six on each side, away he went from the shores of England towards the bleak north, the pole-star his only sure guide, his heart stout as his ship, undismayed by the dangers of those icy regions, by its vast icebergs and fields of ice, its mountains of snow, and mighty whales and other monsters of the deep, its many real and not a few imagined terrors, without compass, or quadrant, or table of logarithms, scarcely a log-line or second-glass, with a firm trust in God, and a due confidence in his own oft-tried skill and sagacity. No braggadocio, no speech-maker, a man doubtlessly of few words, what he undertook, that he accomplished to his own content and the satisfaction of his royal employer. The charts he made, many ages after were found correct.

There was another old sea-captain, of whom ancient records speak,



employed by the same great king, one Ohthar, a Dane, a man of considerable substance, greatly skilled in navigation, and well acquainted with the commerce of the north. He had before the voyages of Neulftan visited the same regions, and, moreover, attempted the discovery of a north-east passage to the far-distant lands of India. I should like much to be able to give an account of those early voyages; how, especially, the mariners managed to stow their provisions and water, what means they employed to preserve the former, as much almost as the method by which they navigated their ships. We hear also of a voyage to the East performed by order of the same king, for whom a certain monk, Sigelmus, or Swithelm, acted as agent. The object was to relieve the Christians of St. Thomas—a settlement on the Indian continent. The monk, Swithelm, was, as a reward, created Bishop of Sherburn. Who acted as commander of the ship which bore him on his errand of mercy we are not told. Perhaps it was Captain Neulftan. They went most certainly by the way of the Mediterranean and Red Seas.

Many ages after this passed by without record being made of even the names of any great sea-captains. I cannot but suppose that they existed—at all events, men as bold and brave as any in preceding or following times, though with less scope for the exercise of their talents. We hear of the great extension of commerce between England and foreign countries, and of great and bloody naval battles between the English and their enemies; but the names of the chiefs who navigated the ships are unknown.

There exists a tale of a certain Prince Madoc, son of Owen Guyneth, King of North Wales, who, A.D. 1170, weary of the disputes among his brethren for the succession to their father's throne, set sail across the Western Ocean. He found, it is said, a fair and fertile country, and, returning for his friends, again departed. He came not back, but many ages afterwards traces were discovered of a fair-skinned race, with remnants, it is supposed, of Christianity, and speaking a dialect differing totally from the red tribes surrounding them. Both they and their neighbours have long since disappeared, swept away by disease and famine and the sword of their civilised invaders. At all events, I am inclined to think that Madoc did perform a western voyage, and that he may justly be considered a naval worthy of a bygone age.

There exists a record of a voyage performed to the North Pole in the year 1360, by a certain friar of Oxford, known as Nicholas of Lynn, during the reign of King Edward III. He probably went not as the captain of the ship's company, but simply as the navigator; for we are further told that he was deeply versed in the science of astronomy. It is added, also, that he was an adept in the black art—that it was, in fact, by his superior knowledge of magic that he was enabled thus to find his way through those hitherto unexplored and trackless seas. The ignorant in those days, and to a much later period, were ever ready to ascribe the performance of any work beyond the limits of their comprehension to the operation of magic; but there can be but little doubt that Friar Nicholas was enabled to steer his course thus with comparative ease across those distant parts of the ocean by his knowledge of the use of the mariner's compass, then discovered some sixty years, though not employed generally for some time afterwards. The loadstone-touched needle was,

when first used, let into a thin circular piece of wood, which floated in a wooden bowl of water—the same rough instrument which is used by the mariners of the Levant to the present day. Such, I cannot doubt, was the magic compass by which that old navigator found his way to the far north. How must his brave heart have beat high, his bosom expanded, as, quitting his dark cold cell, he felt himself carried onward in his stout ship o'er the free ocean to those distant regions which he had seen in his dreams asleep—which he had so often thought on when awake! Master Nicholas of Lynn was a good navigator; his cell-life had not been thrown away. Knowledge was not to be attained so easily as at present; only with toil and diligent research from many manuscripts—they often full of errors and absurdities, fables now absolutely incredible—could it be won in peace and quiet not to be attained in the outer world. In some such retirement had Master Nicholas of Lynn studied the science of navigation. Perhaps he had been to sea in his youth, held the office of *gromet*, or ship's boy, on board one of the ships fitted out by the Cinque Ports; then, retiring from the sea and commencing to study, he discovered some things which were before a mystery, and learned many more, till at length the love of his early life, never eradicated—only blunted for a time, perhaps, from ill usage—returned with irresistible force, and, with enlarged faculties and improved knowledge, he again sought the wild ocean. I could picture him and his companions standing over that magic bowl which he had told them would guide their course over those dark seas, they wondering whence that power could come which made the float always turn to the same point—a secret not yet wholly known. It is not surprising that they surmised it must have much to do with magic, though they might have believed that the holy friar would have had nothing to do with it had it been of a baneful nature. But we must spend no longer time on our surmises as to that old sea-worthy's early history. He surveyed many lands, we are told, and made correct charts of them, which he dutifully laid before King Edward on his return. How he was rewarded, or what afterwards befel him, we are not informed. He disappears, like many other great men, into the mist of ages—one more among numberless examples of the vanity of earthly fame; yet what additions did he not make to science—what benefits did he not bestow on his fellow-men!

The first person who bore the title of Admiral of England was Henry de Lucy, in the reign of Henry III. Before that time the reigning sovereign was the Lord High Admiral. In the reign of Henry IV. (1396), John Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, was created Admiral of the King's Fleet both to the north and south, Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, &c. &c.; but, as I do not find that this Admiral Beaufort performed any naval deed worthy of note, I make no further mention of him.

The bold voyages of the Portuguese, then the most enterprising of European nations—alas, how sadly now changed!—and the still greater achievement of Columbus, awoke the spirit of maritime discovery in the breast of many an English youth, and thousands of brave spirits eagerly yearned to try their fortunes on the fickle wave in search of fame or wealth, or that unknown good men too often seek after in vain.

I will not stop to speak of the voyages of that greatest of navigators, and one of the first and most worthy of men, because, not being an Eng-

lishman, we may not boast of him; rather, indeed, as Henry VII. did not accept his offered services, we may feel regret, if not some slight shame, that thereby so great an honour was lost to England. Greater glory was gained to our country by the discoveries of the Cabots, father and son.

The elder, a Venetian by birth, and well skilled in all the sciences requisite to form an accomplished seaman or a general trader, had long been settled in Bristol. Hearing of the success of Columbus, he made proposals to Henry VII. to endeavour to find a north-west passage to India, A.D. 1495. His offer was readily accepted, and letters patent were granted to him and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanctius. Believing, as did Columbus, that as the Portuguese by sailing east had arrived at the west coasts of the Indies, so by sailing west he should reach the eastern shore, he started on his voyage, accompanied by his son Sebastian, then about twenty years old, in one large ship, followed by several small ones, freighted with various commodities with which to trade with the Indians. The bold explorers discovered first the island of Baccaloes, or Cod-fish, now called Newfoundland, and then, sailing south as far as Cape Florida, returned to England with three savages on board and a good cargo.

John Cabot was knighted by King Henry for this no small exploit; but that honest old writer, Purchas, insists that far greater honour should have been done him, and that the new-found continent should have been called Cabotiana, or Sebastianiana, because that he and his son discovered more of it than did Americus Vesputius or even Columbus himself. However great was Sir John Cabot, we are more interested with the exploits of his son Sebastian, because he was born and bred in England, and though for a short time employed by Spain, yet the greater part of his life was devoted to the service of England. I have a fancy, too, that his mother was a Bristol woman, because I can thus better account for the advantages possessed by John Cabot in Bristol, and the high respect in which he was there held, peculiar privileges being granted to strangers who took to themselves wives from among the thrifty damsels of that far-famed mercantile city.

Sebastian Cabot, educated in all the knowledge for which his father was celebrated, was sent at an early age to sea, and had made several voyages before the great one was undertaken of which I have before made mention. He appears to have received little or no attention from government after his return from that voyage, till, in the eighth year of King Henry VIII.'s reign, we find him, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Pert, Vice-Admiral of England, sent on a voyage of discovery towards the Brazils and South Seas. He reached the coast of Brazil, but there dissatisfied with the misconduct of his companion in command, he steered a course for Hispaniola, hoping there to obtain provisions. Compelled, however, to sheer off by the great guns of the town, he went to Puerto Rico, where, being kindly received and supplied with what he desired, he returned safely to England. Whether on account of his just quarrel with Sir John Pert, or from some other cause, I cannot discover, but some years after I find that he was appointed to the office of Grand Pilot of the Kingdom of Spain, and that he was greatly caressed by that court for his extraordinary capacity, and entrusted with all projects, which in these days were very numerous, for the discovery of the New World.

While residing in Spain, he was persuaded by a company of merchants, among whom was Mr. Robert Thorne, of Bristol, to undertake a voyage to the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, through the Straits of Magellan, then lately discovered. The Spaniards are proverbially jealous, and the favour Sebastian enjoyed obtained him many enemies, even among the officers employed under his command. Thus, after he had touched at the Canaries and reached the Brazils, a mutiny broke out, which he, however, repressed with vigour. The ringleaders, his second in command, and two of his captains, he put on shore on a desert island, and there left them. There can be but little doubt that this rigour was necessary, but, in consequence of it, his crew refused to proceed through the Straits of Magellan. He therefore contented himself with exploring the mighty rivers of the Plate and Paraguay, up the first of which he sailed for upwards of two hundred leagues, building several forts, and overcoming some of the natives who attacked him. At the mouth of the Plate he met with another explorer, James Garcia, who, unknown to him, had entered the river for the purpose of making discoveries. The glowing account which Sebastian gave of the country induced Garcia to remain with him, and together they retreated to the Fort of Spirito Santo, which he had built, while they sent back to Spain Francis Calderon and George Barlow to request a supply of merchandise, as well as arms and seamen and soldiers, to prosecute their discoveries and commerce, or their conquests, if necessary. The merchant proprietors, not, however, pleased with the result of the voyage, handed over their interests to the crown of Spain. So dilatory, however, was the government, that, after five years spent in expectation of aid, Sebastian resolved to return himself and to demand assistance. This he did not obtain, and, persuaded probably by his friend Mr. Thorne, he once more returned to the land of his birth. Here he was most graciously received by Edward VI., who loved to talk to him of his adventures. As a mark of his esteem, and as a requital for the office he had left in Spain, he created him the *Grand Pilot of England*. It is amusing to find that the King of Spain sent through his ambassador to demand that the great captain should be restored to him, because he could be of no great service to the English nation, who had little to do with the Indian seas, and more especially as he was a very necessary person to the emperor, was his servant in the capacity of Grand Pilot of the Indies, and that he had granted to him a pension.

We do not hear what answer was returned to this modest request. It was certainly not complied with; but, instead, the king, still further to mark his appreciation of the renowned navigator's merits, granted him a pension of 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

From this time nothing was done concerning trade without consulting the great captain. He was placed at the head of numerous companies, whose object was either to extend the commerce of the country or to discover new lands. Among others, an association was formed to find out a passage to India by the northern seas. Three ships were fitted out for this undertaking, and many admirable regulations were issued to ensure its success. Some of them are well worthy of note, as set forth in a book compiled by the governor of the company. "First, the captain-general, with the pilot-major, the masters, merchants, and other officers, to be so knit and accorded in unity, love, conformity, and obedience in every

degree on all sides, that no dissension, variance, or contention may rise or spring betwixt them and the mariners of this company, to the damage or hindrance of the voyage." Everybody on board the ships was to take an oath of obedience to all in authority; and for the furtherance of the objects of the expedition, and to the intent that every man should the better remember his oath, conscience, duty, and charge, it was ordered that the said book of regulations should be read once every week to the ships' companies.

In the 12th Item we find: "That no blaspheming of God, or detestable swearing, be used in any ship, nor communication of ribaldry, filthy tales, or ungodly talk, be suffered in the company of any ship, neither dicing, carding, tabling, nor other devilish games to be frequented, whereby ensueth not only poverty to the players, but also strife, variance, brawling, fighting, and oftentimes murder, to the utter destruction of the parties, and provoking of God's most just wrath and sword of vengeance.

"13th Item. That morning and evening prayer, with other common services appointed by the king's majesty and laws of this realm, to be read and said in every ship daily, by the minister in the admiral, and the merchant or some other person learned in other ships, and the Bible or paraphrases to be read devoutly and christianly to God's honour, and for His grace to be obtained and had by humble and hearty prayer of the navigants accordingly.

"18th Item. The sick, diseased, weak, and visited person within board to be tendered, relieved, comforted, and holpen in the time of his infirmity; and every manner of person, without respect, to bear another's burden, and no man to refuse such labour as shall be put to him for the most benefit and publick wealth of the voyage and enterprise to be achieved exactly."

These regulations would lead us to believe and hope that those ancient navigators were not ashamed of their religious faith, and were, for the most part, a God-fearing and God-worshipping people.

I am sorry to say that some of the following directions and rules for the guidance of the expedition do not agree with the notions of the present day as to what is correct, however they may with practices not yet abandoned. The three following Items are too curious to be omitted:

"22nd Item. Not to disclose to any nation the state of our religion, but to pass it over in silence without any declaration of it, seeming to bear with such laws and rites as the place hath where you shall arrive.

"23rd Item. Forasmuch as our people and ships may appear unto them strange and wonderous, and theirs also to ours, it is to be considered how they may be used, learning much of their natures and dispositions, by some one such person as you may first either allure or take to be brought aboard your ships, and there to learn as you may without violence or force.

"24th Item. The person so taken to be well entertained, used, and apparelled, to be set on land to the intent that he or she may allure others to draw nigh to shew the commodities; *and if the person taken may be made drunk with your beer or wine, you shall know the secrets of his heart.*"

Verily, our ancestors were pious men, but they did some queer things, notwithstanding.

## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MARRYAT.

## IX.

## DANGEROUS GROUND.

A DAY or two after the arrival of the Miss Watsons at Fernside, the shooting—which until then had been the usual amusement of the morning—had to be deferred on account of the weather. It had rained incessantly all night, and continued to pour in torrents.

Taking advantage of the leisure which this had afforded him, the sisters had requested an audience of “dear Bernard” on matters of business, and the trio were closeted for more than an hour in the dining-room.

Colonel Munroe and two other gentlemen, who had come on the First, having taken their departure, it so happened that Gabrielle had to entertain Captain Travers and Mr. Vavasour alone.

A matrimonial lecture, followed by mutual recriminations, had left her, however, less disposed than usual to play the part of hostess. It had been brought on in consequence of her having asked her husband to break off the shooting-party, and allow her to remain at Fernside with his two sisters. She complained of her health not being equal to the fuss and worry of entertaining so many visitors. But all to no purpose, her pleadings having only elicited the retort that when the house had been empty she had complained equally of the dulness. So that her weak attempt to avoid temptation had ended in complete failure.

The present state of Mr. Watson’s feelings led him to oppose his own to his wife’s views on nearly every subject; thus, when she had remarked to him that Captain Travers absented himself daily from the shooting-party, apparently for the sole purpose of lounging about the drawing-room with herself and the Miss Watsons, the idea instantly presented itself to her contradictory partner that her desire to get rid of Captain Travers arose simply from the wish to be allowed to flirt more conveniently with Mr. Vavasour, whose attentions to her had been already spitefully commented on by his sisters one afternoon in Gabrielle’s absence.

No! Travers should remain, and Vavasour take his departure; so he obstinately determined, and there the matter dropped.

There are certain dumb animals which can only be compelled to go in the right direction by pulling them in the opposite one; and when the human animal displays a similar perversity, a like treatment might occasionally be adopted with advantage.

Although Mr. Watson had been so long unmarried, still, before he left for India, he had lived continually in women’s society. Out there, most of his intimate friends were married men; he therefore had witnessed many matrimonial disputes, and often boasted of the success of his attempts to hold out the olive-branch between his friends and their wives. Having

thus come into contact with many of the weaker sex, he fancied, poor man ! that he understood them thoroughly, and his own wife better than any one else.

But wiser men than Mr. Watson imagine that they "thoroughly understand" the fair sex ; they can read their hearts and see through their characters like glass ! Women are so shallow ! They have no strength of purpose ; they act upon impulse—why, any man of common sense can guide a woman !

If this conviction gives the opposite sex any pleasure, let them retain it ; it would be useless, and at the same time a pity, to undeceive them.

A certain *gêne* prevented any very entertaining intercourse between Gabrielle and her two guests on that morning. Captain Travers read, or pretended to read, a book which he found on the table, his eyes wandering for the most part of the time, however, in the direction of his charming hostess, who, seated on a low chair, appeared intent upon watching the big drops as they coursed each other down the window-panes.

Mr. Vavasour lounged about restlessly, attempting every now and then to seduce Mrs. Watson into conversation with himself.

Failing in this, he became sulky, swore inwardly at Captain Travers for not leaving the room, and finding at last that all his efforts to induce his obnoxious rival to quit the field were futile, did the next best thing (considering the ill temper he was in), and left the apartment himself—to look after, he said, one of the setters who had been hurt by some accident the day before.

Gabrielle's heart almost ceased to beat as Captain Travers—the instant his retreating footsteps proclaimed Mr. Vavasour's departure—advanced to where she was seated. She became fearfully pale, and, in spite of her efforts to appear calm and indifferent, her lips were quivering with emotion.

She had never been alone with him since the day of his arrival, and had had no opportunity, therefore, of hearing the promised exculpation of his conduct to her before her marriage.

He stood between her and the closed door, and as she made instinctively a movement as if contemplating flight, said quietly :

"Are you afraid, or are you unwilling, to give me a few moments' conversation alone?"

To have her slight attempt to escape attributed to the fear of being left alone with him, or to allow Captain Travers to discover that his presence could still agitate her, was what she most wished to avoid. So she remained quiescent, little imagining how well he could read her tell-tale face, and that the cause of her agitation was as well understood by him as if she had openly confessed it.

He, the cool *blasé* man of the world, versed in love affairs and in women's hearts since the age of eighteen, when he first joined and began his career of folly and sin, read her feelings towards him better perhaps even at that time than she knew them herself ; and, as he stood before her pale shrinking form, gloried in the discovery, and in the hour of his triumph thought not of mercy.

As she sat there, with the rosy bloom of youth scared out of her face, she looked so young and helpless, and her love shone out so pitifully in her eyes, much as she sought to conceal it, that if he had possessed any

feeling at all he ought now to have spared her ; but his passion was strong within him, and he thought only of self at that hour.

He miscalculated his power over her, though, weak as she was, if he imagined that he could extort from her any sign which should denote an acknowledgment of her weakness. In fact, on his attempting to take her hand she withdrew it so suddenly that Captain Travers was sufficiently *au fait* in the ways of women to perceive that his time had not yet come, and that, if it ever did arrive, patience and submission must be his watchwords ; and the occasion was worthy enough, he thought, to induce him to put them in practice.

A man like Travers had not lived for years in the vortex of society without his love affairs ; their name, indeed, had been legion. His handsome face and figure had found sufficient favour in the eyes of many women to relieve him of any very exacting service in the achievement of their conquest, and this had rendered him both confident and careless.

Patience in love affairs was not his *forte*. If the divinity of the moment met his advances favourably, he would display a certain amount of energy in following up his advantage ; if, on the contrary, she appeared slow in comprehending the inestimable honour conferred on her by his august notice, he was much too nonchalant to take any further trouble about it. As he himself expressed it, " Love-making of that arduous nature should be reserved for the first hard frost ! "

Captain Jack Travers was not much worse, perhaps, than some of his compeers ; but, alas ! I fear he was a sad reprobate. But, unfortunately, Gabrielle knew nothing of his misdeeds, and, indeed, had some well-intentioned friend informed her of them, the probability is that—knowing his feelings towards her—like a true woman, she would have looked upon one half as a villanous slander, and found palliatives for the remainder. The slight repulse he had met with did not blind Captain Travers ; every feature betrayed poor Gabrielle's secret, and he read his strength in her weakness.

" Won't you let me now tell you my own miserable history ? " he said, in a low voice, seating himself on the large rug which was spread on the broad window-sill, and gazing in Gabrielle's face as he asked the question.

She bent her head and prayed for courage, and although she tried hard to go on with some work she held in her hand, Travers saw her fingers tremble as she failed wofully in her attempt.

" I may be leaving here so soon," he went on to say, in a saddened tone, " that I should like, if possible, before we part, to know that some of this accursed misunderstanding between us is cleared up."

He knew that he had no intention of leaving at present, still the ruse produced the desired effect, for the knowledge that she was so soon to be deprived of his society startled Gabrielle and rendered her more lenient, whilst the mournful manner in which he brought out the words excited her pity.

" Gabrielle, as we may never have another opportunity of speaking freely——"

" Tell it now, then," she said, interrupting him hurriedly, and thus by her fatal weakness gave him the opportunity she had sought to avoid.

And Captain Travers did not neglect to " improve the occasion ; " he



did tell his story, and that both fluently and well—too well, in fact, for by the time he had finished the recital of his woes he had succeeded in enlisting Gabrielle's sympathies to a dangerous extent.

She pitied him deeply; for had he not, according to his own account, suffered martyrdom? She saw it all plainly now—his father's cruel sternness, his own subsequent misery, his debts and follies, all of which he enlarged on freely—but not a word of his marriage!

A woman's love is generally strengthened by a recital of her lover's woes, even if she is aware that they are the consequences of his own misconduct.

So, as Captain Travers spoke and Gabrielle listened, her former feelings towards him returned with redoubled force. She never interrupted him save once, and that was partly for the sake of exculpating her own conduct. She told him, the tears filling her eyes at the remembrance of what she had gone through on that occasion, that she had sent a reply to his letter from Wilmington, in which she had entreated him to see her at once.

But she had entrusted this message (a verbal one) to Mr. Gore, and, as we know, that exquisite diplomatist had thought it expedient, for his friend's good, to withhold a portion of it, and that she had married Mr. Watson in sheer despair at her lover's supposed neglect.

It is impossible to say to what these explanations might have tended, had not the shrill voices of the Miss Watsons in conversation with their brother been heard through the opening door of the dining-room, and effectually put an end to all further confidential discourse.

"That was not a bad motto of Cardinal Mazarin's," said Captain Travers to himself, as Gabrielle, on hearing the approaching steps of the maiden sisters, left him to confront them alone—" 'Time and I against the world.' Ah! time is, indeed, a powerful ally for those who know how to profit by the opportunities which it almost surely brings."

Preoccupied with the reflections arising from his recent interview, and wishing to escape the Miss Watsons, he replied confusedly to some simpering remark addressed to him by Miss Maria, and, with a hurried apology, left the room, thus rendering that lady, by the abrupt manner in which he repulsed her meditated attack, more spiteful towards the male sex than ever.

Gabrielle had retreated to her own bedroom, where, instead of the solitude she so much desired, she found her maid busily employed in preparing the dress she was to wear at the dinner that day.

"The peach-blossom silk, I think you said, ma'am?" remarked her maid, scanning her mistress's face with curiosity as the latter entered the room. "And what wreath, ma'am?" rejoined the tormentor, gyrating about her mistress, whose nervousness became at last so great, that, finding the presence of the woman unbearable, she dismissed her in so peremptory a manner that the Abigail's wrath was heard in the lower regions for some time afterwards, only to be soothed, in fact, by the redoubled attentions of Mr. Vavasour's young man, for whom the susceptible damsel had conceived a strong partiality.

Left at last in peace, or I ought rather to have said alone—for there was not much peace for her at that moment—Gabrielle had recourse to that thoroughly feminine recipe for low spirits, tears and bed; though

why so many women should persist, under the pressure of grief, in seeking their beds as a consolation, is to me always a mystery. Having nothing else but the drapery of the said couch to contemplate, naturally they have no external object wherewith to divert their dismal thoughts, and their distress thus becomes concentrated in themselves.

She buried her head amid the pillows, stifling and checking her sobs as they arose.

Captain Travers had said he was leaving. Ah! he must go, and at once; it would be but one sharp pang, and, parted from him for ever, she would find her task of forgetting him easier. She tried to view the matter more calmly—tried to think that, when once again alone, the sharp edge of her sorrow would inevitably pass away.

It only required a little strength of mind; but then, to counterbalance all these good resolves, came the thought of Mr. Watson's unkindness the night before—the taunting remarks hurled at her, all the cruel insulting innuendoes with respect to her conduct with Mr. Vavasour. At this moment Gabrielle scorned her husband for his cruelty to her, and loathed him for his meanness.

She got up finally from the bed, her hair and dress in disorder, and paced for some time wildly up and down the apartment.

She paused at last; her better angel stood at her side; the wretched girl trembled at the sin she had been guilty of, and vowed mentally that henceforth she would be more submissive, more patient and wife-like towards her husband; she would atone for the thoughts which she had so wickedly nourished against him by redoubled kindness. She was aware how sinful she had been to let thoughts such as these enter her heart; she would confess all, and at his feet ask for pardon, begging him to take such steps as would effectually preclude the possibility of her encountering a like temptation again.

She started as the door of the bedroom slowly opened, and the figure of Mr. Watson stood at the entrance. In his extended hand was a bit of lace and ribbon—the apology for a cap which had been worn by his wife on that morning.

"I really don't know," he began, in a harsh angry voice, "how many more times I shall have to collect the handkerchiefs and lace you leave about. This little arrangement I found adhering to the back of one of the arm-chairs down-stairs. Selina and Maria never leave their wearing apparel about in this untidy manner."

Evidently this was not the moment to make her confession, Gabrielle thought, as, accepting the "little arrangement" from the hand of her husband, she flung it down on the table before her in silence, for she was becoming used to these frequent reproofs anent her small sins of omission and commission.

Mrs. Hemans says,

'Tis trifles make the sum of human bliss;

a line as truthful as it is happily expressed. And in nine cases out of ten a household is a happy or a disunited one, according to the manner in which "trifles" are regarded. All of us must have realised, more or less, the wear and tear of spirits and temper which is occasioned by petty domestic worries of daily and perhaps hourly occurrences.

Larger evils are often more easily endured ; they are less frequent, and we put forth our strength to meet them with becoming fortitude ; besides, they excite the sympathies of our friends ; whereas the petty worries of life, which, in the aggregate, are perhaps even more unendurable, and demand an equal or greater amount of fortitude to bear, excite no commiseration ; and when, in our blindness, we try also to treat them with contempt, the inevitable failure adds bitterness to the wound.

The martyr who was tied to a tree and stung to death by wasps must have had to endure sufferings more intolerable, and have needed a greater share of fortitude, than those of his fraternity who were simply decapitated, or even broke on the wheel.

Gabrielle rose and crossed the room as her husband finished speaking. Although his eyes looked cold and stern, she resolved, notwithstanding, to relieve herself of the burden which was on her mind by a full disclosure to him of all the facts. She followed him to the door, but, without seeing or heeding her, he shut it behind him suddenly, and his footsteps resounded along the passage as he gave some order sharply to one of the servants outside.

One caress, one kind look on the part of her husband on his leaving the room, would have given her the opportunity she sought, and Gabrielle might have been a happier and better woman both then and in after days.

Mr. Watson could never forget the great disappointment which his married life had occasioned him ; enough, he thought, to excuse him for his present want of sympathy towards his wife.

This wife, for whom in anticipation he had worked through years of toil—this wife, who, as he had fondly thought, was to become the prop and joy of his declining years—what was she to him in reality ? Her love was not his, and a wife in name only he cared not for ; she had taken all his years of pent-up love and devotion, and brought nothing in return.

His bitter disappointment at the turn his domestic affairs had taken rendered him unjust and cruel ; he forgot, in his wrath, that before their wedding she had told him truthfully the state of her feelings towards him. The time had so far gone by during which he might have gained her affections, by pursuing a different course towards her, that at length, after mature reflection, Mr. Watson had renounced all hopes of his long-cherished dream being ever realised. He resolved to keep up appearances, but all sympathy and kind feeling for his wife was fast disappearing.

Until the unexpected arrival of Captain Travers had proved to her how much she was in want of a true friend and counsellor in moments of peril arising from her weakness and want of moral courage, Gabrielle had rather rejoiced than otherwise in this mode of treatment.

Often had she wished to avoid the caresses and love-speeches he at first bestowed upon her ; they annoyed her, and she showed it perhaps but too plainly, and now, when she had hoped for one kind word, it had been denied her.

"If I had told him all, it would probably have done no good," she exclaimed, petulantly, flinging herself down again in the arm-chair. "Even my swollen eyes were unnoticed." And, almost before the

galling idea had passed away, her thoughts reverted to Jack's history; the mournful look and regretful tone with which he had related it worked upon her imagination, and excited feelings which, I am afraid, overstepped the bounds of pity, and went far to destroy the good resolutions she had so lately formed.

I do not hold up Gabrielle as a model of propriety; she was but a poor weak woman, and not one of those female paragons who flee the devil at the first glimpse of the cloven foot.

She had loved Captain Travers long before she was married, but in marrying she committed the egregious mistake of fancying that her heart was sufficiently under her own control to allow her to stifle her love for him when she became the wife of another. It might have done so; she might eventually have had cause to bless the day she became a wife, had her husband only understood her more fully, and had he practised a little more of the "patience" he had talked of so bravely before the irrevocable step was taken.

Her life had been one of apathy until that fatal First of September; she had no child to enliven the monotony of her existence, and no friends with whom she could establish an intimacy; but had she been asked the question, she would doubtless have replied (and probably have considered it the truth), that although her heart was certainly not her husband's, it was nevertheless safe in her own keeping.

Captain Travers's arrival and the subsequent events showed her the fallacy of her ideas on this subject.

Still, she wished earnestly, in her feeble manner, to do what was right, and her very inconsistency showed plainly that a struggle to keep in the straight path was going on in her bosom.

The luncheon-bell rang, and called Gabrielle's attention to her disordered hair and swollen eyelids; she hurriedly attempted to efface all traces of her recent sorrow, and ere the entire party were seated at the table Mrs. Bernard Watson entered, as charming as usual, took the chair at the head of the board, next to Mr. Vavasour, and smiled her thanks as he placed half the breast of a partridge on her plate.

"Ah, women *are* arrant hypocrites!" I hear some thankless ingrate exclaim; but let him withhold his flippant censure. If women *can* smile and attempt to please when their hearts are breaking, do they not rather merit a crown of honour at your hands, O unworthy and inappreciative mortal! for the kindness and consideration they show in bestowing all their smiles on you and reserving their tears for themselves!

## X.

### MR. VAVASOUR'S LITTLE DISASTER.

THE attendant who had the daily honour of dressing and undressing Mrs. Watson was a certain Miss Mills. The prefix to her surname she was most tenacious about, save when addressed by her mistress.

Miss Mills (we will avoid wounding her vanity) was a very smart and not over-young lady, much addicted to dress and the enjoyment of strong tea in the company of any of the "gentlemen's gentlemen" staying in the house for the time being, who found favour in her sharp, discerning eyes.

Mr. Vavasour's servant fully realised her idea of a "nice young man," and had been invited to partake of more than one dish of gossip and strong tea in her company since he had been an inmate of the lower regions at Fernside. It was near the hour of dressing, when the quick ear of Miss Mills (who was seated in her own room, regardless of the thorough draught caused by the door having been left purposely open for the better attainment of her object—to wit, the waylaying of the valet for an evening's gossip) caught the welcome sounds of Mr. Toole's footsteps, creaking audibly in the patent varnished boots of his extravagant little master.

He had hardly advanced as far as the open door, when the melodious voice of the wardrobe syren arrested his further progress.

"Mr. Toole! Oh, how you frightened me, sir! Won't you step in? I have a good ten minutes before my mistress's bell rings, and I was on the point of asking you to favour me with your company to tea to-night. Mrs. Jenkins is out at her sister's, so we shall have but poor company in the still-room. But, oh 'my! what's that?" she exclaimed, curiously, as the smart, dapper little valet placed some article which he held in his hand behind his back as she approached him. "Come, Mr. Toole, no secrets among friends; what is it?"

Honour exists among thieves, we hear; it may also form part of the code of a race nearly allied, I fear, to that community. Mr. Toole at first hesitated, but at the entreaties of the enchantress divulged that the article in question was nothing more nor less than a little wig, which the fascinating Edward Vavasour was still obliged to wear, Nature not having yet been kind enough to restore much of the original article since his fever.

"You'll keep it close, won't you?" resumed Mr. Toole, now fairly inside the apartment. "The fact is, master is most uncommon touchy about this false hair of his. The ladies admire his looks, they look so pretty and curly; so as he doesn't like to say they're not his own, why, he holds his tongue, and tells me to do the same. But, lor! we're all safe here, Miss Mills, and I know you won't peach upon us."

"Not I," answered the delighted damsel, casting, as she spoke, an arch and amorous side glance at the swain.

"I may as well get my tongs, then, and do it here," he continued. "Master is in a deuce of a hurry, I can tell you. He came up to dress early; for, going out round the farm with Mr. Watson, he got wet through, and these wigs soon get out of curl, you see.

"Here, Toole, you rascal," he cried, "why the dickens didn't you make that ass Cator send home my other peruke in time?"

"Just as if I could help it! I told him that I had sent twice to Catsworthy; however, to-morrow I am to go off myself, it appears, and bring it back at once. Then we shall be all right, you know—one off and one on."

A sharp ringing close to Mr. Toole's head caused that worthy to start, and upon his companion informing him that "that was her lady's bell," they both rushed from the room, one for the tongs which had to be warmed at some more distant fire, the other to attend the robing, for the dinner-party, of Mrs. Bernard Watson.

The carriage containing the earliest guest had just arrived at the hall

door when the mistress of the house descended into the drawing-room, where, in full evening costume (their bare arms and shoulders sufficiently exposed), were already seated the Miss Watsons.

As Gabrielle advanced to an ottoman, Miss Maria rose hastily, as if she wished to speak with her sister-in-law. The speedy entrance, however, of the guests precluded her making the attempt at that moment.

"Dinner is on the table." Welcome sound at most times, but especially when a party of people caring little for each other, and with nothing in common save the giving of dinner-parties, are gathered together for the sole purpose of having returned to them, in kind, a certain number of similar repasts.

"I don't see Vavasour," remarked Mr. Watson, as he was pairing off with the oldest and ugliest woman in the room, by virtue of her being the wife of one of the county members.

"Gabrielle, where is Mr. Vavasour?" repeated he; but his better-half was at that moment engaged in conversation with the member himself, and his question remained unheeded.

The soup had been removed, but Mr. Vavasour's place still remained vacant. A servant whispered something to Mr. Watson, and the dinner proceeded in all its tediousness, and was finally concluded without the military Adonis having made his appearance.

"Gabrielle," said Miss Watson, in a low voice, during the service of the tea and coffee in the drawing-room, "Mr. Vavasour must surely be ill. Had you not better send some one to inquire?"

The duties of hostess had until this moment fully occupied Gabrielle. The entrance of the gentlemen, however, soon after Miss Watson's remark, gave her an opportunity of escaping for a few minutes.

She was quickly followed by her sister-in-law, who, whilst on their way to Gabrielle's room (whither they had gone with the intention of summoning Mills, and sending her for information respecting Mr. Vavasour), commenced the relation of an incident which had occurred just before dinner.

"You know, dear," said the prim virgin, "I always dress early. I like getting it over quietly before Selina begins, for really Selina is so long at her toilette, and requires so much assistance, that I could never otherwise get the maid to help me. Directly I was dressed, I thought I would just ask Mills to see if my wreath was all right—our own maid is so stupid—and I went for that purpose into her room. There I saw something which will surprise you, I think," continued Miss Watson. "I wanted to speak to you about it before dinner, only you came down so late that I lost the opportunity. Look here!" And from her pocket she pulled forth an article, the nature of which it quite baffled Gabrielle's ingenuity, at first, to discover. Bending down to examine it more closely, she finally exclaimed,

"What is it, Maria?"

"What is it?" reiterated her companion, holding it out before her. "Why, a wig, to be sure; and I should like you to inquire, Gabrielle, what your maid does with flaxen wigs in her sitting-room, for it was there I found it; near to her workbox. Let us have her up at once, and hear what she has to say in the way of explanation," continued the excited spinster. "It is neither proper nor correct in her, and I am

sure, if my brother knew of it, he would dismiss her on the spot. If she admits wigs into her private room, it stands to reason that the men who own the wigs may also be admitted. Why, the house may be attacked, and we murdered in our beds! Heaven only knows what may happen if such doings are allowed."

Although the fact of their owner having sported a peruke had been till that moment perfectly unsuspected by her, Gabrielle fancied that she recognised the flaxen curls; and, notwithstanding that her feelings were the reverse of hilarious, they were absorbed for the moment in her sense of the ridiculous.

Mills, however, was rung for, and, in spite of her vow of secrecy, a confession was soon extorted from her. She admitted that Mr. Vavasour's young man had entered her room that afternoon (but only, as she asserted, to borrow a pair of curling-tongs), and had left a wig behind.

On being cross-examined by Miss Watson (who sat perched upon a chair, looking the personification of Justice rebuking a sinner), the reluctant Mills had to acknowledge that she had afterwards encountered Mr. Toole, tearing about in an agony of mind at finding the wig gone, and from this she had guessed that it belonged to his master.

"And Mr. Vavasour, he be in an awful way, too, ma'am," she exclaimed, darting a glance of defiance at Justice, who now began to show signs of discomfiture on perceiving that she not only had discovered a mare's nest, but also that, should he discover the truth, a rather awkward explanation with Mr. Vavasour loomed in the future.

"We must lose no time, therefore," said Gabrielle, laughing, as she motioned her attendant to receive the curls still reposing on the table where Miss Watson had placed them. "Your best and only plan is to put it where he left it, and send for Mr. Vavasour's man and tell him you have just found it; never mind how! No explanation is needed."

"At any rate, keep my name out of the business," chimed in Miss Watson, sternly, as she rose and shook out her flounces.

"Well, say it was the cat. I believe she is the usual delinquent in such cases," continued Gabrielle, noticing with amusement the expression which stole over the sedate Mills's features at the remark of the maiden lady.

"Cats don't in general care for meddling with human hair, ma'am," said Mills, as she flounced out of the apartment; "leastways," she added, closing the door, "cats with four legs don't."

"Drat that old woman! she has put an end, with her curiosity, to all my little tea-parties with Mr. Toole. If his master don't leave by day-break, I shall be much mistaken; any way, 'tisn't likely Mr. Toole will ever care to venture into my room again. Drat the inquisitive old cat!" she said a second time, clenching her fist at an imaginary Miss Watson.

I much fear the excitement of the moment caused the usually demure Miss Mills to forget her manners on this (to her) eventful evening.

It was just half-past nine, and Gabrielle was discussing with animation the probable merits of a flower-show (which was to take place next week at the little town of Grantham, situated midway between Catsworthy and Fernside) with one of her guests, when the opening door admitted Ed-

ward Vavasour, exquisitely got up, and with his fair locks anointed and curled to a nicety.

"The interesting invalid at last," whispered Captain Travers over Gabrielle's shoulder. "He puts one in mind of Le Scroope's 'poor dear sweet little curly-wigged heir.'"

Her husband, in the mean time, approached the unsuspecting hero for the purpose of offering his condolences, and inquiring into the nature of this sudden indisposition, about which he was rather mystified.

"Oh! he was quite right now; a severe headache and attack of giddiness had prevented him from joining them at table, and he came down on purpose to assure them of the fact of his convalescence."

"Yes, we have all been so concerned about you," said Gabrielle, in a sweet voice, as he stood sipping his coffee at her side; "and poor Miss Seward, I know, is dying to hear you sing," continued she, anxious to get rid of him, for fear she might betray herself if he remained long in her company.

She was luckily seconded in her request for a song by Miss Seward, a young lady anxious on all occasions to get up a flirtation when there was the ghost of a chance.

"Oh! do, Mr. Vavasour," she echoed—"please do, and I will accompany you; I have heard so much of your singing."

Her flattering words and imploring attitude speedily induced the gratified Lancer to comply with her request; and whilst he was exhibiting his vocal powers for the benefit of the assembled company, Captain Travers whispered to Mrs. Watson mischievously,

"What could have kept Vavasour from dinner to-day? He looks all right, and I don't believe one word about his illness; but I feel assured, Mrs. Watson, that, somehow, you are in the secret, and I shall never let you alone until you let me into it also."

Gabrielle smiled as she glanced at the peruke and thought of the scene so lately enacted in her bedroom; and on Captain Travers again resuming his banter, she imparted to him in a low tone (whilst the company were listening to the melodious strains of the unconscious performer) the true cause of his sudden indisposition.

"Good night, Mrs. Watson," said Captain Travers, as the company began to retire on that same evening. "Do not dream of the flaxen locks, if you can help it, please."

And as Gabrielle replied, laughingly, that the episode itself had been sufficient for her weak nerves, without wishing for a recurrence of it during her sleep, he watched her receding form, and continued for the space of a minute to twirl his moustaches.

"After all," said he, at last, "it is better to excite any feeling in a woman's breast than that of ridicule. It's all up with little Vavasour in that quarter; not that I had any fear of poor 'curly-wig,'" added he, as he proceeded to the smoking-room to solace himself for the loss of his usual post-prandial cigar.



## XI.

## THE FLOWER-SHOW.

"I HAVE ordered the open carriage for to-day," said Gabrielle across the breakfast-table to her husband; "so that we shall have room for Miss Seward if she likes to accompany us, as well as for Maria and Selina."

This was the morning on which the much talked-of flower-show was to take place at Grantham. Gabrielle was anxious to be there early, so as to be able to walk leisurely round the tents, and view the flowers in comparative ease, before the crush rendered this impossible. Many plants out of her own hothouses were on view, and, later in the day, the crowd, she had been told, would be fearful, as all the county were to be collected at this September meeting; if not to see the flowers, at any rate to show off their dresses, hear the band, and flirt with the officers from Catsworthy.

"The open carriage, my dear!" exclaimed Mr. Watson, pausing in the act of helping his sister to some chicken, "and you who so easily take cold! I cannot hear of it; pray let me beg of you to relinquish such an absurd idea at once. Doubtless, Selina will be happy to accompany you in the chariot, whilst I can drive Maria and, if necessary, Miss Seward in the phaeton."

"Travers, you and Vavasour contemplate riding, do you not?" he continued, turning round and addressing himself chiefly to the former gentleman, who answered in the affirmative, at all events as regarded himself; "but," added Travers, "of course I shall only be too happy if I can be of any service to either of the ladies," mentally praying the while that neither of the old tabbies would be consigned to his care. "I confess, however, Mr. Watson, that I have a great fancy for trying that young mare of yours; I really don't think she has any real vice in her, and I feel almost persuaded that, with patience, she could be made a first-rate lady's horse. I thought of avoiding the main road, and cutting across to Grantham by the Common we passed last week; there I could give her her head, and a good bucketing into the bargain, if she were to treat me to any of her tricks."

Gabrielle was fearfully put out: a long drive in company of Miss Selina was not her idea of earthly bliss; and being boxed up for six miles on a hot day in a close carriage, she felt sure, would bring on a fearful nervous headache. She objected, therefore, and even entreated; but a fit of Mr. Watson's "firmness" happened to be upon him, and all the arguments which Captain Travers and Mr. Vavasour tried to bring forward in her support, as to the dust and heat, &c., were waved aside with great politeness but still greater decision.

The close carriage or none was evidently the order of the day.

"Perhaps you may remember, my dear," he began, as they were rising to leave the table—"you may call to mind one day last year, when you were foolish enough to contradict me, and insist upon——"

"Yes, yes," retorted Gabrielle; "I remember it distinctly, and am not likely soon to forget it," added she, as she fled the room, in hopes of avoiding a recapitulation of the tale which she was sure to have inflicted

on her whenever she happened to differ from her lord and master. Even a close carriage on a hot day, and two hours of boredom inflicted by Miss Selina, seemed a refuge from the eternal nagging which it was now her daily lot to endure ; so she wisely took shelter in her own room, and commenced the task of dressing for the fête.

Grantham was quite alive on this occasion ; the rarely frequented Common, of which a flock of geese usually enjoyed the undisputed possession, was to-day all astir.

The entrance to the gardens, wherein were erected the tents intended for the show of flowers, was crowded by dirty, ragged children and still more ragged youths, anxious to gain a copper by holding a horse, or taking it to the public stables not far from the site of the show ; itinerant vendors of apples, ginger-pop, and various unsavoury-looking comestibles, were busily plying their trade, sanguine in the hopes that the length of their attendance in the broiling sun would oblige some of the many grooms and coachmen assembled to have recourse to the tempting stalls for refreshment.

A flower-show may be a very agreeable excuse for displaying new dresses and meeting one's friends, but I doubt whether the majority of the beholders trouble themselves much about the flowers, or depart with their ideas very much enlarged on the subject of horticulture in general.

The band of the 112th Lancers was, by the "kind permission of the colonel," lent for the occasion.

This is always a grand feature in the programme. The presence of the band will probably ensure the attendance of some, at least, of the officers ; and, however much young ladies may declare that this "mass of lovely pelargoniums," or that "cluster of exquisite begonias," was worth driving miles to see, yet if we could peep into the inmost recesses of their sly little hearts, we might, perhaps, discover that the cluster of beaux congregated in the centre of the green sward—uncertain whether to mix into the crowd or cut the concern, "by Jove ! altogether as slow"—had presented an object of far greater interest to their virgin minds than all the horticultural rarities put together.

Gabrielle alighted from her carriage—the self-same carriage which had conveyed her from the church on her dreary wedding-day—and Captain Travers stood at the entrance of the little wicket ready to conduct her in.

"You are late," he said, regarding her attentively, with the view, no doubt, of ascertaining whether the hour she had passed in the company of Miss Selina had deteriorated in any way from the beauty of her appearance.

Not much change was there, however, notwithstanding that, on quitting the hall at home, she had vehemently asserted that she should probably arrive with her bonnet all crushed, and her dress unfit to be seen, from the effects of the heavy sleep she felt sure would overtake her the moment they started.

"Your sleep has done you good," he continued, smiling, as the elder lady bustled in before them, her ample skirts not allowing room for any one, save herself, in the narrow pathway. "Watson is here already ; he begged me to accompany you in, and we are to join them at once in the largest tent."

Gabrielle scarcely answered ; she was thinking of her wedding-day,

and how she had looked out of the window of the very carriage she had just quitted, and had seen Captain Travers, with his friend Mr. Gore by his side.

They moved on quickly—that is to say, as quickly as the crowd would permit them—though not so quickly as to prevent many of the passing remarks which her presence elicited reaching the ears of Gabrielle.

“Look, look, there’s Mrs. Bernard Watson—the pretty Mrs. Watson.” And heads were bent from underneath parasols, and men turned completely round to gaze at her as she hurried by.

The looks which Captain Travers gave his companion from time to time made her conscious (somewhat to her confusion) that the general admiration which she had excited had not escaped his notice. But she was getting accustomed to see his eyes fixed upon her, and, as long as he kept the mournful reproaching look out of them, she was foolish enough to let him gaze on in silence.

To-day, as always, she was dressed with great care and taste; shall we add that, since she had found her personal appearance so appreciated, she redoubled her efforts to please, and, for the last week at least, dress had again occupied a great share of her thoughts.

“I never did know missus so contrary,” remarked the pert Abigail, on descending to the servants’ hall after having finished dressing her for this fête. “Nothing seems right now-a-days. Why, last month, and for many months before, she never gave the slightest trouble. ‘Anything you like,’ she used to answer, when I said, ‘What dress to-day, ma’am?’ and now nothing she wears seems good enough. But ‘tis a pleasure to wait upon her, at any rate,” she continued. “A lady like that does credit to her maid.”

The efforts, indeed, which both the maid and the milliner had bestowed upon Gabrielle’s dress that day had been attended with the highest success; never had she looked better—a fact she was herself as well aware of as if she had not heard the many remarks it had already called forth from others.

However pretty a woman may be, her beauty will almost invariably be enhanced by beautiful attire. But Mrs. Watson had that secret charm—innate with some women—which made any garment appear graceful and becoming; the mere circumstance of its surrounding her figure gave effect to everything she wore; the wearer, in fact, set off the dress, and not the dress its wearer.

This grace, which surrounded her like a halo, many saw, all admired, and some of her female acquaintance tried to copy. These, however, soon learned (to their chagrin) the futility of all attempts to imitate the inimitable.

“What is there in this Mrs. Watson?” the female portion of the community would say, when talking her over amongst themselves. “What can it be? She certainly has beautiful hair, but her features are not nearly as good as So-and-So’s, or So-and-So’s. Her figure is tolerable, and she has a nice complexion; but what is it that makes everybody rave about her so? One gets perfectly sick of hearing it.”

In days gone by, a young lady aiming at the important post of bosom friend (for the time being) to Gabrielle—then Miss Esmond—once remarked to her, confidentially:

"I admire your hair so much, dear ; *do* tell me how you manage to make it go so nicely."

"Manage to make it go?" said Gabrielle, laughing, and looking up in surprise; "I never make it go at all ; it goes by itself."

A rather absurd and unsatisfactory reply to her friend's girlish question, but nearer the truth than she was, perhaps, aware of. Nature, in fact, had done so much for her in this and in other respects, that the lovely golden-brown hair, turned off from the piquante little face, stood in little need of artificial aid to set it off to advantage.

It was in order, probably, to allay the nausea they complained of, at hearing so much about Gabrielle's perfections, that her detractors set themselves forthwith to copy the style of dress and manner in which, as they supposed, lay her attractions.

But as a poet is said to be born, not made—so may it likewise be said (in most cases) of a fascinating and piquante woman.

Nothing can be more charming than a "natural" woman, that is, when she is naturally a charming woman ; but save us from the plain-spoken and *gauches*, who too frequently have the epithet applied to them as a sort of apology for awkwardness and ill breeding !

With her facile nature and imperfect training, however, Gabrielle was a dangerous woman to fall in with ; and, alas ! for her, these defects were equally a source of danger and unhappiness to herself.

"Had Selina thought less of her feathers, I should have been here half an hour sooner," remarked the subject of this digression, as she was pushed through the crowded tent on Captain Travers's arm ; "and fancy having to turn back a whole mile for her scent-bottle ! So, because she couldn't exist without her salts, I have lost the sight of the flowers in their freshness."

Mr. Watson did not show much alacrity in making his appearance ; indeed, the crush was so great that locomotion was almost impossible.

"This is insufferable," she murmured, pettishly, in her companion's ear, as he bent down to listen to her. "All Grantham is staring at us, and the noise of the band is deafening. Might I ask you to walk round and see if you can hear anything of our party ? Selina must have joined them at the entrance. I shall do very well until you return," she continued ; "I can amuse myself looking at the people."

After a few minutes' absence, Gabrielle, who was sitting on the edge of a packing-case, left by its owner near to one of the stands, distinguished Travers's tall figure looming above all the others, long before he could see her.

"No signs of the truants yet, Mrs. Watson," said he, sauntering back, and looking, as he leisurely pushed through the crowd, as if he had not over-exerted himself in their pursuit.

Mr. Watson's search for the absentees of his party was, apparently, more successful than that of Captain Travers ; for, shortly after this, whilst fidgeting about in company with his sisters, he discovered his wife in the tent appropriated to the display of vegetables. She was bending down in earnest contemplation of the gigantic carrots and Brobdingnag cucumbers set forth for the inspection of the company.

"How interested dear Gabrielle appears in the vegetables," simpered Miss Maria to her brother. "You have none, certainly, so fine at Fernside."

The lady in question looked up quietly as they advanced towards her, and took her husband's arm in silence; but had Miss Maria been a little earlier in the field, she might have discovered that the interest which Gabrielle displayed in the carrots and cucumbers was not so great as it might at first sight have appeared. The fact is, that Captain Travers had taken the opportunity, a few minutes before, of presenting his companion with a bouquet—the only visible result of his search after her party—accompanied by a few expressive words, which perhaps may account for the momentary interest she had appeared to take in the magnificent specimens of the vegetable kingdom.

"Mrs. Bernard Watson's carriage coming round," was distinctly heard through the noise caused by the stamping of horses, carriage-wheels, and incessant clatter of voices. Every one was eager to be the first to retire, as an hour or two previously they had wished to be the first to arrive. The last dying notes of the music were ever and anon heard amidst the general confusion, as the welcome sounds of "God save the Queen" were sent forth.

Almost everybody was tired, and all were anxious to get home again; none more so than Mr. Watson, as, without the slightest outward show of haste or impatience, he carefully handed first his wife, and afterwards his sister, into the carriage.

"Go round the Common," he said to the coachman, on starting; "the crowd will be less that way, and you can take the lower road home."

Gabrielle leaned back listlessly amongst the soft cushions of the chariot, and, putting her bouquet up to her face, fell into a reverie.

"Why, this road is just as much crowded as the other; more so, if anything," exclaimed Selina Watson, looking out of the window as they were approaching the lower road. "How absurd of Bernard! Why, Gabrielle, what can be the matter? Look how the people are running—look!" she called out loudly, as Gabrielle languidly leaned forward. "There's a runaway horse with an empty saddle; a man must have been thrown! I do not see him, though. Who can it be?"

But the crowd had increased at this moment, and nothing could be seen; for the people, who had rapidly assembled around the spot, made everything that was passing within the circle undiscernible to those outside.

The carriage stopped suddenly, and the footman, jumping down, appeared at the door, which he opened quickly, looking in with a troubled countenance.

"Please, ma'am, I fear there's an accident. Pray don't be frightened; master is coming along across the Common as fast as he can. Coachman says as it is the young mare as have thrown the captain."

On hearing the intelligence, Miss Selina shrieked loudly and distinctly three times; no one heeding her cries, however, she suddenly stopped. Gabrielle had no time for a reply, even if one had been forthcoming. The crowd had been moving towards them, and now several men advanced, bearing in their arms a form which Gabrielle soon recognised as that of Captain Travers.

There was no need to look again; the setting sun cast his rays obliquely over the pale, drawn features and brown wavy hair of the inanimate man as he was borne along.

"Is there no doctor hereabouts? Some of you must ride for a doctor instantly," said Mr. Watson, as he came up, looking really agitated and nervous. He advanced towards the bearers, as they all stood together in front of the carriage. "Anything serious, do you think?" he said in a low tone, as their solemn grave faces met his view. "What had best be done?"

"Well, sir, if I might make so bold as to give an opinion," answered a sturdy-looking yeoman in front of the others, "I'd just advise as we put the captain into the chariot here; some one could ride the mare as far as Binfield for Doctor Jones; and if coachman goes slow, he won't take much harm, though it seems to me his leg is broken."

"Certainly, certainly," replied Mr. Watson, promptly. "Here, William."

The carriage door was already open, Miss Selina having, in her excitement, ventured out amongst the crowd, to ascertain the full extent of damage done. Gabrielle's hands were clasped over her eyes; she felt stunned and helpless: she dared not look again; that one glance at the pale face seemed to have paralysed her.

They were bringing him in now, advancing carefully, and trying, with as much tenderness as the men's rough hands were capable of, to place him lengthways across the carriage.

"Put up the little seat for his feet to rest on," suggested Mr. Watson, as he watched earnestly the proceedings.

"There! he will do now; but he can't go alone, that's certain," replied the first speaker (the one who had advised this mode of conveyance).

"Selina, would it be too much for you," called out Mr. Watson, addressing her abruptly, "to accompany our friend home in the carriage?"

"*I!* impossible!" was the reply, as his sister hid her face in the folds of her elaborate handkerchief.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, angrily, "I must be off as fast as possible for the doctor; that's the first thing to be done. What an unlucky thing it is that Vavasour went home so early. If Gabrielle cannot undertake it (and I confess I don't quite like her to do so), he will have to be sent alone; or perhaps William could occupy the seat by his side. But how, then, can Gabrielle ever get home?"

At the sound of her own name Mrs. Watson recovered herself. The idea of the long melancholy journey to Fernside, of being forced to witness agony, even death perhaps (for her fears greatly exaggerated the accident), chilled her whole frame, and she felt she hardly dare encounter such a trial.

Captain Travers moaned audibly as his foot was moved on to the little seat opposite; and as Gabrielle glanced timidly at his face, the eyes now partially open seemed to entreat her to remain—not to leave him alone to servants in his agony.

She comprehended the appeal, and suddenly, although in a faltering and hardly audible voice, intimated to her husband that she would remain and take care of their guest, if he would only hasten for the doctor.

"Be careful and drive slowly," called out Mr. Watson, as the carriage now moved on at a pace suited to a funeral procession.

The injured man at first reposed as if in a deep sleep, and Gabrielle

thought, as she glanced furtively at his face, that it might have been that of a corpse, it was so pale and ghastly.

"Ah!" he groaned, as an uneven part in the road caused the carriage to jolt fearfully, and displace his head from the cushion. Gabrielle, helpless, witnessed the torture he was enduring with an agony equal to his own.

They were in a long and unfrequented lane, full of ruts, and partially overgrown with grass. This lower road was seldom used, and about the worst which could have been selected for obtaining an easy transport.

Another jolt, worse than the former, and Captain Travers's head was shaken completely from the side of the carriage. Gabrielle always had two soft cushions in the front seat; one was already placed on the opposite bench to steady his feet, she took the other, and hardly glancing at him, gently raised his head and placed it underneath. In doing so, one arm was necessarily round his neck, and before she could extricate herself his head fell back, and her arm remained imprisoned.

The incessant jolting of the carriage had caused such agony to his broken limb, that Captain Travers had fainted; and whilst his companion watched the cold, grey look which gradually stole over his already pale features, she groaned aloud. Was it death? Was he dying there in her very arms?

She took the hand now lying passively at his side. How well she remembered, even in her agony, the ring he always wore! The hand was cold and white; to her the fingers seemed already stiffening. Earnestly she bent over him, nearer and nearer, until her face almost touched that of the dying man.

Poor Gabrielle! if she for the moment forgot that she was the wife of another—forgot all save that the love of her youth was, as she believed, dying at her side—which of us can have the heart to judge her too severely?

They were not far from Fernside now; she recognised some of the cottages near the lower farm as they passed slowly on.

The tears which flowed from Gabrielle's eyes fell in big heavy drops on the inanimate face of her companion; they produced an effect which water from a less romantic source will produce in fainting-fits, and, before she was aware of it, Captain Travers recovered, opened his eyes slowly, and saw what had taken place.

Her hand was still on his, her arm still underneath his head; sick and faint as he was, he seemed to forget entirely the pain he was enduring from the broken limb, and her hand no longer rested on his, but was clasped tightly.

"Darling, darling!" he whispered, "don't let me see you cry, my own! I would willingly have both legs broken to know you still love me, Gabrielle."

But no answer came; she felt she could not, must not, speak. Fast and hot came the blood surging up, quickening every pulse and setting her brain on fire. The sound of his voice uttering those loving words had thrilled her with emotion.

"Gabrielle," he said again, softly, as she hid her face with the hand she had withdrawn at once from his grasp, "forgive me, dear! I forgot all but our former love."

"Forgive him," she thought. "Oh! if he only knew the wicked, the

intense rapture his words had caused her! Heaven grant he might never know it!" If an earthquake had suddenly arisen and swallowed them up, she felt she would have welcomed it with joy.

"God have mercy on us both!" ejaculated the poor girl, as he drew her hand from before her eyes and again obtained possession of it.

They were entering the gates at Fernside as she raised herself up, and said aloud, "Captain Travers, we must forget all this," trying hard to speak calmly, as the carriage stopped.

The door was opened now, and Mr. Watson was discovered standing at the entrance, with the surgeon, ready to help the wounded man out.

"How did he bear the journey?" and "the green room is prepared," she heard them say as they began the preparations for moving him; but Gabrielle rushed past the Miss Watsons, who were waiting in the hall to receive her, and quickly gained her own chamber.

It was found, on inspection, that the extent of the injury was a compound fracture of the leg.

All that night the surgeon remained at Fernside; inflammatory symptoms had declared themselves, and he wished to watch the case carefully. On hearing this, Mr. Watson offered to bear him company.

Gabrielle's chamber was situated over the green room, which was an apartment seldom tenanted, save when guests were at Fernside.

For the first few hours of the night all seemed comparatively quiet, but at the break of day she distinguished voices and rapid steps pacing from room to room, mingled with frequent groans as the fever increased.

The night had set in wet and stormy; the wind howled mournfully round the house, and made the leaves of the tall poplars rustle with a sad and weird sound.

The watch-dog in the stable-yard filled the air with his prolonged baying, and the sound, borne on the wind, echoed against her window-panes.

There was not much sleep for the unhappy mistress of Fernside that night. She paced up and down the room, now listening to the howling of the wind, now straining her ears to catch the sounds from the lower apartment.

The groans continued to be heard at intervals, and the wind went moaning on; the tempest rose in fitful gusts, and the rain beat against the casement; but amidst it all, amidst all the confusion and agony, rung still in her ear, fervid and thrilling, the words, "My own, my own, forgive me!"

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# THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Fourth.

### XV.

HOW THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES WAS RAISED.

NEXT morning, at an early hour, Del Vasto entered Pescara's tent, and found his redoubted relative alone and fully armed.

"What commands have you for me?" said the younger general. "Of course the assault will be made to-day. What with the long cannonade and the damage done by the mine, the breach must be wide enough."

"Ay, the breach is wide enough, undoubtedly," rejoined Pescara; "but the besieged are too well prepared. I shall not counsel the assault."

"You are not wont to be so cautious," said Del Vasto, surprised. "Doubtless a large number of men will be sacrificed. But what of that? The city will be taken."

"No, my good nephew," rejoined Pescara. "I find I must speak more plainly. Bourbon shall never take Marseilles."

"But you cannot prevent him. He will lead the assault, and we must follow."

"I forbid you," rejoined Pescara, authoritatively. "Listen to me, nephew. You know the full extent of Bourbon's ambitious designs, and that he hopes to carve a kingdom for himself out of France. You know that he aspires to the hand of the Emperor's sister Leonor, the widowed Queen of Portugal. Lannoy and I have resolved to thwart his plans. We do not mean to be supplanted by this proscribed prince. With this end, Lannoy has delayed the march of the Catalonian army, and I shall prevent the capture of Marseilles. If Bourbon is compelled to raise the siege, he will forfeit the Emperor's favour, and will also lose credit with his other royal ally, King Henry VIII."

"Why not let the assault be made?" said Del Vasto. "Bourbon may fall, and then all the glory will be yours."

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"But what if he should *not* fall?" rejoined Pescara. "What if the assault should prove resistless, and he should become master of Marseilles? Then his power would be confirmed, and it would be idle to oppose him. That must not be. I will snatch the prize from him at the very moment he deems he has secured it. But do not remain longer here. Get your men ready, and leave the rest to me."

Upon this, Del Vasto quitted the tent.

Meantime, orders having been issued that the assault would be made on that day, all the troops were got under arms.

Attended by Pomperant, Lurcy, and others of his suite, Bourbon rode along the lines, and addressed a few words to the men calculated to incite their courage. Much to his surprise, however, and vexation, these addresses were sullenly received, and in some cases responded to by murmurs.

"What can it mean?" remarked Bourbon to his attendants, as, having completed the inspection, he rode back towards his tent. "Officers and men seem unwilling to fight. Did I not know them better—had not their courage been proved in many a conflict—I should think they were alarmed at the task before them."

"They have heard too much of the reception they are likely to meet with," replied Lurcy. "They have seen how it has fared with hundreds of their comrades who have gone before them, and fear to share their fate. Besides, they have been discouraged."

"Discouraged!" exclaimed Bourbon, fiercely. "By whom?"

"By their leaders," rejoined Lurcy. "Pescara has said openly that the city cannot be taken, and that the assault, when made, will fail. This opinion, delivered to the officers, has been repeated to the men, and has produced the effect which your highness has just observed. The whole army is discouraged."

"By Sainte Barbe! I will speedily rouse its spirit," cried Bourbon. "I have long distrusted Pescara. He has thwarted me secretly at every turn, but I have hitherto defeated his machinations, and I shall defeat them now. But for him, I should have taken the city when the first breach was made in the walls; and I have ever since reproached myself for yielding to his perfidious counsel. The garrison is now far better prepared for resistance than it was then."

"Pescara's opinion may proceed from jealousy, but I confess I share it," said Pomperant. "If your highness had carefully examined the defences of the city as I have done—if you had witnessed the spirit displayed by the soldiers and by the people, and which presents a strong contrast to the sullenness and want of zeal of our own men, you would have come to the conclusion that Marseilles cannot be taken."

"Be the result what it may, the assault shall now be made," rejoined Bourbon. "By Sainte Barbe! I long for the moment of attack, when, amidst the roar of cannon and the rattle of arquebuses, we shall force our way through the breach, and hew down all who oppose us."

"You will then have a second ditch to cross, full of powder and combustibles," said Pomperant, "and another rampart, bristling with cannon, to scale."

"Were there a third ditch and a third rampart, they would not daunt me," cried Bourbon. "With this good blade, which has never yet failed me, I will cut a passage through the foe. Where I go, the men must follow."

"That is all I fear," said Lurcy. "I have no faith in these treacherous Spaniards."

"They cannot, dare not fall back now!" cried Bourbon.

"I hope not," replied Lurcy. But his looks belied his words.

On entering his tent with his suite, Bourbon found his confessor awaiting him, and the whole party knelt down reverently and performed their devotions. After partaking of a hasty meal, they donned their plumed casques, and buckling on their swords, issued forth, and mounted their steeds. By this time, the whole side of the hill, down which Bourbon now rode with his attendants, was covered with troops.

Glancing towards the city, Bourbon saw that ramparts, bastions, and towers were crowded with armed men. Extraordinary efforts had been made by the indefatigable Renzo da Ceri to repair the damage done by the cannonade and by the mine, but the breach was too considerable to be filled up in the short time allowed for the task. The gap, however, was occupied by a living wall of pikemen.

"Your highness sees that the garrison are in good heart," remarked Pomperant. "They will assuredly make an obstinate defence."

"You overrate their courage," rejoined Bourbon. "Our attack will strike terror into them. You will keep near me, Pomperant."

"Doubt it not, monseigneur," replied the other. "I care not if I perish in the breach. She I loved lies buried there."

At this moment Bourbon came to a halt, and shortly afterwards the Marquis del Vasto, accompanied by the Counts de Hohenzollern and De Lodron, with the principal leaders of the army, joined him. All these martial personages were fully accoutred and well mounted, and made a gallant show. But there was something in their looks and manner that convinced Bourbon and those with him that they were disinclined to the attack. However, he

made no remark, but saluting them with his wonted cordiality, said to Del Vasto,

"Where is the Marquis of Pescara? I wish to consult with him before ordering the assault."

"He will be here anon," replied the young general. "He has ridden down to examine the breach more nearly."

"Close inspection is not required to ascertain its width," cried Bourbon, impatiently. "I shall not wait for his return. To your posts, messeigneurs!—to your posts!"

But, to his surprise and vexation, none of them stirred.

"Do you not hear me?" he exclaimed. "To your posts, I say!"

"A few minutes' delay can matter little, highness," remarked the Count de Hohenzollern. "We wish to hear Pescara's report. He may have some suggestions to offer."

"I can listen to no suggestions now," said Bourbon, imperiously. "My plans are fixed."

"Perhaps your highness has not been informed that the garrison has just been reinforced by fifteen hundred lansquenets and three hundred horse sent by the king," remarked De Lodron.

"I care not for the reinforcements," rejoined Bourbon. "Were the garrison doubled I would not delay the assault. What means this hesitation, messeigneurs? Away with you!"

"Highness," said De Hohenzollern, respectfully, "I pray you pardon our seeming disobedience, but it is necessary we should hear what the Marquis of Pescara has to say."

"Well, be it as you will," said Bourbon, with difficulty restraining his anger.

"Here he comes!" cried Del Vasto, as Pescara galloped towards them, attended by a score of mail-clad knights.

"So, you are come at last, marquis," said Bourbon, as Pescara rode up. "You have kept us waiting long. What discovery have you made?"

"I have seen enough to satisfy me of the inutility of the attack," rejoined the other. "These citizens of Marseilles have spread a well-covered table for our reception. Those who desire to sup in Paradise may go there. I shall not."

"A truce to this ill-timed jesting, my lord," said Bourbon, sternly. "Be serious for a moment, if you can, and let us arrange the attack."

"I have had enough of this siege," rejoined Pescara, "and shall return at once to Italy, which is stripped of soldiers, and threatened by the King of France."

"If you withdraw now, my lord, it will be in express defiance of my commands," said Bourbon. "You will answer to the Emperor for your conduct."

"His Imperial majesty knows me too well to suppose that I

"would turn back from danger," replied Pescara. "But I will not attempt impossibilities. I am not alone in my opinion. Put the question to the other generals. How say you, messeigneurs?" he added to them. "Ought the assault to be made?"

"We are all against it," said Del Vasto, speaking for the others, who bowed assent.

"You are all in league to thwart me," cried Bourbon, furiously. "But I will put you to shame. I will show you that the assault *can* be made successfully. Go, my lord, if you will," he added to Pescara. "Your soldiers will follow me."

"Your highness is mistaken," returned the other. "They will march with me to Italy."

Suppressing his rage, Bourbon turned to the German generals.

"I shall not, I am sure, lack your aid, messeigneurs," he said. "You and your brave lanz-knechts will follow me?"

"Your highness must hold us excused," they replied. "Where the Marquis of Pescara declines to go, we are not foolhardy enough to venture."

"You find that I am right," remarked Pescara, with a mocking laugh. "There is nothing left for it but to raise the siege and depart."

"Depart!—never!" cried Bourbon. "Why, if the assault be not made, the meanest burgher of Marseilles will laugh us to scorn. Let the charge be sounded," he added to Pomperant. "We shall soon see who will follow me."

"None but your own attendants will follow," said Pescara.

At this moment an esquire approached, and stated that a messenger had just arrived from Aix, bringing most important intelligence. Bourbon immediately ordered the man into his presence.

"Highness," said the messenger, "I have speeded hither to inform you that the king arrived last evening at Aix with the army."

"The king arrived at Aix!" exclaimed Bourbon. "By Sainte Barbe! this is important news indeed, if true."

"It will be speedily confirmed, monseigneur," said the messenger. "The Marshal de Chabannes is marching with the vanguard of the army to the relief of Marseilles."

Bourbon made no remark, but signed to the messenger to retire.

"Your highness must now admit that I gave you good counsel in advising you to abandon the siege," remarked Pescara.

"Out upon your counsel!—it has been ruinous," cried Bourbon. "The city might have been taken ere Chabannes could come up. But I will forgive you all, if you will march with me at once to meet the king, and compel him to give us battle. A victory will retrieve the disgrace we shall incur by abandoning the siege, and satisfy both the Emperor and the King of England."

"I am against the plan," rejoined Pescara, coldly. "The king's army is far superior to our own in number, and we shall have the forces of the garrison in our rear. No, we must evacuate Provence."

"Not when a kingdom is to be won," cried Bourbon. "My lord! my lord! what change has come over you? Be yourself. François de Valois will now give us the opportunity we have so long sought. He cannot refuse a battle. We shall conquer. France lies before us, and invites us on!"

"Let those who will go on," said Pescara, in a cold sarcastic tone. "I shall take the road to Italy. I will not risk a battle the result of which must be disastrous. Our army would be utterly destroyed. We must retreat while we can do so with safety."

"Never!" exclaimed Bourbon. "I will never retreat before François de Valois. The command of the army has been entrusted to me by the Emperor, and I call upon you to obey me."

"I refuse, monseigneur—peremptorily refuse," said Pescara.

For a few moments Bourbon was well-nigh choked with passion. When he could speak, he said, in hoarse accents,

"Since you are resolved upon this disgraceful course, I cannot prevent it. But let not the retreat be conducted with undue haste, and with disorder. Our munitions of war must not fall into the hands of the enemy. Bury the heavy cannon brought from Toulon. The lighter ordnance can be carried by mules. Throw all the great shot into the sea. Leave nothing behind that can be serviceable to the foe."

Then casting one look at the city, the brave defenders of which thronged its walls and towers, utterly ignorant of their deliverance, and momentarily expecting the assault, he rode back to his tent, where he remained during the rest of the day, a prey to indescribable mental anguish.

By nightfall, all preparations for the retreat had been completed, and, as soon as it became dark, the tents were struck, and the whole army got into order of march, and set off in the direction of Toulon.

By midnight, the heights around Marseilles were entirely abandoned, and the city, which for five weeks had been completely environed by enemies, was once more free.

Cautiously as the retreat of the Imperial army was conducted, it could not be accomplished without being discovered by the garrison. Indeed, the inaction of the besiegers throughout the day had caused their design to be suspected. A sortie, for the purpose of investigation, was made by Renzo da Ceri at the head of a troop of cavalry, and when he returned with the joyful intelligence that the heights were evacuated and the enemy gone, nothing could exceed the delight of the citizens. All those who had retired to rest were roused from slumber by shouts and the ringing of bells.

The populace were half frenzied with joy. Wherever Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion appeared they were greeted with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of regard, and hailed as deliverers of the city. A torchlight procession, headed by the two commanders, was made through the principal streets, and when this was over, Renzo addressed a vast crowd in the Place de Linche. After extolling the courage and patriotic spirit displayed by the citizens, he said,

"The only circumstance that mars my satisfaction at this moment of triumph is the loss of our brave Amazons, Marphise and Marcelline."

"Let not that thought afflict you, monseigneur," said Pierre Cépède, who was standing near him. "They live. They have been rescued from the ruins of the wall beneath which they were supposed to be buried. Heaven has preserved them."

When this joyful intelligence was communicated to the assemblage, a loud and long-continued shout rent the air.

While the citizens passed the night in rejoicing, Renzo da Ceri put himself at the head of a strong detachment of cavalry, and started in pursuit of the retreating enemy, for the purpose of harassing their march and cutting off stragglers.

He soon found they had taken the direction of Toulon, and had not proceeded far when he was joined by the Marshal de Chabannes with three hundred light horse. Together they hovered about the rear of the Imperial army until it had passed the Var, when they retired.

The Imperialists then pursued their course without further molestation, crossed the Maritime Alps, and entering Piedmont, proceeded to Alba, where they came to a halt.

Thus ended Bourbon's invasion of France. All the dreams of conquest he had indulged had vanished. The crown he had hoped to grasp had escaped him. His plans had been thwarted by the jealousy of his generals, who had deserted him at the critical moment, when success seemed certain. Deep and bitter was the mortification he endured. But though disheartened, he did not despair. He felt sure that the theatre of war would be soon transferred to Italy, well knowing that François I. would never relinquish his pretensions to the Duchy of Milan.

"We shall meet on these plains, if not in France," he said to Pomperant, "and then I will requite him for the injuries he has done me. I will forgive Fortune all the scurvy tricks she has played me of late if she will grant me that day."

**End of the Fourth Book.**

## Book the fifth.

## THE BATTLE OF PAVIA.

## I.

HOW FRANÇOIS I. SET OUT FOR ITALY, AND HOW HE ENTERED MILAN.

"THERE is now no hindrance to my proposed campaign in Italy," remarked François I. to Bonnivet, when tidings of Bourbon's retreat were brought him. "Milan will speedily be regained, Genoa will follow, and then let the Emperor look well to Naples, if he would keep it. By Saint Louis! I will pluck that jewel from his crown, and place it on my own. I sent word to the Pope, that before the autumn was over I would cross the Alps at the head of thirty thousand men. His holiness was incredulous, but he will find it was no rash assertion. I will be in Milan within a month."

"Your majesty overlooks one impediment," remarked Bonnivet. "Your gracious mother, the Duchess d'Angoulême, is averse to the expedition, and may prevent it. She is now at Lyons, and will start for Aix as soon as she learns that Bourbon has evacuated Provence. If you desire to execute your project, avoid an interview with her."

"The advice is good," said François. "My plan is fixed, but I do not wish to be importuned. I will despatch a messenger to the duchess with a letter, bidding her adieu, and at the same time appointing her Regent during my absence in Italy. Let immediate preparations be made for the march. Two days hence we will set out for Lombardy."

"Well resolved, sire," rejoined Bonnivet. "I am convinced that you have but to appear before Milan to compel its surrender."

"We shall see," said the king. "At all events, I do not think it will hold out as long as Marseilles."

"A propos of Marseilles, sire," said Bonnivet, "you must not forget that the principal citizens will be here to-morrow. No doubt they expect to receive your majesty's thanks for their gallant defence of the city."

"They shall have a worthy reception," returned François. "A grand fête shall be given in their honour. Give orders to that effect at once, and see that all is done to gratify these loyal citizens."

Next day, as had been anticipated, a numerous company arrived from Marseilles. The cavalcade was headed by the viguier, the magistrates, and many of the principal citizens, and was, moreover, accompanied by the band of Amazons. Peals of ordnance were fired,



bells rung and trumpets brayed, as the procession entered Aix. The houses were hung with banners, and the streets filled with people eager to give them welcome. The Amazons were everywhere greeted with acclamations.

François received the party in the great hall of the palace. He was surrounded by a brilliant assemblage, comprising the chief personages of his army, and including, among others, the young King Henri of Navarre, the Duc d'Alençon, the Grand Master of France, the Comte de Saint-Paul, the Marshal de Montmorency, the Marshal de Foix, and the Seneschal d'Armagnac. Near to the king, on the left, stood the lovely Diane de Poitiers, and close behind them was a train of demoiselles and pages.

The viguier and the magistrates were presented to the king by Bonnavet, who, with a band of young nobles, had met them at the gates, and conducted them to the palace. François gave them a most cordial reception, thanking them in the warmest terms for the courage and zeal they had displayed. But his chief commendations were bestowed upon the Amazons; and he presented two gems to Marphise and Marcelline, bidding them wear them as tokens of his approval.

"I trust that my faithful city of Marseilles will never be placed in the like strait again, so that it may need the defence of its dames," he said; "but should it be so, I doubt not your noble example will be followed."

"We have shown our fellow-citizens what women can do in the hour of need, sire," said Marphise; "but now that our services are no longer required, we shall lay aside the arms we have borne, and resume our customary avocations. This is the last occasion on which we shall appear in these accoutrements—unless your majesty should think fit to call upon us again. In that case, we shall be ready to resume them."

"Foi de gentilhomme!" exclaimed François, smiling. "I am half inclined to take you with me to Italy, where you would earn as much distinction as you have done at Marseilles. How say you, fair damsels? Will you go with us? Such a corps would prove irresistible."

"Nay, sire," interposed Diane. "They have done enough. Marseilles cannot spare its heroines."

"You are right," said François. "I was but jesting. Women are not like our ruder sex. They do not love war for its own sake. Our camp would be no place for them."

"The Amazons of old fought as well as men, sire—better, if all reports be true," said Marphise, boldly. "We have something of their spirit."

"You ought to be soldiers' wives," said François, smiling, "and on my return from Italy—if you be not meanwhile wedded

—I must find you husbands among my bravest captains. It greatly rejoices me to see you here to-day, for I had heard—much to my grief—that you perished during the explosion of a mine.”

“We narrowly escaped being crushed to death, sire,” replied Marcelline. “But after lying beneath the rains for some hours, we were fortunately extricated.”

“Heaven designed you for a better fate,” said the king. “I have but imperfectly discharged my obligations to you. Whenever you have a favour to solicit, hesitate not to come to me. *Foi de gentilhomme!* the request shall be granted.”

“At some future time I may claim fulfilment of your royal promise, sire,” returned Marcelline.

The whole party then retired, charmed with their gracious reception. A sumptuous repast awaited them in the banquetting-chamber, and the rest of the day was spent in festivity and rejoicing.

“Are you prepared to brave the difficulties of the march and accompany me to Italy?” said François to Diane, as the Amazons withdrew.

“No, sire,” she replied; “and I would fain dissuade you from the expedition. You have now an opportunity of making an advantageous peace with the Emperor. Why not profit by it?”

“Honour forbids me,” he rejoined. “My own inclinations prompt me to remain here. But I must requite the affront offered me by Bourbon. I must win back the duchy I have lost.”

“And for this you will quit France—you will quit me?” she added, in a lower tone.

“I must,” he replied. “I have been attacked, and I owe it to myself to chastise the insolent aggressor.”

At this moment a letter was handed to him by Bonnivet.

“From the Duchess d’Angoulême, sire,” he said, in a significant tone, as he delivered it.

“What says your royal mother, sire?” demanded Diane, who had watched his countenance as he perused the letter. “I will wager she is of my mind, and urges you to abandon the expedition.”

“You are right, *ma mie*,” replied the king. “She tells me she is coming in all haste to Aix, having a secret of great importance to reveal to me, and she entreats me to delay my departure till her arrival.”

“And you will comply with the request, sire?” said Diane. “No doubt she has some state secret to communicate. You will wait?”

“I shall rather hasten my departure,” rejoined the king. “I can guess the nature of her secret. It is a pretext to detain me—but I will not yield. Make ready, *messeigneurs*,” he added to the leaders near him. “We shall set forth to Italy to-morrow.”

"Why do you not dissuade his majesty from this expedition, messeigneurs?" said Diane to Saint-Paul and Montmorency. "I know you disapprove of it."

"If your majesty would listen to me," said Saint-Paul, "I would urge you to delay the campaign till the spring. The season is too far advanced. You will have to pass the winter in your tent, in the midst of snow and water."

"On the contrary, I shall pass the winter in the ducal palace at Milan, which is as large and pleasant as the Château de Blois," replied François. "What think you of the expedition, Montmorency?" he added to the marshal.

"Since you ask me, sire, I must say frankly that I am opposed to it," he replied. "I look upon the plains of Lombardy with dread. They are rife with all ailments. Agues and fever abound there, and pestilence reigns in the cities. I regard Lombardy as one vast sepulchre in which we are all to be engulfed."

"You had the plague at Abbiate-Grasso, and have not forgotten the attack," remarked the king.

"Ay, and the plague is now raging at Milan," said Montmorency. "Beware of it, sire. 'Tis a more deadly enemy than Bourbon."

"Oh, do not venture into that infected city, sire," implored Diane. "I have a presentiment that this expedition will be disastrous."

"Bah! I go to win another Marignan," rejoined François.

"We have more than a month of fine weather before us now," remarked Bonnivet to Diane. "Long before winter has set in his majesty will be master of Milan."

"But the plague!—the plague!" cried Diane. "How is he to avoid that? Be advised by me, sire, and stay in France, where you incur no risk."

"I laugh at all danger," rejoined the king. "My sole regret is that I must perforce leave you behind. To those who cannot brave the rigours of winter, or who are afraid of the pestilence," he added, glancing at Montmorency and Saint-Paul, "the roads of France will be open."

"Nay, sire, as long as you remain in Italy I shall stay—even if I find a tomb there," said Montmorency.

"It is well," rejoined François. "To-morrow we start on the expedition."

Seeing that her royal lover was inflexible, Diane made no further effort to turn him from his purpose. Her only hope was that the Duchess d'Angoulême might arrive before his departure. But in this she was disappointed. François had taken his measures too well. A messenger met the duchess on the way, and telling her the king was on the eve of departure, she turned back.

It was a glorious day on which François, after taking a tender

farewell of Diane, set forth with his host from Aix—and it was a gallant sight to see the king, arrayed in his splendid armour, and mounted on his war-horse, issue from the gates accompanied by the flower of the French chivalry. Proceeding by forced marches along the valley of the Durance to Briançon, he crossed the Alps without difficulty by the Pass of Susa.

Enthusiastic was his delight at finding himself once more in Italy at the head of an army which he deemed irresistible. Without encountering any obstruction he pressed on to Vercelli, where he ascertained the movements of the enemy.

The Imperial army, it appeared, had been greatly reduced by the forced march from Marseilles, and had also sustained heavy losses of baggage and artillery. Two thousand men had been thrown into Alexandria. Lodi, Pizzighettone, and Como were also strongly garrisoned, but by far the most formidable preparations had been made at Pavia, the defence of which had been committed, as during Bonnivet's campaign in the previous year, to Antonio de Leyva. The garrison of Pavia was now augmented by five thousand German lanz-knechts under De Hohenzollern, five hundred Spanish soldiers, and three hundred lances.

Bourbon and Pescara, accompanied by Lannoy, had marched with the rest of the army to Milan, and thither François determined to follow them.

Two days after quitting Vercelli the king appeared before the city. His approach could not, of course, be concealed from the Imperialists, and a long counsel was held by Bourbon and the other chiefs as to the possibility or prudence of holding the place against him. It was decided that, considering the enfeebled condition of the troops and the infected state of the city, there was no alternative but to abandon it. Defence under such circumstances was, indeed, impossible, and had the Imperial generals attempted to sustain a siege, the whole army would probably have been destroyed by the pestilence.

Accompanied by Sforza, Pescara, and the others, Bourbon therefore quitted the city, and proceeded to Lodi. Just as the last of the Imperialists marched out of Milan by the Porta Romana, a detachment of the French army under La Trémouille entered the city by the Porta Vercellina.

The satisfaction which François would have felt at this easy conquest was marred by the dismal aspect of the plague-stricken city. Ghastly evidences of the presence of the Destroyer met his eye at every turn. The deserted streets, the closed houses, the mournful air of the populace—all conspired to cast a gloom over him.

Just then the pestilence was at its height. On the very day on which he entered Milan with his host, several hundreds of persons had died, and as many more were sick. The hospitals and lazarettos were filled to overflowing, and the pits surcharged with

dead. No remedies could be found to arrest the progress of the scourge. Almost all who were seized by it perished, and the city was more than half depopulated.

No wonder that François blamed himself for his rashness in exposing his army to so much peril. But he resolved that his stay in Milan should be brief—no longer than was absolutely necessary to resume his authority—and that all possible precautions should be taken against contagion. With this view he secluded himself within the ducal palace, and ordered the army to encamp without the walls.

## II.

### BONNIVET'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH THE COMTESSA DI CHIERI.

THERE was a fair dame in Milan, to behold whom Bonnivet had urged the king, at all risks, to march on to the city. This was the Comtessa di Chieri. Had it been possible, he would have flown to her immediately on his arrival. But he was detained throughout the day at the ducal palace, partly in immediate attendance upon the king, and partly in the discharge of other duties that devolved upon him, for he was obliged to confer with the civic officials and others, whom François would not admit to his presence. But he had despatched a messenger to the countess, with a letter informing her that he would visit her in the evening, and had received an answer saying she expected him.

When night came, and he was free, he flew to her palace in the Corso Romano, and was instantly admitted. He found her in the superb saloon where he had last seen her, surrounded with objects of luxury, and looking beautiful as ever. But her appearance was somewhat changed. There was a flush in her cheeks, and a preternatural brilliancy in her dark eyes. A rapturous meeting took place between them, and the pain of their long separation seemed forgotten in the bliss of the moment.

"I did not think I should ever behold you again," she murmured.

"You doubted my love for you, or you could never have entertained that notion," he replied, passionately. "Hear what I have done to obtain this interview. To pass an hour with you, Beata, I have prevailed upon the king to undertake a new campaign in Italy. To throw myself at your feet, I have induced him to march on Milan."

"You should not have come now," she rejoined. "Had I been able to do so, I would have warned you to avoid this infected city."

"I have no fear of the pestilence," said Bonnivet. "And I would brave any danger to be near you. But why have you exposed yourself to so much risk? Why have you remained here?"

"I could not leave," she rejoined. "And I have an excellent physician, Doctor Nardi, who watches over me. Ah! here he is," she added, as a grave-looking personage, attired in a black silk doublet and hose, and wearing a black silk skull-cap, entered the saloon.

After respectfully saluting Bonnivet, Doctor Nardi seated himself beside the countess, and kept his eyes upon her for some moments. Bonnivet, who watched him closely, thought he detected anxiety in his looks.

"You have not been quite well to-day, I think, countess?" remarked Doctor Nardi.

"I had a severe headache this morning," she replied. "But it has passed."

"Any feverish symptoms?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," she replied. "About an hour ago, I felt stifled with heat, and then had a shivering fit. But there is nothing to be alarmed at?" she added, nervously.

"Nothing—nothing," he replied. "But you must retire to rest immediately. The fever has not quite left you, and may return."

"But why should I retire to rest, dear doctor?" appealed the countess. "I do not feel ill. Ah! I see you are alarmed about me," she continued, gazing eagerly at him. "Tell me what is the matter?"

"Do not agitate yourself, signora," he returned. "You will soon be better—but you must attend to my directions. I will send you a febrifuge presently, and will see you in the morning. Good night, countess."

He then bowed and departed, and Bonnivet, feeling very uneasy, followed him out of the room.

"I trust the countess is not seriously ill, doctor?" inquired Bonnivet.

"A passing indisposition," replied Nardi, evasively. "But you must not stay, monseigneur. Take leave of the countess. At this awful season there is no security that they who part at night may meet again on the morrow."

The last words were uttered with a significance that increased Bonnivet's uneasiness.

"Do not conceal the truth from me, doctor," he said. "The certainty, however dreadful, would be more tolerable than suspense."

"What purpose will it answer to tell you what I think?" rejoined Nardi. "Be advised by me, and leave the palace without delay. Every moment you remain here increases the risk."

"Ha!" ejaculated Bonnivet, horror-stricken. "I now understand. But I will not leave her."

"As you please, monseigneur," said Nardi. "I have warned you."

"Stay, I implore of you," cried Bonnivet, detaining him. "Is there any means of saving her?"

"Alas! none," replied Nardi. "She is beyond the power of medicine. I have seen too many fatal cases lately to be mistaken. She has all the worst symptoms about her. Before to-morrow morning she will be a corpse."

"Oh! say not so, doctor!" cried Bonnivet, distractedly.

"You are never content," rejoined Nardi, petulantly. "You try to extract the truth from me, and when I yield to your importunities, you are dissatisfied. You now know the worst. Act as you think proper; but if you would not yourself fall a victim to the pestilence, you will leave the palace as expeditiously as possible. I will send a nurse to attend upon the countess, and a priest to minister to her soul's welfare."

"I cannot, will not, leave her," rejoined Bonnivet, rushing back to the saloon.

"Then share her fate," muttered Nardi, shrugging his shoulders as he departed.

Even in this brief interval a marked change had taken place in the countess's looks. The flush in her cheeks had given way to deathly pallor, but the fire in her large black eyes burnt yet more fiercely. As Bonnivet returned, she started up from the couch on which she had sunk, and caught hold of his arm.

"What has he told you?" she demanded, gazing at him as if to search into his soul. "I know he thinks me ill—very ill—but he does not suspect—ha!" And she paused.

"No, no; calm yourself," rejoined Bonnivet, endeavouring to reassure her. "There is no danger. But he charged me to reiterate his order that you should retire to rest immediately."

"But I do not choose to obey him," she rejoined. "I do not want to part with you. I feel better—much better. Come and sit beside me," she added, returning to the couch, "and let us renew the discourse which the doctor interrupted. I will leave Milan to-morrow. If you march to Lodi or Pavia, I may accompany you—may I not?"

Bonnivet made no reply.

"You do not seem pleased by the proposition," she continued. "Do you not wish to have me near you?"

"Oh! this is more than I can bear!" exclaimed Bonnivet, unable to repress his emotion.

The countess gazed at him bewildered.

"Your looks affright me," she said. "I am sure Doctor Nardi has told you more about me than you are willing to repeat. But I will shake off my misgivings. I will be gay. Pledge me in a cup of wine," she continued, filling a silver goblet. "May our love last for ever!"

And raising the goblet to her lips she handed it to him.

But Bonnivet set down the cup untasted.

"What! you refuse my pledge?" she cried.

"I can act this part no longer," mentally ejaculated Bonnivet. "Summon all your fortitude, Beata," he added to her. "I have a terrible communication to make to you."

"I partly guess it," she rejoined, with a ghastly look. "But speak! What have you to tell me?"

"I cannot bring my tongue to utter what I have to say," he returned. "Any other lips than mine should pronounce the fatal words."

At this moment the door opened, and a priest entered, accompanied by a Sister of Charity. On their entrance the countess arose with difficulty.

"Daughter," said the priest, "we have been sent to you by your physician, Doctor Nardi. This good sister will watch over you, while I will minister to you the last offices of our religion, and prepare you for the awful change which you must speedily undergo."

"Am I dreaming?" she cried, gazing in terror at them. "Doctor Nardi told me nothing of all this."

"No, daughter; he left it to me to tell you that you are stricken by the pestilence."

The unfortunate countess heard no more, but uttering a piercing cry, fell senseless on the couch. The Sister of Charity flew to her assistance.

"Go, monseigneur," said the priest to Bonnivet. "The few short hours she has left must be devoted to Heaven. Go, I pray you!"

Thus adjured, Bonnivet could not resist. Casting a glance of anguish at the inanimate countess, he quitted the room, and left the palace.

### III.

#### HOW FRANÇOIS I. BESIEGED PAVIA.

BONNIVET was so overcome by the shock caused by the sad fate of the Comtessa di Chieri, that for two days he was unable to leave his chamber. On the third day, being informed that a council of war was to be held by the king, he roused himself to attend it.

All the leaders of the army were present at the council, and the question proposed for their consideration by the king was, whether the enemy should be first attacked at Lodi or Pavia.

"My own inclinations prompt me to proceed to Pavia," said François. "As the second city of the duchy, if it falls, all the rest must surrender. The Imperialists will soon be driven out of



Lombardy, and then we can march on to Naples. But I am not wedded to this plan, and desire to have your opinions. Speak freely."

"My advice to your majesty," said Montmorency, "is to march first on Lodi, whither Pescara and Bourbon have retired with the remnants of their army. The city is badly fortified, and without provisions, and will be easily taken."

"You are misinformed as to the condition of Lodi," said Bonnivet. "Be assured that Bourbon and Pescara would not have retired there unless they had felt certain they could hold it. The fortress was first strengthened by Francesco Sforza, and subsequently rendered impregnable by Federigo da Bozzolo, who held it, as you know, to the last. The Imperial army is still numerous, and will make an obstinate and determined resistance. To attack a fortress so defended is to run the risk of failure. Pavia, on the contrary, can be speedily reduced either by force or stratagem. Antonio de Leyva has but little authority over the garrison, which consists almost exclusively of German lanz-knechts, who have been badly paid, and are known to be discontented."

"That may be true," remarked Montmorency, "but De Leyva is a very skilful commander, full of energy and resources, and will make a long and vigorous defence. When the Imperial army quitted Milan on our approach it was in a state of great disorder. The men had suffered greatly by their march, and were in many cases without arms, and almost without accoutrements. Again, the plague has thinned their ranks, and those who are left are disheartened. They can soon be starved out at Lodi, where provisions are scanty. Lodi ours—Bourbon, Pescara, Lamoy, and Sforza captives—Pavia and all the other cities and fortresses of the duchy must inevitably surrender. From these considerations, I counsel your majesty to march on the Adda and not to encamp on the Ticino."

All the other leaders, except Saint-Marsault, concurred with Montmorency; but Bonnivet would not give up his point.

"The king's honour is concerned in the matter," he said. "A war waged by his majesty in person ought not to be conducted according to the ordinary rules of military tactics."

"No successful war can be conducted otherwise," remarked Montmorency, contemptuously. "Such advice would not have been tendered by Bayard, were he alive."

"It comports not with the king's dignity to attack a small fortress while an important city holds out," retorted Bonnivet. "Pavia captured, his majesty will be master of the Milanese, and can then proceed to the invasion of Naples."

"Foi de gentilhomme! you are right," exclaimed the king. "Honour calls us to Pavia and not to Lodi, and we will obey the summons. Seigneur de la Trémouille," he added to that general,

"I entrust to you the defence of this city of Milan. I will leave with you eight thousand fantassins and three hundred lances—a force amply sufficient in the event of an attack on the part of the Imperialists. As to you, messeigneurs," he continued to the others, "you will make ready. To-morrow we set out for Pavia."

Towards evening, on the following day, François appeared before Pavia with the whole of his army, excepting that portion of it which had been left with La Trémouille for the defence of Milan.

The king was in excellent spirits, confident in his army, which was in splendid condition, and well supplied with cavalry and artillery, and he had entire faith in Bonnivet's representations that Pavia would be an easy conquest, and its possession ensure him the mastery of the duchy.

It was therefore in a blithe mood that he approached the ancient capital of the Longobardic kingdom, and gazed at its numerous towers and spires, its proud duomo and stern castello, rising from out its walls, and now empurpled by the rays of the setting sun.

"Is not yon city better worth fighting for than Lodi, sire?" remarked Bonnivet, who was riding near him, and saw what was passing in his breast.

"Ay, marry is it," rejoined the king. "I should almost be sorry if it were to surrender. A week's siege will be pleasant pastime."

"I do not think your majesty will be disappointed," replied Bonnivet. "De Leyva is obstinate, and will not yield without giving us some trouble. But the city *must* fall when you choose to take it, and you can therefore proceed as leisurely as you will. As I have already explained to your majesty, the garrison, which consists almost entirely of German lanz-knechts, under the command of the Comte de Hohenzollern, is discontented and even mutinous, and, if need be, can be easily corrupted."

"I would rather conquer with steel than gold," rejoined François, laughing. "But let us consider where I shall establish my quarters. I must have access to yon charming park of Montibello, which, with its woods and glades, reminds me of the forest of Fontainebleau."

And, as he spoke, he pointed to a vast park, several miles in extent, and very thickly wooded, lying to the north of the city. In the midst of this park, which, extensive as it was, was completely surrounded by strong and lofty walls, stood a large palace which had been built as a hunting-seat by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan.

The palace, though merely designed to enable its princely owner to pursue the pleasures of the chase, was strongly fortified, moated, and approached by a drawbridge. As may well be imagined, the close vicinity of this vast and noble park to the city was a grea

embellishment to its appearance. But, in truth, Pavia was extremely beautiful and picturesque, full of splendid edifices, and boasting numerous churches, convents, and stately mansions.

At the same time, the extraordinary number of strong and lofty towers by which it was guarded, together with its huge and frowning citadel, gave it a very formidable appearance, which was further increased by its walls and bastions, now abundantly garnished with ordnance. But it was not merely to its walls and towers that Pavia owed its strength. On the side on which it was weakest it was protected by a deep and rapid river, which formed an impassable moat.

About a league above Pavia the Ticino divides itself into two arms, one of which bathes the walls in the manner just described, while the lesser arm, after describing a wide curve, rejoins the main stream below the city, forming an island near its point of junction, on which the suburb of Sant Antonio was built. A stone bridge, erected by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, covered by a gallery, and defended by a strong tower, connected this suburb with the city.

Between the banks of the lesser arm of the Ticino and the walls, and contiguous to the park of Mirabello, stood the stately abbey of San Lanfranco and the church of San Salvator, and it was towards these structures that Bonnivet now directed the king's attention.

"Your majesty observes yonder abbey and church," he said, pointing them out. "There you can conveniently establish your quarters during the siege. Openings can easily be made in the walls so as to give you access to the park of Mirabello, and, if you are so minded, you can occupy the château of Gian Galeazzo Visconti."

"I like the situation of the abbey best, and will take up my quarters near it," said the king. "I will have you and the Grand Master with me, and the main part of the army shall encamp there. The Marshal de la Palisse shall post himself on yon hills on the east of the city," pointing in that direction. "The Duke d'Alençon shall occupy the park of Mirabello, and take possession of the château of Gian Galeazzo."

"Possession of the little island on which stands the suburb of Sant Antonio is important," said Bonnivet. "If your majesty will allow me, I will take it."

"No, that shall be Montmorency's task," rejoined François. "He is angry that we have come hither in preference to Lodi. I must find him employment."

These arrangements were carried out. Next morning François fixed his quarters near the abbey of San Lanfranco, while his generals posted themselves as he had directed.

On the same day, the Marshal de Montmorency, with a large

force, consisting of more than five thousand men, crossed the lesser arm of the Ticino by a bridge of boats, and took possession of the island. Then turning to the tower, at the head of the bridge communicating with the city, he summoned the little garrison to surrender, and meeting with a determined refusal from the officer in command, immediately attacked the tower and took it. Most of the garrison had fallen during the assault, but the survivors—amongst whom was the captain, a valiant man-at-arms—were brought before the marshal.

"How dared you resist the king's army in a paltry shed like that?" he demanded.

"It was our duty to guard the bridge, monseigneur," replied the captain, boldly.

"You are false traitors, and shall serve as an example to your fellows, who will learn the fate they may expect if they hold out," rejoined Montmorency, furiously. "Away with them!" he added to the guard. "Hang them at once from the summit of the tower, in face of the city, so that the whole garrison may behold them."

The ruthless mandate was immediately carried into effect, and the brave soldiers were ignominiously put to death.

Unable to stay the execution, which he witnessed from the walls of the city, De Leyva vowed to make terrible reprisals on the first prisoners he should take, and he kept his word. By partially destroying the bridge, he prevented Montmorency from following up his success in that direction.

Pavia being now invested at all points, François determined to commence the assault without delay, and his batteries being placed and mounted with powerful artillery, he opened fire simultaneously on the eastern and western sides of the city, continuing the cannonade for three days, when a sufficient breach in either portion of the walls was effected.

Next day, the assault was made on both points at the same time, and at each encountered a vigorous resistance.

One party of the besiegers was led on by Bonnivet, who gallantly mounted the breach, but on gaining its summit he was checked by the pikes of the Spanish soldiers, and discovered, at the same time, that within the walls there was a deep trench, of the existence of which he had been ignorant, while from its parapets a company of arquebusiers, commanded by De Leyva, poured a murderous fire upon him. His armour alone saved him—all those near him being struck down. As it was impossible to force the breach under such circumstances, he was compelled to retire.

Nor did better success attend the Marshal de la Palisse, by whom the assault was made on the other side of the city. He was repulsed with heavy loss by the Comte de Hohenzollern.

It was then found that such preparations had been made by

De Leyva that it was impossible to take the place by assault, and that recourse must be had to the tedious operations of sap and mine. However, the king reconciled himself without difficulty to the delay, and his troops, so far from being dissatisfied, were well pleased. There was plenty of good cheer in the camp, abundance of provisions were brought from the country round, and a market was held in the park of Mirabello, where these were sold.

Thus the besiegers led a joyous life, interrupted only by an occasional skirmish. As to François, he amused himself by hunting daily in the vast park, and while engaged in the chase almost forgot the object that had brought him thither. His nights were spent in festivity, and the attraction of female society was not wanting, for bands of fair dames came over from Piacenza. A bridge of boats across the Ticino connected the king's camp with the island on which Montmorency was stationed, and a similar bridge at another part of the river made communication easy with La Palisse. The Duke d'Alençon, as we have mentioned, was quartered in the Castle of Mirabello.

#### IV.

OF THE STRATAGEM PRACTISED BY ANTONIO DE LEYVA.

BUT while abundance was to be found in the camp of the besiegers, and while the French army was contented and even joyous, severe privation was already experienced in Pavia.

Disappointed in the succours he expected to receive from Lodi, De Leyva had already put the garrison on short allowance, and provisions had become so scarce, that the horrors of famine began to be anticipated. Occasionally supplies were obtained by skirmishing parties, but these were inefficient for a populous city like Pavia, and were speedily exhausted.

But De Leyva appeared wholly unconcerned by the distress he saw around him. Harsh and inflexible, resolute in the performance of his duty, and callous to the sufferings of others, he looked on the people around him with a cold, unpitying eye. So long as the garrison could be fed, he cared not what became of the citizens.

His worst apprehensions were caused by the mutinous spirit which on several occasions of late had been evinced by the German lanz-knechts under De Hohenzollern. He had tried to allay their discontent by promising them their pay, but as he could not make good his word, his assurances were treated with derision, and the men even threatened, if not paid, to deliver the city to the enemy.

That this would be carried out, De Leyva became convinced by discovering that a secret correspondence existed between the Comte

d'Azarnes, one of the German leaders, and Bonnivet. The knowledge of the secret thus obtained he prudently kept to himself, resolving to punish the treachery of Azarnes at a fitting season. As gold, however, must be obtained at whatever risk, he carefully thought over the matter, and at last conceived a stratagem by which he hoped that a supply of money might be safely passed through the French army. During a sortie which he made for the purpose into the park of Mirabello, he despatched an emissary in whom he could confide, with instructions to Lannoy and Pescara, both of whom were at Lodi.

While François, unable to take the city by assault, was proceeding by slower means, a plan was suggested to him by an officer belonging to the Duke d'Alençon, which promised success, and gave great uneasiness to the besieged. This was no less than to divert the main arm of the Ticino, which flowed past Pavia, into the lesser channel. If the plan could be accomplished, the city, being entirely undefended on this side, must necessarily fall.

Every exertion, therefore, was used by the king to carry the scheme into effect. An enormous number of men were employed in damming up the main arm of the river, and in deepening and widening the channel of the lesser arm so as to receive its waters, and as the work progressed François was greatly elated by the prospect of success, while De Leyva attempted, though vainly, to fortify the exposed part of the city, which, when the bed of the river was laid dry, would be open to attack.

On both sides the opinion now prevailed that Pavia was doomed, but its resolute commander held stoutly on, and would not listen to any terms of capitulation.

Another day, and all would have been over, when just at the critical moment, while prayers were offered in the Duomo for the preservation of the city, torrents of rain began to fall, and continued to pour down without intermission for several hours, until the swollen waters of the Ticino could no longer be restrained, but bursting the embankments reared against them, returned to their original channel.

Pavia was saved. Fervent thanksgivings were offered up by the citizens, who regarded the occurrence as providential, and a *Te Deum* was chanted in the Duomo. Discouraged by the ill success of the scheme, François made no attempt to renew it.

Just after this event, which Antonio de Leyva looked upon as a good omen, another incident of a very different nature occurred.

We have said that a large market was held in the park of Mirabello, at which provisions of all kinds were sold by country-folk to the soldiers. One morning, two tall and robust young men, with handsome and sunburnt visages, and clad like peasants, were allowed to pass through the French camp, there being nothing

either in their looks or deportment calculated to excite suspicion. Each led a mule charged with a couple of large casks, apparently filled with wine, and as the two young peasants strode along they laughed and jested with the soldiers.

On arriving at the place where the market was held, they were speedily surrounded by eager customers, and while chaffering with them moved gradually nearer and nearer to the city walls, until it became evident that they had attracted the notice of the sentinels, and they were cautioned by the soldiers with them not to go any farther. The peasants, however, treated the warning as a joke, and went on.

All at once, a troop of cavalry, headed by De Leyva, issued from a sallyport, and dashing at the party, seized the peasants and their mules, and carried them off into the city before any attempt at rescue could be made by the troops of the Duke d'Alençon, who had witnessed the affair.

As soon as De Leyva was safe within the walls of the city, he gave vent to a hearty fit of laughter, and the two peasants joined in his merriment.

"Admirably executed, by my fay!" exclaimed the governor. "The stratagem has succeeded to a miracle. Little do the enemy dream what rare wine they have allowed to escape them. 'Tis a vintage fit for the king's table—ha! ha! But whom have I to thank for the important service thus rendered me?" he added to the foremost of the peasants. "Unless I am mistaken, it is the Seigneur Pomperant."

"Your excellency is right," replied the other. "Lannoy and Pescara could find no better messenger than myself, so I have come hither disguised, as you see, with my attendant Hugues. Each of those casks contains a thousand golden ducats—a rich prize for the king, if it had fallen into his hands."

"A good sum, in truth, and if it will not pay the lanz-knechts in full, it will at least stop their mouths for a time," rejoined De Leyva, laughing. "Again I thank you for the service, though I am sorry you will have to remain in this city. There is plenty of revelry, I am told, each night in the king's camp, but there is none here. All we do in Pavia is to fast, pray, and fight."

"I am familiar with beleaguered cities," said Pomperant. "I was in Marseilles during the siege."

"Marseilles endured no privations," rejoined De Leyva. "The port was open, and supplies could be sent in by the fleet. But here we are cut off from everything. May I count on speedy succour from Lannoy and Pescara?"

"I fear not," replied Pomperant. "They are not in a condition to march upon the king's army. But they expect reinforcements."

"Where is the Duke de Bourbon?" demanded De Leyva.

"In Suabia collecting an army," replied Pomperant. "From

what I have heard from his highness he will get together a large force, and, when he returns, I doubt not he will fly to your succour."

"I hope he may not come too late," remarked De Leyva.

"Before setting out, the duke told me that he knew full well your excellency would hold out, and that most assuredly he would be back in time to relieve you."

"Well, I suppose I must be content," said De Leyva. "But I am eager to examine the treasure."

By the governor's orders the casks were then taken to the castello, and on being opened were found full of golden pieces, which De Leyva immediately distributed among the German *lanz-knechts*, telling them the remainder of their pay was safe in the hands of the Viceroy of Naples, at Lodi, and should be given to them as soon as it could be sent with safety. By this means confidence was restored, and the tendency to mutiny checked.

The time had now arrived for the punishment of the traitor. On the day after the gold had been distributed as above mentioned, De Leyva sent for Azarnes to the castello, and after conversing with him for some time in a friendly manner, called for wine. A cup of Cyprus was filled, and Azarnes drank it unsuspectingly. Another goblet was offered to De Leyva, but, though he raised it to his lips, he took care not to taste it. After a while, De Leyva drew from his breast the letter addressed to Bonnivet which he had intercepted, and, showing it to Azarnes, asked him sternly if it was his writing. With such evidence against him, the unfortunate man did not dare to attempt denial.

"Your silence proclaims your guilt," said De Leyva. "You deserve death, but act as I enjoin, and I will pardon you."

"I am ready to obey your excellency," rejoined Azarnes.

"Write, then, to Bonnivet that the men are firm, and refuse to deliver up the city," said De Leyva. "Add that pay has been sent them by the Viceroy of Naples, and that succour is daily expected."

Azarnes wrote as commanded, and when the letter was finished, De Leyva took it.

"I will send the letter off at once," he said. "Remain here till I return. I shall not be long absent. I have more to say to you."

And, with a singular look at Azarnes, he quitted the room.

De Leyva had not been gone many minutes, when the unfortunate man was seized with a mortal sickness, and a frightful suspicion crossing him, he examined the other goblet, and found it untouched. He then knew that he was poisoned, and made for the door, but ere he could reach it his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell on the ground. At this moment De Leyva entered the chamber.



"What! my wine is too potent for you—ha?" he exclaimed.

"You have poisoned me," groaned the dying man.

"I have been compelled to become your executioner," rejoined De Leyva. "I would rather have put you to death publicly, but since justice might have been defeated, I have elected this plan."

The action of the terrible poison was so swift, that ere many minutes Azarnes had ceased to exist.

## V.

GEORGE VON FRUNDSBERG.

ON quitting Milan on the approach of François L., Bourbon proceeded with Lannoy and Pescara to Lodi, where he remained for a few days, and then announced his intention of proceeding to Germany to raise a fresh army for the Emperor.

"Your highness has my best wishes for the success of your project, but I fear you will fail," said Lannoy.

"If we have to wait till you bring back an army from Germany, we shall wait long enough," remarked Pescara, sarcastically.

"In less than two months I will be back, and will bring with me ten or twelve thousand men," said Bourbon, confidently.

Counting upon the friendship always professed for him by the Duke of Savoy, and upon the disposition lately shown by that potentate to attach himself zealously to the Imperial cause, Bourbon first directed his course to Turin, and was received as cordially by the prince as he had been after the victory of Romagnano.

Bourbon told the prince his design, frankly explaining to him the enfeebled condition of the Imperial army, and the absolute necessity that existed for its prompt reinforcement.

"I am now going to Suabia," he said, "and with the assistance of the Archduke Ferdinand, I hope to be able to get together a sufficient number of men, but to do this I must have money, for the Germans will not fight without pay. Herein lies the grand difficulty, and I know not where to turn for aid, unless to your highness. It is in vain to apply to the Emperor. Apparently he has no money to send, for he is terribly in arrear with his own army. Time will not allow application to be made to Henry VIII., even if he should be disposed to yield further subsidies. How say you, prince? Will you generously help me in my need? It will be an incalculable favour to the Emperor as well as to myself, for, unless you aid him at this juncture, he will lose Lombardy, and possibly Naples."

"You shall not sue in vain, prince," returned the Duke of Savoy, graciously. "I will aid you as much for your own sake as for that of the Emperor. Not merely will I empty my treasure for you, but you shall have all my jewels. It shall not be my fault if you do not raise an army."

"By Sainte Barbe!" cried Bourbon, overjoyed. "I did right to come to your highness. You are a true friend. If François de Valois is compelled to leave Italy, it will be you who will drive him out."

Next day, Bourbon quitted Turin loaded with gold and jewels, and shaped his course at once towards Germany. After visiting the Archduke Ferdinand, by whose aid he was enabled, in an incredibly short space of time, to raise five hundred Burgundian lances and six thousand lanz-knechts, he proceeded to Memmingen, for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of the renowned George von Frundsberg.

Of this remarkable personage, who claims a place in our history, it will be necessary to offer a brief preliminary description.

Of gigantic stature, endowed with prodigious strength, truculent in aspect, ferocious in manner and disposition, George von Frundsberg, lord of Mindelheim, more resembled a robber-chief than a military leader. His appearance was at once formidable and grotesque. His features were large, bloated and inflamed by intemperance, his nose aquiline, his eyes fierce and bloodshot, and overshadowed by black beetling brows. His hair was grizzled, and shorn close to the skull; but his beard was shaggy, and his immense moustaches stuck out like the whiskers of a tiger, imparting an extraordinarily savage character to his physiognomy. His powerful frame had been originally well proportioned, but he had now acquired an ungainly corpulence, which his armour could not conceal.

Von Frundsberg was a furious Lutheran, and, in his zeal for propagating the new doctrines, had perpetrated frightful atrocities. He never spoke of the Pope or the Romish priesthood without being seized by an access of rage; and bore at his girdle a gold chain, with which he had vowed to strangle the Sovereign Pontiff with his own hands.

Having at his command an army of four or five thousand men, Von Frundsberg was a very important ally to gain.

Accompanied by Marx Sittich d'Ems, Comte de Salms, whom he had appointed to the command of his Burgundian lances, Bourbon visited Von Frundsberg at his castle of Mindelheim, and was entertained by him with rude but profuse hospitality. The fierce Lutheran chief astounded his guests by his capacity for drinking, and he emptied stoup after stoup of Rhenish during the repast, but though they did not follow his example, they laughed at his terrible and impious jests, and Bourbon gained him over by promising that as soon as the French were driven out of

Italy he would march with him to Rome, and allow his men to sack the city.

"On that understanding I will join your highness," said Von Frundsberg, "and will bring with me five thousand of the bravest reiters and lanz-knechts in Suabia—such soldiers as are not to be found in the French camp. They will go wherever I choose to take them, because they know that, if ill paid, they are certain of plunder, and that if they starve one day they will feast the next. Like myself, they are staunch Lutherans, all excommunicated by the Pope, and their great delight is to torture and slay the priests of Baal, to break their idols, and plunder their temples of their gold and silver ornaments. By my father's bones! what sanctuaries we have stripped. What tall candlesticks! what weighty chalices! what splendid cups we have carried off! At Rome there will be no end of plunder. Every church contains a mine of wealth, and if the priests hide their plate and vessels we will soon force them to bring them out—ho! ho! There is no better amusement than torturing a priest. It is the height of my ambition to plunder Saint Peter's, to rifle the temple of Antichrist of its treasures, to destroy its altars, and wash out its abominations in the blood of its priests; and if the arch-pontiff himself falls into my hands, I have sworn to hang him with a chain fabricated for the purpose. Here it is," he added, displaying it. "One must show respect even to the Pope—à tout seigneur tout honneur!—ho! ho!"

Though disgusted by the sacrilegious wretch, Bourbon constrained himself, and led him to believe that he shared his opinions, and was so lavish in his promises of plunder, that, before the repast was concluded, Von Frundsberg had engaged to share his fortunes.

"Promise to take me to Rome," he cried. "Promise me the treasures of Saint Peter's and the Vatican for my soldiers. Promise me Antichrist for myself," he cried, with a ferocious and stunning laugh, "and I am yours body and soul."

"I promise you all you ask," rejoined Bourbon.

"Then the compact is made," said Von Frundsberg, striking the table with his tremendous fist, and making all the goblets upon it rattle. "We will march for Lombardy to-morrow. Meanwhile, we will drink confusion to François de Valois. You will pledge me in that toast?" he added, draining his capacious cup.

Bourbon and Marx Sittich did him reason, and the carouse was continued to a late hour.

Bourbon did not allow the ardour of his newly-acquired ally to cool, but held him to his promise to march without delay. When Von Frundsberg ordered his men to get ready, and told them whither they were going, they shouted enthusiastically, feeling

sure that if they once entered Italy they would find their way to Rome, whither their leader had engaged to take them.

Proceeding by forced marches, Bourbon conducted his newly-acquired army by Lindau and Feldkirch to Coire, and thence, across the Splügen, into Italy.

When he reappeared at Lodi at the head of this force, Lannoy and Pescara were filled with amazement, and though they congratulated him on his extraordinary success with feigned heartiness, it was easy to perceive they were greatly mortified.

Bourbon laughed secretly at their chagrin. His position was now totally changed in regard to them, for the army he had raised was his own, and only recognised him as general.

"I told you I would bring back twelve thousand men with me," he said to Pescara. "I have kept my word, as you see."

"I did not think it possible, I own," rejoined the other. "You have employed your time well, whereas we have done little during your absence. But De Leyva still holds out."

"I know it," said Bourbon. "We must march instantly to his relief."

"With the reinforcement you have brought, we need not hesitate to attack the king," rejoined Pescara. "I have carefully prepared a plan of action, which I feel assured will be crowned with success. I will submit it to you, and if you approve it, we will act upon it."

"'Tis a good plan, and well considered," observed Lannoy.

"Then I will adopt it," said Bourbon. "Let us fly to victory."

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## THE DEER-HUNT AT WALTHAM.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

'Twas in the days of olden time,  
 When Waltham Abbey was in its prime;  
     'Twas indeed a retreat  
     None other could beat,  
 Abroad or at home, no matter the clime.  
 It was full of *comestibles* everywhere—  
 No monks ever lived on more savoury cheer.  
     They turn'd night to morning,  
     All discipline scorning,  
 And were famed far and wide for their excellent beer.  
     The abbots, indulgent,  
     With features refulgent,  
 Unmistakably proved themselves prone to good diet;  
     No girdle could hold them,  
     Loose robes did enfold them,  
 And they wink'd unconcern'd at the racket and riot.  
  
 This was all very well when the monks had full play,  
 And none could their morals or weakness gainsay;  
     But when Harry the King  
     At the Pope had a flogging,  
 The jolly old fellows were soon sent away;  
     For he wanted their goods,  
     Grange, abbey, and woods;  
 And though harsh and despotic the measure,  
     They had lived far too well,  
     And no candle and bell  
 'Could frighten the thief from their treasure.  
  
 The gay monks of Waltham delighted in game,  
 And 'twere well if no farther extended their fame;  
     But the scandal must out—  
     They went prowling about,  
 Equipp'd *à la chasse*, though 'twas only in name.  
     Through the woods they oft wander'd,  
     And wisacres ponder'd,  
 The reason that kept them so late out at night;  
     Sometimes in the morning  
     They met them returning,  
 Their faces unwash'd, and their clothes in a plight.  
  
 It was strongly suspected this love for the chase  
 Did not with the rules of Saint Hubert keep pace;  
     And some people—stupid—  
     Declared it was Cupid

Who led them to run in a wantonish race.

They were seen on the way

Where a nunnery lay,

A place of seclusion near Cheshunt, they say.

There lived near the Abbey of Waltham a knight,

Henry Colt was his name, and a frolicsome wight :

He heard of these rumours,

And, full of queer humours

(On priests he had always his jokes and his quipping),

To his henchmen he cried,

"Spread the woods far and wide

With the deer-nets, I think we shall catch the monks tripping.

If once in the meshes

We get the old wretches,

Beahrew me, I'll give them for penance a whipping."

The fathers, with soundest discretion, would take

The nights that were moonless their visits to make,

And it chanced, as they hasten'd,

They found themselves fasten'd

In a net that no stag, the most hardy, could break.

They shifted and stumbled,

They struggled and tumbled,

But all their mad efforts entangled them more ;

When cries rose around them—

"Ha! ha! we have found them ;

Such a covey of saints were not taken before."

Sir Colt chuckled loud as he rode to the king :

"Good news of my hunting, King Henry, I bring.

If your majesty wishes

Of ven'son some dishes,

I pray you come with me, and glance at my riches."

The sun had now risen

On the monks in their prison,

Begrimed and bespatter'd with mud and with blood :

Asham'd and confounded,

By jeerers surrounded,

They felt in a very unfatherlike mood.

Then loud laugh'd bluff Harry,

"Ha! ha! a rare quarry,

By St. Hubert! sure never

Was hunting so clever,

Sir Colt, there is reason to flatter,

I have seen many deer,

But, in sooth, I can swear,

I never saw any so dirty, or fatter!"

## THE PRÉCIEUSES OF THE PLACE ROYALE.\*

THERE is an old quarter of Paris which we take special delight to visit, known as the "Marais." The hammer of the iconoclast has not yet invaded its precincts. The "Place Royale" remains as represented in engravings of the seventeenth century; the streets des Tournelles, de la Cerisaie, du Parc Royal, de la Perle, du Petit Musc, St. Paul, and Lesdiguières, are not transformed; the fine old hôtels, which bring to mind the magistrates D'Ormesson, De Mesme, Saint Fargeau, and Lecogneux, and which reveal the splendour of the era of the financier Lamet and of the superintendent Fouquet, are still there.

Nothing could be more charming and more sprightly than the society of the Marais in the time of Louis XIII. It numbered Marion de Lorme, Ninon de Lenclos, Deshoulières, Sévigné, Scudéry, La Fayette, Scarron, Bussy-Rabutin, Saint Evremont, La Sablière, La Rochefoucauld, amidst its votaries. Penetrating into those salons, whose Florentine tapestries and old-fashioned furniture are preserved like relics of the past, we fancy we see seated in [those arm-chairs] fair ladies with hair all in curls, whose society was so much coveted by the gentlemen and the "Mousquetaires" of the day, and who are most familiarly known as the "*précieuses*."

Of all the fair ladies of the Marais, who, while reflecting the gallantry and the spirit of the middle ages, first established the empire of woman, none was more popular or celebrated than Ninon de Lenclos. She lived from the time of Louis XIII. until the end of the reign of Louis XIV., and none of her contemporaries could boast of so many years and so many friends.

The delicious collection of enamels of Petitot preserve to us the features of those charming persons who constituted the *précieuses* of the Place Royale. Ninon de Lenclos appears in them as a very pretty delicate personage (not as she became afterwards, plump and rotund), with a lively eye, a high forehead, and a half-open mouth breathing voluptuousness. By her side is a young girl beaming with intelligence, the protégée of Ninon de Lenclos, the lover of the Chevalier de Meré, and the beloved of the superintendent Fouquet (who placed her portrait at the Château de Beaux by the side of that of Mademoiselle de la Vallière), Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame Scarron, and then the all-powerful Madame de Maintenon.

All the incidents of love and gallantry of the era of Louis XIII. attach themselves more or less to the beautiful quarter which at that time stretched from the old palace of the Tournelles, with its trellises of grape-vines and its groves of cherry-trees (whence the names of Rues Beau-Treillis and de la Cerisaie still to be met with), to beyond the Bastille Saint Antoine. When the old palace of Charles VII. was

\* Ninon de Lenclos et les Précieuses de la Place Royale. Par M. Capefigue. Paris: Amyot.

pulled down, Mary of Medicis, full of reminiscences of Florence, designed streets and squares, with fountains and lofty mansions amid which the Seine flowed, just as the Arno does through Pisa and the city of the Medicis. The Arsenal, in which dwelt the morose Sully, was completed in the time of Henri IV., and behind was the hôtel of the treasurer Lamet, a marvel of Venetian and Florentine architecture. When Henri IV. designed the Place Royale, his idea was to introduce a "Place" like that of St. Mark at Venice in Paris, with shops, galleries, and baths. The gentlemen who promenaded under these Italian colonnades wore broad-brimmed felt hats with red feathers, and boots of yellow kid with steel spurs, and black or grey cloaks thrown, after the fashion of the Spaniards, over their short coats and white ruffs. Their adventurous aspect was heightened by a barbiche or barbichon (a tuft on the chin, called "royal" at that time, because introduced by Louis XIII. in opposition to the Huguenot beard of Henri IV.), but, above all, by the fashion of wearing the rapier, the hand resting on the hilt, so that the point should stick up from beneath the mantle, like a perpetual challenge to step aside into the meadows of the Bastille, the spot where these Gallic "Rodomonts" were at that epoch ever pricking one another in order to win favour in the eyes of the fair.

Among the fair and frail ones who paraded in the Place Royale was the ravishing Princess of Condé, with whom Henri IV. had fallen desperately in love in his old age. She and others dwelt in hôtels over the colonnade, or in the *Rues des Tournelles, des Beaux-Treillis, de la Cerisaie*, or in that of Saint Antoine, which, starting from the church of St. Gervais, the parish of armourers and workers in gold, just as Saint Bustache was of the drapers and butchers, stretched to St. Paul, where the "mignons" of Henri III. lay buried. Close by was the convent of the Célestins, anything but gloomy, for the monks were professional horticulturists, as also the convent of St. Mary, where the ladies went at prayer-time, for the beautiful sinners were not wanting at least in the appearance of devotion. The Rue des Tournelles led by an avenue of chestnut-trees and an open meadow to the green slopes of the Bastille, the terrible dungeon of despotism, but which differed in outward aspect very slightly from the royal palaces of the fourteenth century—Vincennes, the Louvre, and the Tournelles—having vast porches, great central court, and extensive gardens. The pride of the Rue St. Antoine was the Hôtel Lezdiguières, renowned for its sumptuous decorations. Beyond all was the Faubourg St. Antoine, colonised by Germans, skilful workmen in ebony and other valuable woods. These colonists came mainly from Nuremberg, Cologne, and Strasbourg. The island of St. Louis separated the populous quarter of Notre-Dame and the "village" of St. Marceau from the aristocracy of the Marais, and the financier Rambouillet received at his château of Beuilly the whole of the society of the Place Royale—ladies, magistrates, poets, and "gentilshommes d'épée," when the tournaments and festivals of the "Place" itself were over.

The so-called "gentilshommes d'épée" were not all Gascons Mousquetaires, chevaux légers, or adventurers. They numbered the



Condés, the Rohans, the Epernons, the Guises, and the Grammonts, as well as the D'Artagnans, among their ranks. Every gentleman was at that epoch a duellist. The *salles d'escrime et d'armes* themselves, conducted by old gentlemen, were, in Louis XIII.'s time, called "academies." The habit of fighting for the most trifling cause was so inveterate, that gentlemen were to be seen engaged in mortal combat at the corner of every street. Baron de Chantal, celebrated by Madame de Sévigné, had gone, for example, on Easter-day to the church of St. Paul. An attendant of the Count Bouteville came to inform him that his master was waiting for him at the Porte St. Antoine, to second him in a combat. The count started in his fête-day garb and light shoes, drew his rapier as a second, inflicted a severe wound upon the Count de Pongibaud, and returned home without knowing anything about the causes which had brought about the duel. The historian, Gregory Laity, says that this Baron de Chantal was killed at the defence of the island of Rhé by Cromwell, at that time an officer in the British army. These habits of risking life for the most trifling causes induced a peculiar moral condition. Money was disregarded. Gentlemen gambled in the tent, or even in the trenches, and cheated and fought for the stakes. They were thoughtless, brave, even foolhardy, and at the same time disorderly and drunken, albeit always chivalrous and always punctilious on the point of honour; and it was of such material that Louis XIII., himself brave and impetuous, made up his three companies of "Mousquetaires," and attached them to his personal service. They were so called, although muskets were by no means a novelty in the service. These privileged companies wore a grey or black coat, with a great cross on the breast, after the fashion of the Knights Templars, grey felt hats with feathers, kid boots, and a cloak, half for themselves and half for their horses. They were mostly Gascons, cadets of good houses, and the king knew them all by name and treated them as his children. They, on their side, were ready to do anything the king commanded them. They would arrest a marshal of France, a minister, a cardinal, nay, the Pope himself (hat off and knee on the ground), if so bidden. If one of the company was insulted, it was to insult the whole. Although often penniless, their mothers generally sent some old servant of the house to carry their muskets and take care of them! The Black Mousquetaires had a splendid hôtel for barracks beyond the Bastille, on the road to Charenton, now the Hospice des Quinze-Vingt. They constituted the life of the Place Royale, and were the pets of the beautiful "précieuses" of the Rue des Tournelles.

The said Place Royale was completed in 1616. It was soon peopled by the most joyous and yet the most refined society of the capital. The two pearls of that society were admittedly Marion Delorme and Ninon de Lenclos, who were quite young at that epoch. Marion Delorme descended from a good family, and might have been well settled in the world; but the romances of Madeleine Scudéry had corrupted her, as well as many others, who were led to deem marriage to be an abdication of the "rights of woman." The theme is not so new as some people deem it to be. Her first lover, the financier

Porticelli, had loaded her with presents. Cinq-Mars was so enamoured that he wished to marry her, and that when La Ferté, Sennectère, Miossens, Châtillon, and Brissac were sighing at her feet. Marion, however, would neither marry the king's favourite nor any one else. Yet it is recorded of her that she was attentive to her religious duties, and assiduous in her attendance at the "Minimes," now a barrack of gendarmerie.

It was otherwise with Ninon de Lenclos; she had, it is said, been educated in the principles of Epicurean philosophy by M. de Lenclos. There was a school at that epoch, among whom were Gassendi, the master of Molière, Peiresc, and others, who openly professed a spirit of scepticism and the paramount law of pleasure; and M. de Lenclos was one of its members. Hence it was that Ninon de Lenclos knew no moral restraints. The first object of her affections is said to have been Andelot (afterwards Châtillon); but it was the mere caprice of a moment, and she soon exchanged him for another. Before she had attained her nineteenth year (she was born in 1616), she had had Saint Estienne and M. de Ronvrai for lovers; and M. de Coulon, a rich parliamentary counsellor, allowed her five hundred livres a month.

At this first epoch of her life Ninon is said to have most favoured wealthy suitors, and she took with open hand from Rambouillet, Porticelli, and others of their stamp. Her salon was hung with yellow Damascus silk, and furnished with costly elegance. She received in it princes, gentlemen, financiers, counsellors, and authors, but few of her own sex; and yet her salon had not at that epoch acquired the importance which it did during the stirring epoch of the Fronde, when the Marais became one of the centres of conspiracy, and Ninon de Lenclos's salon its heart.

Ninon's bosom friends were Madame Goudran, née Bigot d'Hédonville, held in high esteem at the Place Royale, and Mademoiselle Paulet, who, though from Languedoc, had golden hair and a brilliantly fair complexion, to which were added all the life and animation of the south. This fair lady had a M. de Guise, one of the great leaguering race, as a lover upon starting in life, and could not forget him. The counsellor of the *précieuses* was a Madame Pilon, the wealthy wife of a procureur au châtelet, but her advice was not always abided by. "Do what you have a mind," she used to say, "but never commit yourselves on paper." Such advice was lost upon persons like Madame de Rohan, who, replete with wit and repartee, never let a sonnet to her charms go by unanswered. Madame de Rohan, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Madeleine de Scudéry, had abandoned the splendid hotel of the Guiches, simply for the pleasure of dwelling with the *précieuses* on "la Place," as the Place Royale was often spoken of for brevity sake, and to stroll with them in the afternoon under the shade of its old elm-trees; whence came the old proverb, "Attendez-moi sous l'orme." Madeleine de Scudéry was also of meridional descent, being from Apt in Provence, and she ruled as queen by her abilities, which, adapted to the taste of the day in her "Carte du Tendre," became the model for the writings of Bussy-Rabutin, Hamilton, D'Artagnan, and the

Hudibrastic Scarron, the wits of "la Place," at a time when the court sojourned at Saint Germain.

How it happened that Louis XIII., wedded to the fair Anne of Austria, surrounded by the brilliant "dames d'honneur" whom Mary of Medicis attached from policy to her person, himself passionately addicted to field-sports, should have found his way to the Marais, we are not told; but certain it is that, between 1630 and 1635, the king became deeply enamoured of a noble lady of that quarter, Louise Motier de la Fayette, of the old Auvergnat family of that name. A clue may be discerned to the incident in Cinq-Mars superseding as favourite to the monarch Barradas, whom Louis had discarded as a creature of Richelieu's (and the cardinal took upon himself always either to supply the favourites, male or female, of the monarch, or to bribe and corrupt them to his purposes). Now, Cinq-Mars passed much of his time in the society of the Place Royale, and he may have excited the king's curiosity by the history of its amours and its intrigues. M. le Grand, however, as he was called, was at first also a creature of the all-powerful minister. Tallemant des Réaux has treated the character of Cinq-Mars ignobly, as he has indeed that of the court of Louis XIII., his gentlemen, his Mousquetaires, and the ladies of honour of the queen. It is much to be regretted that some writers have adopted his abominable stories as historical truths. There could not, M. Capefigue assures us, be greater or more detestable perversions of truth than are to be met with in his pages. Alfred de Vigne has, however, more than vindicated the character of Cinq-Mars in our own times. He has, indeed, made a faultless hero of the youthful favourite. Cinq-Mars was, however, admittedly protected at the outset by the cardinal, and placed by him in antagonism to Mademoiselle de la Fayette. The intrigue succeeded. The co-operation of M. Vincent (afterwards Saint Vincent de Paul) was obtained, and at twenty-five years of age Mademoiselle de la Fayette withdrew from a king's love to take the veil in the convent of Sainte Marie Saint Antoine.

What were the people doing, it may be asked, whilst Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, with their bevy of fair ones, kept court at Saint Germain, and the *précieuses* held sway over poets and orators, Mousquetaires and chevaux légers, in the Marais? They used to meet at the clock-tower, called the Samaritaine, near the Pont Neuf, to listen to the buffoons, Tabarin and Mondes, who recited ballads and epigrams à propos of the beauties of the Court and the "Place," and of the gallantry of certain personages, known as Baron Gratelard and Captain Rodomont; whilst, at the other side of the bridge, the Italian troop of the Ecloze displayed their arlequin and colombine, novelties at that epoch, to a public always imitative of its leaders, and given up, like them, to dreamy fantastic notions, which could only be enlivened by the extreme of burlesque and grotesque. This was also the epoch of the bully, Cyrano de Bergerac, who was so ugly that it was impossible not to laugh at him, yet to laugh was followed by an inevitable challenge. He was called "le diable des Mousquetaires," and was at the same time a creature of the cardinal's.

But Richelieu was growing old and infirm, and there were not wanting those who rebelled against his capricious tyranny. The literary *Aspasias* of the *Place Royale* had ever been opposed to the man who had persecuted the only one of their set who had become a maid of honour and a protégée of the king's—*Mademoiselle de la Fayette*. The whole body of the parliament were also opposed to the cardinal's policy. Many bore an inveterate hatred to his person from private grievances. Such especially were *M. de Thou* and *Cinq-Mars*, who negotiated a treaty with Spain, for which they suffered the last penalty of the law.

The public execution of the gallant, handsome, and brave, but misled young gentleman, was a severe blow to the *Place Royale*. *Cinq-Mars* had been chief favourite with *Marion Delorme*, who shared the sceptre of the *Marais* with *Ninon de Lenclos*, just as much as *Louis XIII.* did that of *St. Germain* with *Richelieu*. For a time, all tongues were silenced, and none dared to commit themselves to writing; but a great change supervened upon the death of the inflexible minister. The exiles of the hôtels of the *Rues Saint Antoine*, *du Beau-Treillis*, *de Saint Paul*, and *de Lesdiguière*—*Gaston d'Orléans*, the *Duke of Beaufort*, the Marshals *de Bassompierre* and *de Vitry*, and *Count de Cramail*, all struck down by *Richelieu*—reappeared in their favourite haunts. The veteran *Bassompierre* became the hero, and *Saint Evremont* the literary trumpet, of the opposition under *Mazarin*. Still greater licence in words and in manners was manifested at the death of *Louis XIII.*, under the regency of *Anne of Austria*. The regency was an epoch of triumph for *Marion Delorme* and *Ninon de Lenclos*—the two *Lais* of the *Place Royale*, as the classic *Saint Evremont* called them. *Marion* had attained her thirtieth year at the time of the execution of *Cinq-Mars*, but she was still in the possession of all her charms; and although avaricious by nature, she lived in great luxury. *Ninon de Lenclos* is said to have been even still more acquisitive. Besides the regular subsidies which she received from the counsellor *Coulon* and the financier *Rambouillet*, she is said to have drawn bills of exchange upon her lovers with the rapacity of a Jewess. Like *Marion*, *Ninon* played on the lute and danced to her own accompaniment. The lute and the *théorbe* were the instruments most in vogue before *Lully* introduced the violin. There is a portrait of *Ninon de Lenclos* in the collection of engravings at the Imperial Library, in which she is represented seated at an instrument in the form of a piano; it is not an organ, for it has no pipes, yet it has three rows of keys, one above the other, which permitted a certain development in the octaves and gamuts.

The importance of the *Place Royale* began, however, at this epoch to be affected by the rising influence of the two *Hôtels Rambouillet*, which must not be confounded. One was, as before observed, at *Beuilly*; the other (formerly the *Hôtel Pisani*) was in the quarter of the *Tuileries*, where are now the new galleries of the *Louvre*. The first, inhabited by rich financiers, attracted those men of the world who are always ready to pay their court where double louis and golden pistoles most abound. The family of *Rambouillet*, which in-

habited the Hôtel Pisani, was of quite a different order. The head of the house, the Marquis of Rambouillet, was of the family of Argennes, and his wife, sprung from the Pisanis of Florence, was one of the most favoured and best informed of Mary de Medicis's maids of honour. She had learned Latin in order to read Virgil, and Spanish in order to recite Castilian poems to Anne of Austria. The marquise drew well, had exquisite taste in house and theatrical decorations, after the fashion of the day, which was chiefly addicted to mythological representations; and she was aided in these poetico-dramatic pursuits by Conrad, Voiture, Patru, Bois Robert, and Maugras. Her daughter Julie, afterwards Duchess of Montensier, was a person of infinite charms, both of mind and person. It was for her that was composed the famous garland of animated flowers, the MS. of which, by Jassy, is said to have sold for 14,510 francs.\* The beautiful Mademoiselle Paulet, before alluded to, was another of the animated flowers of the Hôtel Rambouillet. All these fair ladies and gallant gentlemen passed their time in playing mythological ballets. The passion was so great for such, that, disdaining the realities of life, the names of heathen goddesses were assumed by living persons. Thus, for example, the marquise was known as "Arthémise," and the fair Paulet, of whom it was written,

Qui fit la musique de ce ballet ?  
Ce fut la petite Paulet,

was "Arthénise" (Artemis and Artemisia are known to us, but not the latter name); and she was also called the "Lioness," on account of her hair of golden yellow. It was in the Hôtel Rambouillet that a thousand new expressions became adopted and familiarised, polishing off and refining what had taken root in the Place Royale, and the two together had much positive influence in modifying the French language. They were the school in which Madame de Sévigné, Bussy-Rabutin, and Saint Evremont were formed, and from which emanated at a later period Hamilton and Voltaire.

The former literary importance of the Place Royale was thus in its turn effaced by that of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and the wits who once peopled the groves of the Marais emigrated to the "Place," which became known, from the chivalrous festivals held there during the minority of Louis XIV., as the "Carrousel." But the Place Royale suddenly assumed a new importance under the Fronde. Almost all the parliamentary men dwelt in the Marais. They met every evening on the "Place," and it was from thence that the "Mazarinades," which constitute of themselves a collection of twenty volumes in quarto at the Imperial Library, emanated, to be afterwards chanted on the Pont Neuf. The first meetings of the Frondeurs were held in this quarter. The measures dictated to the Hôtel de Ville to ensure the success of popular insurrection also had their origin on the Place Royale, and it was there that arms were first resorted to, when the President Broussel was transferred to the Bastille by order of Anne of Austria. Master Scarron gave the signal for the festival which led to the barricades of

\* La Guirlande de Julie, pour Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, Julie d'Angennes.

the Rue Saint Antoine and to the capture of the Arsenal and the Bastille—events which were at that epoch celebrated by illuminations, dances, and other extravagances, on the "Place."

The massing of royal troops around the Marais and the Faubourg Saint Antoine terrified the monks and nuns only. Mademoiselle de la Fayette fled to Chailiot, where she founded a convent; but the democratic "White Mantles" still held by the Place Royale and the Hôtel de Guise. When Anne of Austria fled from the cardinal's palace to Saint Germain, the Place Royale became one of the seats of popular government; the municipal action remained with the Hôtel de Ville, but the heart and soul of the movement was in the Marais. As usual, however, in all such cases, there were two parties there, one of them favoured by the "grande Mademoiselle;" and Madame de Longueville would admit of no temporising with the court, queen, or cardinal. It was they who put into the young king's mouth the words—

Maman est Mazarine,  
Et je suis Mazarin.

Others were more moderate in their views, and were open to arrangements which should not compromise the people. Marion Delorme and Ninon de Lenclos sided with this latter party; the turmoil of sedition was unfavourable to the pursuit of pleasure, and their finances suffered from the demands of an armed revolt. Nay, Capefigue insinuates that Ninon was so far reduced in circumstances that she was induced to give up her blue chamber to Méré, that he might meet there Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame Scarron, and then Marchioness of Maintenon. This is a disagreeable bit of scandal to repeat, and respect for Madame de Maintenon's literary distinction would have led us to pass it over; but the memory of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the contempt we feel for the courtesan turned bigot in her old days, forbid our doing so. Besides, there were many others as brilliant and as gifted as she in these peculiar times, whose characters none have attempted to rehabilitate, as has been done with Madame de Maintenon; and it is asserted that Ninon de Lenclos was tolerated by Louis XIV. solely on account of the secrets which she held concerning his most "austere and pious" mistress.

The poet Scarron belonged to the extreme party, and he declaimed in Hudibrastic verse to the Frondeurs against all conciliation:

C'est mauvais présage pour vous  
Qu'une Fronde n'est qu'une corde,

is an amusing play after the word "sling" and "slingers" attached to the party. So also with Mademoiselle de Scudéry, a true hero-worshipper, and whose particular hero at that epoch was the Prince of Condé, whom she compared to Cyrus and to Alexander the Great. There was actually only one publicist at the time who had the courage to defend the cardinal. This was Renaudot, founder of a broadsheet which afterwards became the *Gazette de France*, in which he launched forth cutting epigrams against the Place Royale and its insurgen

male and female. They were truly fair game for the satirist, and even Scarron himself, when Mazarin was exiled, was base enough to solicit subsidies from the queen. "In times of revolution," Capefigue justly remarks, "we must not place implicit reliance on the incorruptibility of those who talk loudest; their shrieking voices often only claim a contribution, and they go with a pamphlet in hand, like the Spanish beggars who solicit charity with a pointed musket."

The Place Royale, so vindictive in its opposition to Mazarin, was struck down on his restoration to power. The Fronde was vanquished, the Mousquetaires dispersed, and the hostility of the Marais for ever stilled. The quarter became henceforward, not only no longer the fashion, but a thing of the past in the history of public insurrections. The court and all Paris were occupied with the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta of Spain. The leaguers were old men; the Frondeurs were shelved. Marion Delorme was defunct (she died in 1650, thirty-nine years of age), and Ninon was on the other side of forty. Mademoiselle de Scudéry was laughed at; Saint Evremont was in exile; Bassompierre in disgrace; Scarron was exhausted and dying. Mazarin was creating the new Faubourg Saint Germain, and the Place Royale was superseded by the Carrousel for public entertainments and tournaments; the most brilliant of which was given in honour of Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

The literature which emanated from the Place Royale had always been democratic in its tendency. Some of the best of Courcilles's tragedies had been written, and even played, during the troubles of the Fronde. The writings of Scudéry, La Fontaine, Saint Evremont, Bussy-Rabutin, Rochefoucauld, Sévigné, all betray the same regrets for the past and for the bright times of the Place Royale. So long as Fouquet remained in power, the *précieuses* were never wanting in a friend. Ninon is, indeed, said to have favoured the attentions of the luxurious superintendent towards Mademoiselle de la Vallière, as she had done those of Meré towards Madame Scarron. "Jamais surintendant n'a trouvé de cruelles," wrote Boileau at a later epoch, to irritate Louis XIV. against Fouquet, the then persecuted captive.

But to this free and sparkling literature a new school succeeded, under the ascendancy of the "Grand Monarque." Molière led the way by his satires against "Les Précieuses ridicules" of the Place Royale and the Hôtel Rambouillet. Boileau followed suit in servile adulation. "L'Art Poétique" is a satire against the literature of the Fronde and the wits of the Place Royale. It is the same with Racine; from his "Agamemnon" to his "Assuérus," it is always Louis XIV. "Esther" was Madame de Maintenon.

The Place Royale had become as an unknown territory to the court of Versailles, and yet a certain prestige always attached itself to the beauty and talents of Ninon de Lenclos. She was not received at Versailles, and yet she was not in disgrace; for in her latter days she had a powerful protectress at court in the person of Madame de Maintenon, who feared her more than she loved her, and wished to see her pass away in tranquillity, absorbed in her absurd pretensions to youth and the practices of an Epicurean philosophy.

Ninon de Lenclos had as a friend in her old age the poet Chapelle, the friend of Bachaumont; and he persevered in inditing sonnets and verses in praise of her undying charms and graces. Ninon herself wrote verses worthy of the society of which she was one of the leaders. Her repartees were admirable for point, and have been often quoted. But, as she grew old, epigrams did not spare her :

Il ne faut pas qu'on s'étonne  
Si souvent elle raisonne  
De la sublime vertu  
Dont Platon fut revêtu ;  
Car, à bien compter son âge,  
Elle peut avoir vécu  
Avec ce grand personnage.

She wrote to Saint Evremont to come to Paris, and that he would find her as fair as in her best days. The poet replied, "When two lovers have known one another, both being young and handsome, they must not meet again when old and worn out, if they wish to preserve pleasant illusions." The Fronde died out finally in the person of "deux vieilles filles amoureuses," Ninon de Lenclos and la grand Mademoiselle—the latter having taken for consort the rakish Duc de Lauzun. Marion Delorme died in the plenitude of her charms ; but a superannuated courtesan, however rich in intellectual gifts, is always ridiculous, and often hideous, inevitably reminding one of those aged creatures that Giotto has depicted at the Campo Santo of Pisa, wrapped in the folds of serpents which bite the flesh that has sinned.

It is, however, still a pleasant thing to wander on a quiet evening from the now frequented parts of Paris, and stroll pensively through the streets and "Place" of the Marais. They are peopled to the imagination with the shades of the past—Mousquetaires and chevaux légers, white and black mantles—Frondeurs, libellists, duellists, and financiers silently parading their arcades ; Scarron, Maintenon, Scudéry, and Sévigné holding séances with the wit and talent of the day ; crowds of gentlemen dancing attendance at the portals of Ninon de Lenclos, and Cinq-Mars cantering to a rendezvous with Marion Delorme. Such a pilgrimage has more in it than an evening spent in what was, until recently, the Palais Royal, even with its souvenirs of the "petits soupers" of the Regency.



## A FORTNIGHT'S RIDE EAST OF JORDAN.

THE following pages are the unaltered notes of a journal, kept during a fortnight's riding expedition on the eastern banks of the River Jordan, from the site of the ancient city of Heshbon, to Gadara, under the escort of the Scheik of the Adwân tribe, during the early spring of 1865; including a short account of the Samaritan Passover on Mount Gerizim, as witnessed by the writer.

*April 8.*—We left Bethel in good time, and arrived at Nablûs before four o'clock. This beautiful valley is looking very fresh and green; the town is quite embowered in fine trees. We are encamped in a glorious place, right under Gerizim, above the town, and looking straight across the Vale of Shechem to the steep ascent of Ebal. It is not the usual camping-ground, and no one has been allowed to pitch tents in the orchard where our sleeping-tent is now pitched, except the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur. We had some difficulty in getting leave for even one tent, but we tried hard, for it is such a perfectly beautiful spot. In the orchard are some large rose-bushes, all covered with opening buds, and the proprietress gathered me a lovely bouquet after she had relented, and given us leave to stay here. Close to our tent is a swift streamlet, so that we have abundance of good water. The trees in this valley are a great size, and comprise immense mulberries and walnuts, besides the usual olive, fig, vine, and pomegranate of these regions. You might grow anything in this little paradise, it is so abundantly watered. It is now clear moonlight, so bright that you can see right across the valley. The Passover takes place to-morrow (Sunday night), beginning at sunset. We have not seen our friend Jacob Shellaby, the chief of the Samaritans, yet. I suppose he is up on the top of the mountain.

*April 9.*—Palm Sunday. It is only mid-day, but I must write up my journal so far, for we are going up Gerizim at four o'clock, and shall stay up there till the Passover is finished, most likely, and that will not be much before midnight, I fancy. The view from our tent-door in the early morning light was very beautiful. Our tent is not only divided by a wall from the rest of the camp, but it is pitched on a terrace above it, and we have a regular scramble each time we go up or down. We have had two visitors this morning, Captain Wilson and Jacob Shellaby. To-morrow we meet our Adwân friends at the ford of the Jordan, and encamp there.

*April 10.*—We did not return, as I anticipated, from the top of Gerizim until midnight, so I must now detail what we saw of the Samaritan Passover. We rode up to the top of the mountain an hour before sunset, and were received by Jacob Shellaby outside the little encampment of tents, which contained the whole Samaritan community, some hundred and thirty-five persons. Marrying as they do strictly among themselves, this number has neither increased nor decreased for the last few years. We left our horses in Achmet's care, and went with Shellaby to his tent, where were his three little children and his wife, a handsome woman, with a fine collection of

gold coins on her forehead, curiously fastened like a fringe in the plaits of her long black hair. After we had sat talking for a short while, we proceeded to the top of the mountain, some five minutes' walk from the place of the sacrifice. It was a fine, clear, cold day, with a wind from the sea. On such a day one can see the roadstead of Jaffa on one side, and snowy Mount Hermon on the other. As the sun descended in the western heavens, we wandered down again, and took up our places on the east side of the place of sacrifice, facing the setting sun. This spot of ground belongs to the Samaritan community, and here they worship. It is not, however, the site of their ancient temple, which they show near the summit of the mountain. An oblong strip of grass, surrounded by a very low, dry stone wall, is the sacred spot. At the northern end of this is a pit dug in the ground; fire was burning here, and over some cross stakes of wood were two caldrons of boiling water, for scalding the fleeces off the slaughtered lambs. Beyond this, again, was a deep circular pit, lined with stones, in which a good fire was also burning. Here the lambs are roasted whole. We sat and watched these preparations, taking note also of the innocent little lambs, seven in number, who were feeding close around us. We were soon joined by Captain Wilson and Doctor Chaplin, and four other travellers, German and English. There were a few Mohammedan spectators, and one Latin priest, besides these gentlemen. The whole of the Samaritan men were by this time gathered in the enclosure. The high priest, Amram, took his place facing the setting sun, and some twenty-five men ranged themselves in two rows opposite to him. They chanted or recited rapidly, after the Eastern manner, prayers and psalms. On a carpet in front of the priest was a copy of the celebrated Samaritan Pentateuch. Over their ordinary dress the men wore the prescribed white linen garments. While the reciting continued, about twenty of them gathered round the caldron of water; the lambs were driven in, and each one was seized, and held quietly on the edge of the deep trench. As the sun sank below the horizon, unleavened bread, in small morsels, with bitter herbs, was handed round. All partook rapidly; the reciting grew louder, and changed from psalms to the chapter in Exodus instituting the Feast of the Passover. As this concluded, the lambs were suddenly thrown down; the long bright knives flashed out, and in an instant more the lambs lay lifeless before us. Six only were sacrificed; the seventh was found at the last moment to have a slight blemish, and was set aside. Then came a pause and short silence, after which the kiss of peace was interchanged by the whole community, and the little children were marked on the forehead and nose by the fresh blood, warm from the sacrificial knife. This was the most interesting part, although what followed was very curious. The women were not present up to this time. Preparations now began to fit the lambs for roasting, and as this took fully an hour and a half, we went into a tent where Captain Wilson and two friends were being entertained as Jacob Shellaby's guests, and waited for a summons to tell us when these preparations were completed. When we returned to the spot, we found the men standing round the pit of fire, awaiting the subsidence of the flames. Six of them were holding each a

lamb, with a pole passed through the fore and hind legs, and a piece of cross wood below the animal, to prevent it from going too far down into the red-hot embers. At the right moment, and with continued recitations, the lambs were plunged into the pit, wooden hurdles were thrown over their mouths, bushes of shrubs piled on the hurdles, and over all some wet clay. And so ended this part of the rite. I forgot to mention that each lamb had been deprived of its right shoulder and breast, before being roasted. We asked the meaning of this, and were told, that there was not the proper number of priests to claim these parts, their due, and that they were consequently burnt with the refuse on the other fire. We again retired into the tent to await, for some three or four hours, the eating of the feast. About eleven o'clock P.M. we were summoned. We found the men gathering together at the south end of the low enclosure. The reciting began again; then the pit was thrown open, and the thick volume of smoke arose like a white column into the still night air. The glorious paschal moon shed a flood of light all around. The lambs were quickly withdrawn, thrown down each on a mat placed for its reception, and carried to the south end of the enclosure; unleavened bread and bitter herbs were again handed round; the men had their linen dresses girded round them, and each his staff in his hand. When all was ready, they crouched down round the lambs; some stood, and ate rapidly, and as "men who are hungry." It was soon over. The remains were all carefully collected, and burnt with fire; and the small community began to disperse to their tents. We said farewell to our friend Captain Wilson, and, leading our horses, began a rapid descent to our tents, which we reached at midnight.

We left Nablûs with many regrets this morning early. Shellaby came down to say good-bye to us. We are an immense party now, for we have three additional mules laden with provisions for the Adwân during the time they are our escort, and two muleteers with their donkeys. We avoided the dangerously slippery streets of the town, and came through a shady lane which runs through the beautiful well-watered gardens. We fell in with a Bashi-Bazouk just outside the town, and engaged him to escort us down to the Jordan. The first thing his horse did was to lash out viciously and strike E. on the foot, causing him acute pain; fortunately, the stirrup broke the force of the blow, or it might have caused him serious injury. Great was the distress of the worthy Bashi, and condign the punishment he inflicted on his poor horse, in spite of our remonstrances. The descent into the Jordan valley was long and steep; latterly through the narrow rocky gorge of Wady Zeika, which opens out into a beautiful little plain covered with trees and scrub, and through which several watercourses find their way. All along the banks of the principal stream was a splendid thicket of oleander in full blossom, the first we had seen in flower, and when I caught sight of the deep rose-coloured blossoms, I galloped down to the spot in ecstasies. Before reaching this plain we were much delighted with quantities of lovely hollyhocks, which grew all over the hill-sides; the colour was a delicate lilac, shading into lemon. The flowers were very large, and we could not help contrasting these wild graceful hollyhocks with the gardener's monstrosities which

we are pleased to admire at home. In this plain, E. shot a full-grown stork, in lovely plumage; he was eating locusts. We passed by the camp of the el-Omara Bedouins. Four of the principal men mounted their horses and joined us, to guard us until the arrival of the Adwân. They amused us all the way across the plain of Jordan by engaging in a mimic battle, galloping wildly about pursuing each other with their long lances, wheeling round and pulling up suddenly with Bedouin dexterity. Finally, we joined them in a famous gallop down to the river banks; our horses were quite excited with the shouts of the Bedouins, and the companionship of their horses, and acquitted themselves well. Our Adwân friends have not arrived, and we are now encamped some fifty yards from the river bank. We heard a rumour in Nablûs that Turkish soldiers had been sent to Es-Salt to try and get hold of Aghile Agha, and that the Adwân were getting into disfavour for harbouring him. If this is true, our friends may not be able to meet us or take us over Jordan, which is a cruel disappointment to contemplate. I have no doubt they will come to-morrow.

*April 11.*—No news by our early breakfast-hour this morning had been heard of our Adwân, and E. and I were beginning to fear some mischance. Just, however, as we were discussing our morning meal of omelet and rice, I heard the monotonous Bedouin chant, so familiar to us now, in the distance, and at the same moment an exclamation from Michael made me spring up, and say, "Here they are!" and sure enough in a few seconds they came scouring along, dashing at full gallop up to the very tent door—some eighteen or nineteen of the Adwân, headed by Scheik Goblan himself. It was worth seeing. They flung themselves off their panting horses and planted their lances in the ground; clothes all disordered, kefiyehs off, and their wild black hair flying in the wind; a warm greeting ensued, and many hand-shakings and salutations. They had had to ride round by another ford some way off, which detained them; at least, this was their excuse. We had quite a gallant assembly of Bedouin cavaliers at our camp by this time, for the Emir of the Omara rode up with an escort to pay us a visit. He is a handsome young man, and was superbly dressed in a violet burnous, most beautifully enriched with gold thread. The fabric looked like cloth of gold. I have seen no Bedouin yet dressed so well. It was soon arranged that we and our possessions should be ferried across the Jordan on a raft made of inflated skins and branches of trees; the animals will swim. It will be impossible for us to get over any other way, for the current is really tremendous here, and the water so deep at the bank, that my projected dip is out of the question. All day has been occupied in taking things over, and we and the tents go over to-morrow morning. The process of conveying the things over was most amusing. I took a camp-stool and a *Saturday Review* to the shady river bank and watched the proceedings. Some eight sheep-skins inflated supported branches of trees placed crosswise; on these the things were piled, and when all was ready six or seven Bedouins plunged in, naked of course, with an inflated skin tied on their backs. They are splendid swimmers, and rapidly guided the raft across. It was hard work coming back against the stream, and they swam like ducks, with the ropes of the raft in their mouths! While I was sitting watching

the Omara Scheiks, brothers of the Emir, amused me much by coming and sitting beside me, and admiring my possessions. One tried on my gloves, and another, taking the *Saturday Review* out of my hand, looked at it with a puzzled face, and asked if I wrote it. One of the Adwân came past me dripping and shivering after being hours in the water, so I gave him a cigarette (I always carry a tobacco-pouch for them), upon which he patted me, and assured me the English were *very nice* people. Late in the afternoon the horses and mules went over; and that was a most exciting scene, for the current is so strong that they were frequently swept past the landing-place on the other side, and had to come back and start afresh. Each beast was ridden over by a naked Bedouin; and the way these men slipped off and on in the deepest and swiftest parts of the river was wonderful. I am quite puzzled to know how the four donkeys are to be got over, for three of them are so small that I am quite afraid they will be swept away! The rising of the moon to-night was so beautiful. Before the glow of sunset had faded over the western hills, a delicate silvery light was diffused over the edge of the Moab mountains; long slips of cloudlets lay sleeping in the track of light; then came the silver moon herself over the dark crests of the mountains—almost full. She rose so majestically that the little cloudlets melted away like a snow-wreath, and now she is riding high in the dark blue heavens. The night air is so balmy and dry, with a blessed little breeze fanning the canvas of the tent, and keeping off the mosquitoes.

*April 12.*—Great was our surprise this morning, when we awoke before six o'clock, to find it was actually raining. It is so long since we have had a drop of rain, that we could hardly believe it. However, it soon passed off; and although showers, and heavy ones, succeeded in the course of the day, yet we managed our transit without getting wet. Before breakfast we heard a bird calling so close to the tent, that E. caught up his gun and went out. He returned immediately, with a francolin in lovely plumage. The francolin is such good eating that culinary claims rose superior to those of science, and he was assigned to Yussuf's tender mercies. The rain delayed the striking of the tents so much, that we could not proceed on our journey to-day. All that we accomplished was getting ourselves and the tent gear and cantines safely across. This took an immense time, for so little could be taken at once on the small raft, and the Bedouins had to carry it along the bank each time in returning, in order to get the benefit of the stream. The Omara Emir and his two handsome brothers came again to-day, and were most kind and courteous. They are as fine-looking men as you could wish to see, with intelligent handsome faces and well-developed foreheads, so different to the low type of the Tiahah tribe, and the brutal appearance of the Wady Musa (Petra) Bedouins. Some of the Adwân are fine, handsome men too. Scheik Goblan is particularly amiable, and makes Michael translate to me half a dozen times a day, that "for the lady's sake he will do anything and everything we ask"—probably, he adds mentally, "and is paid for." The Adwân charge a pretty heavy black mail, and are exorbitant in their demands now; for the Duc de Luynes gave them hundreds of pounds, and presented Goblan with pistols worth three hundred guineas; so

that the travellers' market is pretty well stopped east of Jordan at present. My mind was relieved this morning by seeing the small donkeys safely conveyed across by Bedouins. They did look like drowned rats when they scrambled out. As soon as everything was taken over, it became our turn to trust ourselves to the eight sheepskins. Elise was of course terrified at the prospect, and horrified at the sight of the naked brown figures rushing about the banks, and plunging into the swift river. E. and I crossed together alone. It was such fun! We were handed to our raft, down the steep slippery bank, by a dozen eager hands. With many shouts we pushed off; in plunged some eight of the Adwân; and away we went down the rapid current, and across to the eastern bank. Almost before we touched the shore I found myself seized by one Bedouin, more eager than the rest, and literally carried half way up the bank. Then he put me down, and stood dripping before me, asking emphatically, "Taib Taib?"—"Is it good?" It was too absurd! Then we had the amusement of seeing Elise cross. She came over with Michael and Goblan. Her horror of the naked Bedouins kept her eyes fixed to the ground, and the climax of our diversion was on the arrival of the raft, when one of the muleteers—Hassan—dashed down the bank to her rescue, and seizing her from the clamorous Arabs, planted her safely on shore. But the Bedouins were not to be done out of their peculiar charge. One rushed forward, and taking her arm, handed her politely and gravely to the top of the steep bank. Elise was utterly discomfited, and gave the poor man a very cold shoulder indeed. The dogs came safely across too. So here we are, encamped close to the Jordan, at a beautiful bend in the river, looking from the clear ground here right through into the thick jungle opposite—a kind of poplar, willows, and tamarisk, with tall canes, and creepers innumerable, form the chief vegetation just here. The mountains of Moab looked more beautiful than ever to-night, reflecting the red light of a magnificent sunset. They were a glowing crimson colour at one time. Now it is again splendid moonlight, shining full on the river, and the night is delicious. Thermometer, 70° in the tent. The opening towards the Jordan enables me to see the clear moonlight, and to hear the rushing stream.

*April 13.*—Off at last on our long-wished-for expedition with the Adwân; but before beginning details of our journey to-day, I must mention a fight I witnessed yesterday afternoon between two of our Bedouin guardians. E. was out shooting, or rather trying to shoot, francolins, and I was reading in the tent. All the Adwân who had assisted in ferrying us over the Jordan had been paid, and of course they were quarrelling over the division. I am so accustomed to fierce disputes now, that I took no notice until I heard a regular scuffle, and on looking out I saw two Bedouins rolling over each other like tigers, and Goblan and the others trying to separate them, which they effected with great difficulty. The two combatants, when separated, had to be held apart for at least a quarter of an hour, each struggling and shrieking with rage. No blood was shed, mercifully. We have an escort of twenty of the Adwân, all mounted; some of their animals are very fair. We wound along the banks of the river a short way, and then turned up to the

mountains and crossed a low ridge of hills, which forms the second terrace of the Jordan. As we looked back from the top, the view was very lovely: the green valley of the river marked its course to the Dead Sea, which was blue and beautiful as usual. All along the banks on the lowest terrace the ground was torn up by wild boars, of which there are numbers in the jungle. Leaving the little hills, we turned south, and rode for some miles along the plain at the foot of the mountains of Gilead, where the Israelite host encamped before crossing the Jordan. It is a capital place for a good gallop, and our Adwán scoured about, wheeling and turning, and pursuing each other most amusingly. At last Michael challenged me to a gallop, and away we went, he leading, till at last I, being better mounted than he, managed to gallop round him, and pulled up amid frantic applause from the Arabs. Goblan especially galloped up and praised the little horse, who is really a good beast, and can go well enough when he is roused. Soon after Fahed, the Scheik's son and heir, came up and begged me to race with him, but it was getting too hot; besides which, he was riding a mare that I don't think I could have caught, so I declined. After this, Fahed had a tremendous fall, his mare put her fore-feet in a hollow, and came down when in full gallop. He was not hurt. About mid-day we turned up towards the mountains again, halted for lunch at the outlet of the Wady Shaib, or Nimrin, into the plain. We had charming shade under a fine Nubbock thorn-tree covered with its small fruit, quite ripe. It is pleasant to eat, and looks like a diminutive apple, but is not quite so big as a cherry. The Wady is all studded with these trees and low shrubs. Another hour's ride through patches of barley, quite ready for the sickle, mixed with all kinds of wild scrub, brought us to Nimrin, our halting-place. It was very early, but when you are with Bedouins you must stop where they please, not where you please. Three indispensable requirements for an encampment must be found—safety, water, and green food for the animals. The place is charmingly pretty, affording a lovely peep of the Dead Sea, with its attendant mountains, and all the green plain of Jericho stretched before us. Close by the tents runs a clear stream of good water, on the banks of which grows a splendid brake of bamboo-canes, weeds, and rushes. So we are content, indeed, to spend the afternoon here. There are some nearly imperceptible ruins here—two small fragments of columns being the sum total. Just as we were going out to see the sunset, a Bedouin rushed into the tent with a lovely bird he had shot for us. It is an exquisite kind of egret or heron, and I am in a fever to skin him properly. The sunset was as usual magnificent; no words can describe the tints of those Moab mountains from the reflected light of the sun, sunk behind the "hill country of Judæa."

*April 14.*—About two o'clock this morning I was awoke by the continuous barking of the watch-dogs, and on going out to quiet them I found the night perfectly glorious. The moonlight was so brilliant that the stars were quite eclipsed. It was so warm and balmy that I regretted having to go into the tent again. These Eastern nights are like a dream of beauty, and help as much as anything else to give to Eastern travelling its peculiar fascination for us Britishers, who don't

know what such a night is in our damp little island in the North Sea. Close round our camp are many Bedouin graves; they are each surrounded by a heap of stones, a larger block than the rest being placed at one end; and on these stones are deposited relics of the departed. On one I found broken stirrup-irons, a horse's bit, and a pipe; on others glass beads and morsels of pottery. These things are sacred, and no Bedouin would touch them—not if they were golden guineas. Our escort are fine fellows, so attentive and polite, always ready to do anything for us; indeed, it quite disappoints them not to be allowed to lift us from our horses, gather flowers and things for us, shoot birds, &c., so I always give them their own way. Goblan always comes night and morning to our tent to shake hands, and make polite speeches. Goblan tells us he has had four wives, two dead and one dismissed, the fourth living and "very pretty," he added. His scars are not battle wounds, as I fancied; he was cut down in a money quarrel. Our way this morning, on starting, lay for about an hour parallel to the Jordan, and then we turned eastwards among the mountains. All forenoon we ascend gradually. These are the very passes that were crossed by the Israelites in their descent to the valley of the Jordan. One of these eminences must be Pisgah, but it is impossible to identify which; these Moabite hills have no peculiar features to identify them. We halted on the top of the ridge for luncheon, having turned aside a short way to get a view of the Mount of Olives, which is visible from this range. All the way up we had beautiful glimpses of the Dead Sea. The hill-sides are bare enough; but from the summit of the pass trees began to appear. Caruba-trees seemed the most common. Very soon after the descent into this valley began, we came in sight of an encampment of Beni Sakre Bedouins—the very Bedouins I wished to fall in with. They are a really wild desert tribe, and are strong in numbers, and very powerful. We were told that there was peace between them and our Adwân. As we proceeded, camp after camp of brown Bedouin tents came in view. We stopped at one for a moment, and were offered dry camel's milk, called camel's cheese. It is, without exception, the most atrocious stuff I ever tasted. Just before reaching *our* encampment, we stopped at another tent, where there were several women. They all came out to talk to us. One was absolutely pretty—the only pretty woman I have yet seen among the tribes. She had quite an oval face and straight nose, almost unique among Arab females, who are broad faced and flat nosed as a rule. The tribe of the Beni Sakre are said to number six thousand souls. Not long after our arrival, Michael came to the tent and told us "that a fight was going on." Very soon we heard what it was. Young Fahed, Goblan's son, was riding after us through the Bedouin camp, when a man started up, presented his pistol, and snapped it at him; merrily the piece hung fire, and in another instant Fahed would have laid his assailant low, when Goblan interfered, and said for *our* sakes no blood must be shed. It turned out that some old blood feud existed in this man's family against Goblan's, and this was an attempt to revenge it. The Adwân will of course, revenge it *in time*; but as we are with them, Goblan will not allow the affair to proceed. It is a family, and not a tribe affair; but if by chance the pistol had not hung fire, and Fahed had been wounded,



or killed, the consequences would have been very unpleasant for us, for I believe our men could not have been kept, in that case, from instant and dire vengeance. However, in the mean time, the affair is patched up, and Fahed is to have a dinner given him to make up for being shot at. The Scheik said: "If it had not been for you, there would have been many murders this day, but I will repay them in time." Our camp is pitched to-night close to Hesban, the ancient Heshbon, capital of the kingdom of Sihon, king of the Amorites, who opposed the passing of the Israelites. We are going to see the ruins to-morrow, if we are not blown away before then. It is a fearful night of wind and rain, and has been thundering—the first stormy evening we have passed under canvas.

*April 15.*—We had a stormy night at the Beni Sakre camp, and rain in the morning when we started. It was a great thing our getting the Bedouins to start this morning, for they hate rain and cold. However, we had no difficulty, and sending the baggage animals straight to Ammal, we made a détour to visit the ruins of Hesban. As we rode through the Bedouin camp, we saw some good horses and mares; one chestnut mare, in particular, was very handsome. Hesban is beautifully situated on the top of a hill, commanding a magnificent view. The ruins are unimportant, except a small temple, with the bases of four columns in their right places, and the paved area quite perfect. There are many columns of great size strewn about, and some beautifully built reservoirs or cisterns for water. From this point you have an excellent view over the wilderness of Judæa to Bethlehem, and even Jerusalem; but the day was not clear enough for us to distinguish them. Fortunately, however, the rain had cleared off by the time we reached the ruins, and we were able to examine them at leisure. Mr. Porter says the Dead Sea is visible from this eminence, but he must be mistaken, for the mountain range precludes the possibility of your catching a glimpse of it. To the south of Hesban we made out the summit of Nebo, at least what is called by that name, although nothing is certain about the site. From these ruins we had a charming ride to Ammal across the wide plain of Moab; cantering and galloping along with our Bedouins over the smooth level grass land, was a great treat after our stony rides on the other side of Jordan. We passed the ruins of El-al, the Scripture Elealeh: hardly anything can be made out, it is so entirely ruined. We had beautiful glimpses of the Jordan valley and the hills of Judæa from the plain of Moab. During one wild gallop with the Adwân, Michael's horse fell, and I rode over him, being unable to stop my horse: no one was hurt. We passed one solitary group of pines in to-day's ride. We arrived early here, and have had a delightful exploring excursion all through this wonderful city, the Raboth Ammon of the Amorites. I will reserve my description till to-morrow, as we are going to explore again more fully. To-night the Adwân danced a *fantasia* before our tent. It was rather a tame affair. To-morrow night, Goblan gives us a dinner at his camp, which is four hours' ride from here. It is to be eaten by us in true Bedouin style.

*April 16.*—The present ruined city of Amman, or Ammal, dates from the third century B.C., when it was rebuilt by Ptolemy Phila-

delphus, and was called Philadelphia. Its previous history is very interesting, from its having been the city against which Joab was sent. He took the lower town, called the City of Waters, and then sent to David to say, "Come and take the city thyself, lest it be called by my name." Here Uriah was slain, and the Bible narrative goes on to say, "David took their king's crown off his head; the weight thereof was a talent of gold with precious stones, and it was set on David's head, and he brought forth the spoil of the city in great abundance." The situation of the city is very picturesque, in a deep, rocky valley, on each side of a clear bright stream of water. The ruins are very extensive, and of the greatest interest. Beginning as we entered it, from the road leading to Hesban, we came first to the ruin of a mausoleum, or something of that description, adorned with a sculptured cornice and Corinthian pilasters. It is square outside, and the interior is circular, having had evidently a dome-shaped roof. Some hundred yards farther down the stream is a large square building, with a square tower at one corner. This building Mr. Porter assumes to have been the Christian church, when Philadelphia was the seat of a bishopric. It is possible that it may have been what he suggests; but there is little doubt, from the present appearance of the ruin, that since the Saracen conquest of Syria it has been entirely remodelled, and that it must have been used by them as a mosque, with a court-yard and minaret. The square tower is unquestionably a minaret. It has a ruined gallery, with a door for the exit of the muezzin. Two-thirds of the enclosure have to all appearance been a courtyard. The area inside contains no trace of ruin, except three square pedestals of columns in the centre. There is a prayer niche half buried in ruins. A little way beyond this ruin are the remains of what Mr. Porter calls a portico or promenade. It is puzzling to make out details in it; but there are traces of a handsome colonnade. The noblest ruin of all is the great theatre, in the side of the hill to the south of the river: it is partly excavated and partly built, and is in wonderful preservation, the seats and flights of steps being generally entire. It held 6000 persons, and in front it had a splendid colonnade of fifty columns, built on a curve; eight of these remain; they are Corinthian, and there is an elaborate cornice over them. In the centre, at the very top of the theatre, is a square niche, cut out of the rock, with a rich cornice, and two round-headed side niches, with a great shell sculptured in each. Just opposite this magnificent ruin our tents were pitched, and both Goblan and Michael assure us that, except the French Duc de Luynes, no European travellers have ever been able to camp in Ammal. It is hardly ever safe to do so, for the ruins are the rendezvous of several tribes, and there is constant fighting going on. Luckily for us, there are no tribes very near at present; so we are safe. Beyond the theatre, nearer the stream, is a small *odeum*, in complete ruins; but the ruin even is imposing, from the massiveness of the stones used in the construction, and the perfection of the chiselling bestowed on them. They were put together with hardly any cement, apparently. The three arched doors of entrance are still entire, and the proscenium is handsomely ornamented with a frieze of Corinthian foliage.

## ABOUT AN ALMOST WISH OF THOMAS HOOD'S.

A MEDLEY OF ANNOTATIONS.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

It was at Coblenz, in 1835, that Thomas Hood, gazing wistfully on his wife and two children sleeping in the same room, felt that in that one "little chamber" was comprised his "universe of love," all that his God could give him or remove; and sleeping, all, in mimic death. And then and there the almost wish possessed him that together they might all, himself included, sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and so be at rest. For Hood was then a care-fraught and anxious, as well as ailing man; and in the sight of that almost perfect peace, he almost wished for them, one and all, the quite perfect peace, in which the cares of the world have ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Almost I wish that with one common sigh  
We might resign all mundane care and strife,  
And seek together that transcendent sky,  
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,  
Together pant in everlasting life.\*

The almost wish of this tender husband and father sprang from the like depth of human feeling whence is derived that most expressive line, in one of Shakspeare's sonnets—

And weep to have what I most fear to lose.

Depressed by the loss of his father, quickly followed by that of an old friend, and despondent at the troubled aspect of public affairs, we find Luther uttering the aspiration, "All I pray is, that God will not let my poor wife and children survive me, for I know not what is to become of them."† Talfourd, in his Spanish tragedy, makes Padilla, the noble Castilian, implore Gonsalvo not to take his innocent boy from him, to be corrupted by camp and court, but rather to doom father, mother, and child at once, to common durance and decay.

—Must he learn  
The lessons of your guard-room? Never! Take  
His innocent life, and with it the two lives  
That are sustain'd by his—or, if that grace  
Exceed your mission, find some loathsome cell—  
A narrow cell—there are but three of us—  
Where we may waste together;—speak, and bless me!‡

Most natural, and therefore most common, is the wish on the part of either partner in a happy wedlock, that the other of them twain may not be the first to go. Not uncommon, however, is the really less selfish wish that the other may not be the survivor,—all for that other's own

\* Poems by Thomas Hood, p. 181. Eighth edit.

† Luther's Tischreden, 274.

‡ The Castilian, an Historical Tragedy, by T. N. Talfourd, p. 27.

dear sake. Mr. Tennyson gives cordial simple expression to a wish that is greatly more desirable than either alternative, when he makes his healthy, summer-hearted Miller say :

Yet fill my glass : give me one kiss ;  
 My own sweet Alice, we must die.  
 There's somewhat in this world amiss  
 Shall be unriddled by-and-by.  
 There's somewhat flows to us in life,  
 But more is taken quite away.  
 Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,  
 That we may die the self-same day.\*

The instances are not few, writes Southey to an aged but newly-made widow, in which husband and wife have become so nearly, as it were, one life, that death has not divided them, one following the other so closely in sympathetic dissolution that one service has consigned them to the grave. "This *euthanasia* is the happiest that can be imagined ; one would not exchange it for ' Enoch's translation' or ' Elijah's chariot.' But where there is, in the common lot of life, a separation, then, methinks, the same affection which has so long rendered self a secondary object, should make the survivor thankful that the bitterer portion has fallen to his or her part."†

Sir Lawrence Peel's sketch of the first Robert Peel, that " model of a practical man—the great statesman all over, only employed in a humbler sphere"—includes this pleasant anecdote of the great statesman's grandparents in their last days : " Mr. Peel died first. He died in September, 1795, aged seventy-two. His widow survived him about nine months, dying in the March of the ensuing year, aged seventy-three. *She had wished to survive him.* One evening near the close of their lives, as they were seated by their fireside, surrounded by some of their descendants, conversing with the calmness of age upon death, the old lady said to her husband, ' Robert, I hope I may live a few months after thee.' A wish so opposite to that which wives in story are made to express, surprised her hearers, but not her husband, who calmly asked her, ' Why?' as if guessing her thought. ' Robert,' she replied, ' thou hast always been a kind, good husband to me ; thou hast been a man well thought of, and I should like to stay by thee to the last, and keep thee all right.' " An answer which, as Sir Lawrence observes, if it literally convey an undue sense of her own importance as a prop, was probably free from the leaven of self-conceit, and conceived in the true spirit of a woman's tender heart.‡

In one of Mrs. Pionzi's letters occurs the following reflection on an old friend's recent or impending widowhood : " Mrs. Lutwych will have the loss not only of a good husband and certain friend, but she will lose her greatest admirer too, which few people could boast of in conjugal life, besides herself and me. Alas ! alas ! but we must lose or be lost. Her death would have broken his heart."§

\* Tennyson, *The Miller's Daughter*.

† Robert Southey to Mrs. Hughes, Jan. 17, 1833.

‡ A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel. By Sir Lawrence Peel. 1860.

§ Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Pionzi (Thrale), vol. li. p. 97.

Just a week after Dr. Andrew Combe's return from America—given over by the doctors and himself—he suffered the loss of his eldest sister, Mrs. Young, who died in her seventieth year. “She had often expressed the wish not to survive him; and it was an affecting fulfilment of that wish that he . . . laid her in the grave, where, exactly five weeks later, he himself was destined to be placed beside her.”\*

In the course of his narrative of the cruelties of Commodus, who, having once tasted human blood, became incapable of pity or remorse, Gibbon takes occasion to remark, that, of the many innocent victims of that emperor's tyranny, none died more lamented than the two brothers of the Quintilian family, Maximus and Condiannus, whose fraternal love has saved their memory from oblivion, and endeared their memory to posterity: in every action of whose life it was observed that their bodies were the same. “The kind cruelty of Commodus united them in death.”†

It was a rule in the Roman law,‡ that when a husband and wife overtaken by some common calamity perished at the same time, and it could not be ascertained which had lived the longest, the woman should be presumed to have expired the first, as being by nature the feeblest. Calamity or no calamity in common, an impression obtains largely with married males, who have never forgotten number one—the original number one, into which another number has been merged,—that the weaker vessel ought, in the nature of things, to fall to pieces the first. And this, although the stronger may happen to be also the senior, by ever so many years. Tiberius Gracchus the elder, who married Cornelia, was admired as a signal exception to this sort of rule, when a pair of serpents was found on his bed, and the soothsayers told him that if he killed the male serpent, his own death would follow,—if the female, that of Cornelia. Whereupon, Tiberius, who, says Plutarch, “loved his wife, and thought it more suitable for him to die first, who was much older than Cornelia,” killed the male, and set the female at liberty.§ And die the good man soon afterwards did, leaving Cornelia to be known as the mother of the Gracchi,—of two in particular, though of twelve in all.

When Mahomet was drawing nigh unto death, his heart yearned, we are told, to be with his favourite wife Ayesha, and pass with her the fleeting residus of life. So, as one of his biographers describes it, with his head bound up, and his tottering frame supported by Ali and Fadhl, the prophet repaired to her abode. She, likewise, was suffering with a violent pain in the head, and entreated of him a remedy. “Wherefore a remedy?” said he. “Better that thou shouldst die before me. I could then close thine eyes; wrap thee in thy funeral garb; lay thee in the tomb, and pray for thee.” “Yes,” she replied, “and then return to my house and dwell with one of thy other wives, who would profit by my death.”|| After you, was the prophet's polite intimation. But, not to be outdone in politeness, Ayesha too had a fancy for saying, After you.

A clerical author tells us of a parishioner who, upon an attempt being made to sympathise with him on the death of his wife, quickly replied,

\* Life of Dr. Combe, p. 524.

† Roman Empire, ch. iv.

‡ See chapter the two hundred and eighth of “The Doctor.”

§ Plutarch, Life of Tiberius Gracchus.

|| Irving's Life of Mahomet, ch. xxxviii.

in a self-gratulating tone, "Yes—but it might have been worse: you know I might have been taken myself."\* Was it essentially and properly a promise or a threat, to Sindbad the Sailor, that he should survive his wife a few hours? *Cela dépend*. There is some homely pathos as well as a good deal of unreasonable fretfulness in old Lisbeth Bede's objection to Adam's bringing home a young wife—and Hetty Sorrel of all others—to displace *her*. "If thy feyther had lived, he'd ne'er ha' wanted me to go to make room for another, for he could no more ha' done wi'out me nor one side o' the scissars can do wi'out the other. Eh, we should ha' been both flung away together, and then I shouldna ha' seen this day, an' one buryin' 'ud ha' done for us both."†

It is touching to compare a line in the opening paragraph of Sir Samuel Romilly's Narrative of his Early Life, in which he expresses a "devout wish" that his "dear wife" might many years survive him, with the short and sombre paragraph which closes, too abruptly and tragically, the story of his career. As is well known, he could not, in his then ailing condition, bear up against the loss of that fondly beloved wife; and with suicidal hand sought to abbreviate the term of separation. "Lady Romilly died on the 29th of Oct., 1818. Her husband survived but three days the wife whom he had loved with a devotion to which her virtues, and her happy influence on the usefulness of his life, gave her so just a claim."‡ The shock of bereavement unhinged his reason, and the *mens insana* wildly wrought for itself an outlet *à corpore insano*.

"Dearest," says dying Margaret to her husband, in Mr. Charles Reade's story, "call now religion to thine aid and mine. I must have died before thee one day, or else outlived thee and so died of grief."§

Later she exclaims, "I repine not, since 'tis Heaven's will. Only I am so afeard thou wilt miss me."|| And at this she cannot restrain her tears, though she tries hard.

The good old maiden sister of Bishop Bienvenu, Monseigneur Welcome, in Victor Hugo's greatest work, thus describes her feelings towards her peerless brother. "I am tranquil, because I know that if anything were to ail him, it would be the death of me. I shall go to heaven with my brother and my bishop."¶

It were better not to live at all than to live without love, is the conviction of George Esmond's little wife, in Mr. Thackeray's story; "and I'm sure," she says to her graceless aunt, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "should anything happen to my dearest George, I would wish to go to heaven that moment."\*\*

There is an ideally happy old couple painted in one of Mr. Dickens's early sketches, whom we see sitting together in their little garden of a summer evening,†† enjoying the calm and peace of the twilight, and watching the shadows as they fall upon the garden, and gradually growing thicker and more sombre, obscure the tints of their gayest flowers.

\* Essays by the Rev. John Eagles, p. 351.

† Adam Bede, ch. x.

‡ Cf. Life of Romilly, 3rd edit., vol. i. p. 30, and vol. ii. p. 515.

§ The Cloister and the Hearth, vol. iv. p. 406.

|| Ibid., p. 410.

¶ Les Misérables, ch. ix.

\*\* The Virginians, ch. 83.

†† "They have no family. They once had a son, who died at about five years old. The child's portrait hangs over the mantelpiece, and a little cart he used to draw about is carefully preserved as a relic."

The old people "have within themselves the materials of comfort and content; and the only anxiety of each, is to die before the other."\*

It was accounted a happy as well as note-worthy fact in the life-history of Roger Ascham's parents, that having lived forty-seven years together as man and wife should live, they expired in one day, and almost at the same hour.† So with James Shirley, the dramatist, and his wife.

Such a consummation, devoutly to be wished for in such a case, is occasionally to be heard of where no such wish exists on either side. Mr. Carlyle tells us of that Albert, the first Duke of Preussen, who died in 1568, laden with years, and in his latter time greatly broken-down by other troubles,—that in his sixtieth year he had married a second time, a young Brunswick Princess, who could not tolerate the household life she had beside her old husband; so that before long she withdrew to another residence, and the two lived separate for the rest of their days. "Separate for life:—nevertheless they happened to die on the same day; 20th March, 1568, they were simultaneously delivered from their troubles in this world."‡ Possibly so super-subtle, or rather so matter-of-fact, a critic as the Compiler of a Census report (not the last) would object to the word "simultaneously;" for that gentleman unintentionally amused some of his readers by the solemn simplicity with which he enunciated the truism, that "it can rarely, if ever, happen, that a husband and wife die in the same instant of time," and that, consequently, "it may be assumed that, practically, every marriage is dissolved by the death of the husband or wife separately;" that if man and wife were universally of the same age, and lived out together the whole cycle of life, "there would be neither widowers nor widows in the world,"§ &c.

It is Mr. Greville's parting wish, on taking leave, a rejected suitor, of the Hon. Miss Byron, that she and his rival, the all-too-successful, all-too-perfect Sir Charles Grandison, may live (the ornaments of human nature as they are) to see their children's children; and that, full of years, full of honour, they may in one hour be translated to that heaven where only, this discomfited gentleman very handsomely says, "you can be more happy than you will be, if you are both as happy as I wish and expect you to be!"||

Thomson's picture of the happy pair, the happiest of their kind, whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend, presents us with this alluring *terminus ad quem* of their life-long companionship:

Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;  
When, after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.¶

So in a dramatic fragment of Leigh Hunt's, entitled "A Heaven upon

\* London Recreations.

† Biographia Borealis: Roger Ascham.

‡ Carlyle, History of Friedrich II., vol. i. p. 293.

§ Quoted in the *Blackwood* papers on Civilisation and the Census, 1854.

|| History of Sir Chas. Grandison, vol. vi. let. xxiii.

¶ The Seasons: Spring.

Earth," a parallel passage is drawn of wedded love, with the same ending:

—And so 'twixt joy,  
And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain  
Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old;  
And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die  
In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,  
And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.\*

Part of Edmund Waller's letter of "good wishes" for Sacharissa, on her marriage, runs thus,—after wishing she may live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth: "And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage,"† &c. &c. Unfortunately, all these are the "imprecations of the deserted," and the irony that inspires and informs the good wishes gives them a flavour rather of male-, than of bene-diction.

Catherine des Roches—celebrated as the heroine of that literary tournament, in which Etienne Pasquier, Joseph Scaliger, Loisel, Mangot, and many another "*poëte chante-puce*" took part—cherished as her fondest desire the wish not to survive a beloved mother, from whom no offer of marriage could induce her to separate. And so it came to pass, that when Catherine fell a victim to the pestilence which desolated her native town in 1687, her death occurred on the self-same day as her mother's,—so completely was her prayer fulfilled. "*Une circonstance touchante de son trépas prématuré, ce fut qu'elle succomba le même jour que sa mère: par là son vœu le plus cher fut accompli.*"‡

Very frequently does Mme. de Sévigné, the most devoted, not to say doting, of mothers, give expression to her solicitude not to be the survivor of her comparatively cold-blooded daughter. The latter has, for instance, appended to her New Year's wishes the further wish not to live longer than her mother; or rather, as Mme. de Grignan seems to have put it, the wish that her mother may survive her by many a long year. Whether all this meant merely the compliments of the season on the younger lady's part, or not—whether it was merely so much polite affectation, or not—she probably knew best herself. But the elder lady takes it to heart, and protests and prays against it in downright earnest. "If I had a heart made of crystal, in which you could see the sad grief that penetrates me in seeing how you wish that my life may be composed of more years than your own, you would know very clearly with what truthfulness and what fervency I too wish that Providence may not derange the order of nature, which has made me, your mother, come into the world a long while before you; and God knows well—unto whom all hearts be open—with what earnestness I ask of Him to let this order be kept in my case."§ Ten years later, almost to a day,—for as the letter just quoted from bears date the 10th of January, 1680,—so the one next to be cited was written on the 11th of January, 1690,—Madame m<sup>e</sup>

\* Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, edit. 1844, p. 168.

† Bell's Waller, p. 88.

‡ Leon Feugère: *Caractères et Portraits littéraires*, t. i. p. 314.

§ Mme. de Sévigné à Mme. de Grignan, 10 janvier, 1680.



dilates on the *véritable consolation* and even the joy she often feels on account of her excess of years over her daughter, and at the thought that the elder go first—"que les premiers vont devant, et que vraisemblablement et naturellement je garderai mon rang avec ma chère fille." She cannot, she declares,\* express the inexpressible sweetness to her of this confidence of not being left behind. What has she not suffered at times when the daughter's bad health has made her fear a "derangement" of the order of nature! Health restored, what exultation in seeing everything resume its natural place!—Again, a few days later: "You say the tenderest thing in the world, in desiring not to witness the close of the many happy new years you wish me. We are a long way off meeting in the matter of our wishes; for I have acquainted you with a truth which is highly just and in place, and which no doubt God will have the goodness to grant—and that is to follow the entirely natural order of a good Providence: this it is which consoles me all along the weary highway of old age; it is a reasonable sentiment, mine; yours is too out-of-the-way and too amiable."† Five or six years afterwards, the daughter was laid up with a severe illness, and the mother writes this passage among others, describing the sufferings of both, in a letter to a time-tried friend: "il me semble que les mères ne devraient pas vivre assez longtemps pour voir leurs filles dans de pareils embarras; *je m'en plains respectueusement à la Providence.*"‡ Six months later, the daughter has to write to this same gentleman, and others, announcing her mother's death; in one of which letters, Mme. de Grignan thus refers to the wish that was now accomplished, in the elder lady's favour, frustrated as regards herself. For such a loss, she says, she was very far from being prepared: "the perfect health I saw her enjoy, and a year of illness which a hundred times put my life in danger, had rid me of the idea that the order of nature could hold good in my instance. I flattered myself [the lady affirms] on never having to undergo so great a calamity: now I undergo it, and feel it in all its rigour."§ Admitting the daughter's wish to be as sincere as the mother's, their *souhaits*, on either side, and their several apprehensions and deprecations, resemble what Southey describes in his youthful pair of Indians:

Thus Monnema and thus Quiara thought,  
Though each the melancholy thought repress;  
They could not choose but feel, yet utter'd not  
The human feeling, which in hours of rest  
Often would rise, and fill the boding breast  
With a dread foretaste of that mournful day,  
When, at the inexorable Power's behest,  
The unwilling spirit, called perforce away,  
Must leave, for ever leave, its dear connatural clay.

Link'd as they were, where each to each was all,  
How might the poor survivor hope to bear  
That heaviest loss which one day must befall,  
Nor sink beneath the weight of his despair?  
Scarce could the heart even for a moment dare

\* Mme. de Sévigné à Mme. de Grignan, 11 janvier, 1690.

† 15 janvier, 1690.

‡ Mme. de Sévigné à M. de Coulanges, le 15 octobre, 1695.

§ La Comtesse de Grignan au Président de Moulceau, le 28 avril, 1696.

That miserable time to contemplate,  
 When the dread Messenger should find them there,  
 From whom is no escape, . . . and reckless Fate,  
 Whom it had bound so close, for ever separate.\*

Memorable among the episodes in Tasso's epic is that which tells the common fate of "Gildippes fair, and Edward her dear lord"—how the noble lady defied the fierce Soldan, and by him was slain, and how

Her lord to help her came, but came too late,  
 Yet that was not his fault, it was his fate.

He let her fall, himself fell by her side,  
 And, for he could not save her, with her died.

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame  
 Whom life and death had made for ever his ;  
 They would have spoke, but not one word could frame,  
 Deep sobs their speech, sweet sighs their language is ;  
 Each gazed on other's eyes, and, while the same  
 Is lawful, join their hands, embrace, and kiss ;  
 And thus sharp death their knot of life untied,  
 Together fainted they, together died.†

Many is the story on record of those who—with more or less of Romeo and Juliet in their attachment and its doom—were to each other lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided. Shenstone made famous in ballad history the fate of James Dawson, the executed rebel, and his broken-hearted betrothed, who followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, to see the end, and got near enough to witness all the ghastly preparations without betraying any excess of emotion. She even restrained her feelings while the bloody tragedy was being acted out. "But when all was over, and the shouts of the multitude rang in her ears, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying, 'My dear, I follow thee, I follow thee—sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together!' fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired in the moment she was speaking."‡

Many a rhyme was written, again, about the pair of lovers, John Hewet and Sarah Draw, who were struck by lightning as they sat together, *patulæ sub tegmine fagi*, early in the last century. Alexander Pope, who happened to be their neighbour at the time, honoured the memory of the rustic lovers with at least three several copies of verses. Here is one of them :

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,  
 On the same pile their faithful fair expire ;  
 Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,  
 And blasted both, that it might neither wound.  
 Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,  
 Sent His own lightning, and the victims seized.§

\* Southey: A Tale of Paraguay, canto i. st. 32, 33.

† Fairfax's Tasso, Recovery of Jerusalem, book xx. st. 94 sq.

‡ Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, ch. xxix.

§ Pope to Lady M. W. Montagu, Sept. 1, 1718.

Upon the whole, the poet could not think the lovers unhappy. The greatest happiness, he thinks, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. Lady Mary takes a more prosaic view of the affair, and is almost cynical about it in her smart reply to Mr. Pope.

To his sentimental romance called *Lettres de deux Amants de Lyon*, which had, in its day, what M. Sainte-Beuve calls "un succès de larmes," Léonard, the rather sickly French poet, prefixed this epigraph, as embodying his entire thought: "Du moment qu'on s'aime de l'amour à la fois le plus passionné et le plus pur, mieux vaut mille fois se voir unis dans la mort que séparés dans la vie." Which appears to be a pretty literal transcript from the Latin of Valerius Maximus: "Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi quàm vitâ distrabi." Only the *mille fois mieux* is, it must be allowed, a very French rendering of the *aliquando*.

At hearing Antony's last groan, and while catching his last breath, Cleopatra upbraidingly exclaims,

—Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a styè?\*

In that one touch of nature the peerless Egyptian queen and the "coloured" slave-woman, Aunt Sophy, in Dr. Holmes's romance, are akin. "Oh, darlin', darlin'!" cries Old Sophy, over Elsie Venner's death-bed,—“if the Lord should let me die fus', you shall fin' all ready for you when you come after me. On'y don' go 'n' leave poor Ol' Sophy all 'lone in th' world!"†

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, in her autobiography, recalling to memory the books that had delighted her childhood, refers especially to Berquin's *L'Ami des Enfants*,—some passages, however, in which she never could read. "The account of the child lamenting over his mother's grave, I have never been able to read to this day. I often wondered how that child could have lived after its mother's death; and I often prayed that I might never outlive my mother."‡

Catherine Linton, in Ellis Bell's weird romance, proves to herself that she loves her father better than herself, by this sign: that she prays every night that she may live after him; because she would rather be miserable than that he should be. "This," she is satisfied, "proves I love him better than myself."§ More selfish, therefore, by far is the passionate outburst with which Heathcliff, in the same grim story, harasses the dying moments of an elder Catherine: "So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you—oh, Cathy! would you like to live with your soul in the grave?"||

The life-long love and previsionary regrets of two sisters, each at the time well stricken in years, were touchingly rendered by Joanna Baillie in the Birthday lines to her sister Agnes:

\* Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. 12.

† Elsie Venner, ch. xxx.

‡ Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, vol. i. p. 9.

§ Wuthering Heights, ch. xxii.

|| Ibid., ch. xv.

The change of good and evil to abide,  
 As partners link'd, long have we side by side  
 Our earthly journey held, and who can say  
 How near the end of our united way?  
 By nature's course not distant; sad and 'rest  
 Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.  
 If thou art taken first, who can to me  
 Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?  
 Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,  
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?  
 And if I should be fated first to leave  
 This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve . . .  
 There is no living wight, of woman born,  
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.\*

Joanna was fated to go first, though not for years and years after this was written; and Agnes lived on to tell the hundredth in her tale of years.

Antony is waiting for his freedman, Eros, to despatch him. Eros has asked to say, before he strikes the bloody stroke, farewell. 'Tis said. Shall I strike now? he asks. Now, Eros. Why, there then—and Eros himself falls on the sword instead:

—Thus do I escape the sorrow  
 Of Antony's death.†

Horace followed very closely to the grave the kind friend and patron to whom he had given, in one of his odes, a "prophetic promise" to that effect: *illes dies utramque ducet ruinam*,‡ he had assured Mæcenas; and a month or two, by way of interval, is no excess of poetical licence.

There is an admired letter of Fénelon's to Destouches, in which the benign prelate says how desirable it would be "*que tous les bons amis s'entendissent pour mourir ensemble le même jour*"—and he cites Baucis and Philemon in aid of his thesis.

It is a beautiful picture Wordsworth draws of that grave, in the Churchyard among the Mountains, which encloses the household of the patriarch of the Vale,—to whose unmolested mansion death had never come, through space of forty years; sparing both old and young in that abode. Suddenly then they disappeared, and not twice had fallen, on those high peaks, the first autumnal snow, before the greedy visiting was closed, and the long-privileged house left empty—swept as by a plague.

—Yet no rapacious plague  
 Had been among them; all was gentle death,  
 One after one, with intervals of peace.  
 A happy consummation! an accord  
 Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! save that here  
 Was something which to mortal sense might sound  
 Like harshness,—that the old grey-headed Sire,  
 The oldest, he was taken last; survived

\* Joanna Baillie's *Miscellaneous Poems*: Lines to Agnes Baillie on her birth day.

† Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. 12.

‡ 2 *Carm.* xvii. 8 *sq.*

When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,  
His Daughter, and that late and high-prized gift,  
His little smiling Grandchild, were no more.

How would he face the remnant of his life? the neighbours said. What would become of him? But Heaven was gracious; yet a little while, and this Survivor, with his "inward hoard of unsunned griefs, too many and too keen,"

Was overcome by unexpected sleep  
In one blest moment. . . . And so,  
Their lenient term of separation past,  
That family (whose graves you there behold)  
By yet a higher privilege once more  
Were gathered to each other.\*

An ingathering that realises to the full Burns's prayer (not all in the spirit or style of Holy Willie's) for a household he counted dear to him:

When soon or late they reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,  
A family in Heaven!†

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"JE SUIS MIEUX!"

THE LAST WORDS OF QUEEN MARIE ANNE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

I.

"BETTER!" Sweet spirit! yes, 'tis better far  
Thou shouldst depart while none around thee weep,  
No pain, no parting agony, to mar  
The sacred silence of thy tranquil sleep.

II.

"Better!" Yes, better than the toil and care  
That mark'd thy life, drawn out so long at last:  
Thou hadst no more to suffer or to bear,  
Still'd were the many sorrows of the past.

\* The Excursion, book vii.

† From the lines left by Robert Burns in the room where he slept at a clerical friend's house.

## III.

Revered, beloved wert thou in every stage,  
Humble when high, submissive when brought low,  
A bright example to a faltering age—  
Great in vicissitudes of joy and woe!

## IV.

Oh, France! though false and wayward thou hast been,  
And idly vain of what should be thy shame,  
Be proud that thou couldst once proclaim a Queen  
Whose virtues might exalt thy tarnish'd name!

## V.

Oh, France! if thou hast yet a tear to shed,  
If thou hast not forgot all days of yore,  
If penitence and pity are not dead,  
Lament for her—who died not on thy shore!

## VI.

Insulted—injured—driven away in scorn  
Thou wilt look back, and shudder at the deed  
Which banish'd virtue and made good forlorn,  
And left no higher, greater to succeed.

## VII.

Strong in thy wilful and mistaken pride,  
With none to rule, believing thou wert free,  
Thy bark dash'd rashly on without a guide,  
With triumph to thy foes, and wreck to thee!

## VIII.

Weep now for her, without a crime expell'd,  
To whom thou couldst deny a place of rest,  
Who ask'd from strangers what thy hand withheld,  
And died in peace on England's tender breast.

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## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER VI.

LOVERS' QUARRELS ARE NOT ALWAYS THE RENEWING OF LOVE.

NEXT day Laura was left alone for some hours, her host and hostess, with Colonel Home, having gone to pay some visits at a distance, and Laura was busily writing to her father, begging that he would write to Lady Lenox appointing a day on which he would come to take her home.

She had said nothing of her intention to any one in the house; it was the fruit of her uneasy conscience, for she was terrified at her half-understood feelings, and saw no right path but that which should bring her home as soon as possible. She felt that it was not the not having seen and spoken to Arthur that she regretted, but his having seen her alone with Colonel Home; for little cause as he had hitherto had for jealousy, she knew that he had a strong bias towards the feeling. Then all evening, after that unfortunate visit, there had been an impalpable something in the manner of Colonel Home which had at once caused her to feel strangely happy, and awakened a restless, dissatisfied feeling; so the first thing which gave her comparative peace was the resolution to go home without any unnecessary delay. She had almost finished her letter, when Arthur was announced, and Laura, blushing crimson as she rose to receive him, feeling half indignant at his being displeased, and half conscious that she deserved he should be so, determined that he must himself take the offensive if he meant to quarrel.

"When did you leave home, Arthur?—and how is dear Mrs. Errol?"

"I reached Whitecliffe on Tuesday night by the last train, and came here as early as possible on Wednesday morning."

"Yes, I was sorry not to have seen you, and very much astonished."

"If I were to take the evidence of my own eyes, Laura, I was not needed."

Laura made no reply, being apparently deeply engaged in examining the arrangement of the beads on the butterfly pen-wiper. Arthur looked fixedly at her for a minute, and then rising from his seat, as though the impetuosity of his feelings would not allow him to remain quiet, he came up to Laura, and paused for an instant before her. She still kept her eyes downcast, and he paced up and down the room in silence.

"Laura!" he burst out at last, "tell me, in one word, has little more than one short month sufficed to make you false to me? Have you forgotten me already?"

He was going too fast now; there really had not been much mischief done, and had he spoken mildly and reasonably, Laura would have felt herself in the wrong, not because of anything she had done, but because of the half-acknowledged repulsion towards him and attraction towards another of which she had been dimly conscious. Now, however, Arthur had so far outrun the truth that Laura's pride was in arms.

"I suppose you know yourself what you mean, Arthur. I will not degrade myself by guessing it. It is I who should be angry; no girl likes to be made the subject of comment in such a way as your very extraordinary conduct yesterday has caused me to be."

She had completely turned the tables on him, and he answered:

"I own I was rash, foolish, rude; but when I saw Colonel Home, a professed lady-killer, evidently on terms of the most familiar intimacy with you, leaning over your couch, his head close to yours, I really did not know what I was doing."

"Yes, and of course your first impulse was to make yourself and me ridiculous. As to the man you call a 'lady-killer,' I see now that people get credit for many things they do not deserve. I can assure you he has made no attempt to kill me."

"But, Laura, *any one* seeing what I saw that day must have thought as I thought. An indifferent person, even, must have believed that you were lovers; and I, who can scarcely bear the idea that another man has permission even to look at you, how must I have felt?"

"How you *must* have felt, I can imagine from your conduct; how you ought to have felt, is quite another affair. I can see no wrong to you in resting on a sofa while a gentleman sat on the grass somewhere at hand and read to me."

"He was not sitting on the grass, at least while I was there. He rose up and leaned over you, and you were both reading together."

Laura's ready blushes flashed up, like northern lights in the sky.

"Oh!" she said, "I remember now; a little ladybird had alighted on the open page, and he was showing it to me."

And then Arthur's penitence became as exaggerated as his anger. Some one says, "No lover or husband should ever utterly humble himself to implore his lady's forgiveness, for the gentle sex has no discretion in the use of power."

Be this as it may, considered as a general principle, in this particular case Arthur's self-abasement had the effect of making Laura impatient with him, and not half so angry as she had been at her own involuntary backsliding.

"There now, Arthur, that will quite do; it is all right, I suppose; but you should have loved a Mahomedan woman, who would have gone about the world in an impenetrable veil."

"Oh, dear Laura! when you are really my own you shall do as you choose; but until then can you wonder that I fear to lose you?"

"So far as I know, no one but yourself wants me; and for my own part, if my feeling pleasure in the society of a man like Colonel Home is to set you off into a fury, I only wish I had never left home; and oh! I do, I do wish it."

And suddenly, without any previous symptoms of softening, Laura broke down at once, and leaning her face on the arm of the couch, cried and sobbed with all the *abandon* of a child. In vain did Arthur cease the office of consoler, he found himself very firmly though gently repulsed and presently the unusual weakness passed, and Laura lifted her face and looked at her companion.

"Now, Arthur, I shall not do that again. I don't know how it hap



pened, but I think my nerves have never been quite strong since that fall I had; and I have written to papa to come for me, and I hope it will all be right."

"Oh yes! Indeed, there was nothing wrong but my own jealous fancy. I ought to have known you better."

"How could you, when I don't know myself?"

"What do you mean?"

"I scarcely know; if I find out, I shall tell you."

"Laura, you are very much changed. Perhaps the change may be an improvement; but, as it seems to put you farther from me, I cannot think it so. You have grown from a child into a woman."

"And is it not time?" she said, gravely. "I have been too long a child, drifting with the stream, without purpose or resolution. But the things of childhood have left me now."

"I had rather you were still the Laura of old."

"That is a pity, for the change was inevitable."

"Laura, you seem to be drifting away from me. It has been so long since I have seen you, and to-day you have not given me one kiss."

"Please don't ask for it, Arthur. I suppose you have a right to it if you choose, but I do not wish to give it you. I *am* changed, and where the difference is I cannot tell, for in one thing I can never change. I love you as I have always done; better, indeed, I think. Oh, Arthur, forgive *me*! I have been petulant, ungenerous, and in some measure untruthful, but I do love you. I would do almost anything to save you from sorrow. But no, you must not want to kiss me. I wish you were my own brother, Arthur. Oh! how happy I should be then!"

Arthur was touched, flattered, and wounded all at once; the innocent honest eyes fixed on his face, the voice trembling with earnestness, and the affectionate words, made his heart yearn towards this guileless creature. But he did not want to be her brother. Not he! Brother, indeed! And thus her last words acted on him like a deluge of ice-cold water.

"Nearer and dearer than any brother, my Laura," he said. "No brother could so cherish and cling to a sister as I will to you. Husband and wife is a closer and tenderer bond than brother and sister. And now surely you will give me that——"

"I said no, and I mean no. And yet, Arthur, I should like to throw myself into your arms, and tell you all that is in my mind (if you *were* my brother, that is). *You* might understand it, although I do not."

"Pray do it, then, Laura. I am quite ready—for all except the brotherhood."

"Don't be silly, Arthur; and don't laugh at me, for I am very serious."

"So am I; quite serious, I assure you."

"You provoke me. Don't strike attitudes, Arthur. It is very cruel of you when I am so much in earnest."

"At all events, Laura, we are all right again. I was a suspicious, blundering idiot; but all the same, you must keep that colonel (whom I detest, by the way) at arm's length. And I am so glad you mean to go home. When does your father come?"

"I have only just written to him; but I have no doubt he will come as soon as he has written to Lady Lenox."

"Somebody coming," said Arthur, looking out of the window. "A carriage."

Laura bent forward.

"It is our carriage returning. They did not expect to be home till dinner, which was ordered later than usual. I suppose they have not gone so far as they intended."

"I think I shall go. I made such a fool of myself yesterday."

"Just as you please," said Laura.

"No; after all, I shall stay."

Laura did not answer, but in her secret heart she earnestly wished that he would go, for she felt an undefined uncomfortable sensation, which made her wish to avert a meeting between the two young men.

However, Arthur stayed, and taking a seat by the table, began to turn over a volume of beautiful engravings; and in a few minutes the host and hostess, with Colonel Home, entered the room. Proper introductions took place, and Arthur was asked to remain to dinner. He pleaded his morning dress, but was overruled.

"We shall none of us dress to-day, to keep you in countenance," said Sir Thomas. "Home, here, is an exquisite of the first water, and will look on it as a fearful penance to dine in a morning coat, but he must manage for once."

"I shall not mind it at all," said the colonel, magnanimously.

"I am sorry to upset all your arrangements in this way," replied Arthur; "but if I were to return to Whitecliffe to dress, I could not be here again before nine o'clock."

"Nonsense!" cried the hostess, laughing. "Ride twenty-four miles! I am sure it is quite twelve miles to Whitecliffe."

"Not much more than eight, my lady."

"I am sure you are mistaken, Sir Thomas. I heard Hancock say it was twelve."

"You must have been dreaming, and Hancock is a fool."

"I was *not* dreaming, Sir Thomas; and Hancock is a thoroughly respectable man, with (for a man) an unusually large portion of common sense."

From which dispute Laura understood perfectly that there was a discordant element present. How much further the controversy might not have gone it is impossible to say, for Colonel Home, laughing, said:

"As Mr. Errol does not mean to go there just now, perhaps we had better adjourn the debate. I think Miss Charlton looks tired."

"Yes, indeed she does," exclaimed the old lady. "Laura, my dear, you must lie down for an hour or two. Sir Thomas, give her your arm on that side, and I will take this."

The young men offered their services, which were peremptorily rejected, and they were ordered to entertain each other.

"What business had *he* to know whether she looked tired or not?" was Arthur's thought.

"At least I have managed to get her out of *his* way," was the colonel's. But he was too much a man of the world to be otherwise than perfectly

suave and pleasant, and he performed his duty as deputy host in the most satisfactory manner.

Arthur, it has been said, had ladylike tastes, and was conversant with china in all its varieties, so that the extraordinarily large and varied collection which surrounded them served as material for conversation until the return of their hosts. Then the gentlemen sallied forth to see the grounds, and the views, and the beds of late autumnal roses; and as Sir Thomas soon found that Arthur was himself a rose-grower, they became involved in an animated discussion on budding and grafting, and all the other mysteries of the craft, and the colonel found himself quite ignored, to which he was not accustomed. After a time he loitered behind, and finally disappeared, betaking himself to the house, where, armed with "*Buckle's History of Civilisation*," he entrenched himself in an easy-chair, and doubtless gave the author all the thoughtful consideration which Mr. Ruskin recommends for the proper comprehension of one's studies, for the same page he had at first opened was still beneath his eyes when Lady Lenox came in, fully half an hour after he had first taken up his position.

"You here?" she said, briskly. "I thought you were out with the others."

"No; I have been, but country visiting is an exhaustive process, although we were especially fortunate in finding so many people out. And Sir Thomas and Mr. Errol did not want me, they are deep in roses, and I know nothing about them, further than that they grow in some unaccountable manner, and look pretty and smell sweetly. But I really think, after all, the artificial ones are best; the Parisians make them so exquisitely now; and then they last longer."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Roses, dear lady."

"Roses!"

"Yes, roses, fair echo. But, in sad sober earnest, I think I shall leave you to-morrow. I ought to have been away before now."

She sat down opposite him, and looked fixedly at him for a minute.

"What's the meaning of that? You were to have stayed here till our departure for Kent, and that will not be for a month yet."

"Quite true; but are ladies alone to have the privilege of altering their minds?"

"Men should at least know their own reasons for doing it."

"But suppose I do know mine?"

"That will not satisfy me. I must know them too."

"Oh! I think you must be content with the mere fact that I feel I ought to go."

"It won't do at all; but I suppose you are tired of us, or we have offended you."

"Nothing of the kind, and you know it. Indeed, I am tolerably sure you know quite well why I wish to go."

She paused, still looking at him.

"Well," she said at length, "I suppose it's not to be helped. I don't see that I ought to wish to do anything in the matter. That's a nice young fellow, but—at all events I don't think *she* cares about him, not in *that* way. It was a suitable thing, and he is very fond of her, and she

knew nothing about the matter, and she is such a gentle thing. I dare say she would have said 'Yes,' all the same, rather than give pain to him and his mother, who has been like a mother to her since she lost her own."

"And so I had better go?"

"Perhaps you ought. But I am very sorry on all accounts. You would have suited her so much better; and she is the very——But it's no use talking about it."

"No, not any."

"I don't think you'll break your heart, however."

"No. 'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' And I am not quite so far gone as to sigh my heart out. Indeed, I had thought I was too old for any such folly, but 'the older fool, the worse fool,' as the old proverb runs. You'll settle it with Sir Thomas. Say nothing about *this*, if you can help it. And I'll leave to-morrow night."

"I wish she had never come here, much as I like her."

"I wish it too. And yet—I don't know. What a fool you must think me!"

"It's all my own fault. I wished it from the first, and I could have beaten Lucy Charlton when she told me the girl was engaged."

"I think I'll go down to the beach. I have something of a headache; and don't blame yourself, for you might have had a hundred girls here, and I should have been fancy free."

"Yes, but I had not a hundred girls here, and the hundred and first has finished you."

"Not so bad as that—quit. I shall win through. I'm only hit in the wing."

It was a very uncomfortable dinner for all parties. Laura's delicate perceptions felt something malign in the mental atmosphere, and she was embarrassed between her desire to be friendly as usual with Colonel Home and her fear of arousing Arthur's jealousy. The colonel was pre-occupied, Arthur observant, and, whatever had passed between Sir Thomas and his wife, *they* looked ill at ease. Languid and forced the talk went on, and as soon as the dessert was put on the table, her ladyship and Laura rose to go. Arthur advanced to offer his aid to the latter, but Colonel Home was first, and as Lady Lenox was in advance of them, he said, as they crossed the hall:

"I am so glad I shall leave you so far recovered before I go. I leave to-morrow night."

"Do you?" she said, quietly enough; but the words seemed hardly to be possible to her, and she best knew the deadly sickness that came over her for a moment.

"Yes, I *ought* to go. I ought to have gone when you came. It's of little use now, but still I shall go."

She said nothing, and with the tenderest care he arranged her cushions and footstool; then, giving her hand a light pressure, he returned to the dining-room, where Arthur received him with a look of defiance and wrath, and Sir Thomas sat with a very queer look on his puckered face.

"We shall lose Colonel Home to-morrow, Laura."

"Yes, he said so."

"Did he tell you?"

"Yes, just now."

"Oh! there's no moon till twelve to-night. Perhaps I ought to ask Mr. Errol to stay. Should you wish it?"

"Yes—no. Please, don't ask me, Lady Lenox. Do whatever you think right."

"Well, you see, he has a kind of right to be asked, you being here, for I saw you had quite made up your huff. But, Colonel Home's last day! No, I don't think I shall ask him. Sir Thomas probably will, though."

"Perhaps so."

"Yes, it's very likely. He's rather wearing to me, that lover of yours, Laura. We don't seem to get on at all."

"I suppose he feels you don't like him."

"A sure way to secure that I shall *not* like him. I hate your touchy, suspicious people."

"I don't think you do him justice."

"Oh! we'll not quarrel about his perfections. I must go and see whether the sashes of the south conservatory are all closed; there's frost at night now, and that will not suit the camellias."

She went off, and Laura was left to her own thoughts. Over and over again she said to herself, "He is going away." And she tried to think that it *was* nothing—must be nothing to her. She tried to fix her thoughts on Arthur, on her own approaching departure, on anything but the *one* subject; but she could only feel more and more clearly that Colonel Home's going was to her a grief that admitted of no consolation. "Why did I ever come here?" she thought. "What can he care for a girl like me?" But her secret heart told her he *did* care; for you see the delicate honour which ordered the colonel to leave Cragmere had not thought it necessary to forbid those gentle insinuating attentions which are, perhaps, more efficacious than open love-making, neither had it interdicted those whispered words in the hall; and, further, when the gentleman came into the drawing-room, I presume the colonel thought the sacrifice of inclination on which he had determined deserved some compensation, for he at once opened the chess-table, and so placing it and the stand which held a lamp as to shut Laura in from any approaches but his own, he placed the pieces, as if he had had a previous arrangement with her, and they began to play.

Arthur looked on angrily for a short time, and endeavoured to keep up the semblance of conversation with his entertainers, but *that* soon died away, for they also were engrossed in watching the game going on at the other side of the room. As for Laura, wretched with a misery she had never before known, she felt clearly enough that Arthur was very angry, but she was desperate, and did not care. A bad player at the best, now she allowed bishops, pawns, and queen to stand undefended; but her antagonist's play was to prolong the game, not to beat her; and when she made a long pause, fancying that she was considering what she had better do, her mind still ran, not on the desperate position of her men, but on her own forlorn state, Arthur addressed some frigid remark to her.

"Please, Mr. Errpl," interposed Colonel Home, "you may not spoil our game. Talking to us is strictly forbidden." And the blandest smile possible accompanied this speech.

"I think it is quite time I were on the road," said Arthur, shortly afterwards. "May I ring for my horse, Sir Thomas? Laura, have you any message for Charlwood or the abbey? I go home by the first train to-morrow."

"I did not think you were going so soon. No, thank you, Arthur, I have no message."

"Please say to Mr. Charlton and our niece that we shall keep Laura till we go to Kent, which will be in three weeks or a month. We shall take her home on our way."

"She seems to enjoy herself here, indeed!" answered Arthur, somewhat savagely. "It would be a sad pity to take her away. Good night, Lady Lenox. Many thanks for your kindness. Good night, Sir Thomas. Good night!" with a Grandisonian bow to Colonel Home. And then advancing, he leaned over the sofa, and putting one arm round Laura, he kissed her once, twice, thrice, and, with a glare at the colonel, who returned it with handsome interest, Arthur left the room, and Sir Thomas went with him, and Laura covered her face and went off into a fit of hysterical crying.

"Colonel Home, go away. Not that way" (as he moved towards the door by which the others had gone). "Go by the conservatory, and stay there for a while."

The colonel was very pale, and took two or three steps towards the glass doors; but he returned, and taking one of Laura's hands from her face, he said:

"Don't cry so, Laura. I cannot bear it. Forgive me if I have been the cause of this annoyance; but, the last night I should be with you, I thought it no harm to engross your attention. *He* will have you always. Are you angry with me?"

"Come, come! no foolery of this kind," cried her ladyship, at her wits' end. "Go away, as I told you."

Laura could not speak, but the hand which the colonel held gave one faint flutter, which I presume satisfied him, for he bent over and kissed it, and then obeyed the command he had received; and Laura laid her head on the shoulder of her friend and had her cry out. By-and-by the sobs were stayed, and half-whispered talk went on, the result of which was that when Laura was going to bed, she took her letter to her father from the hall table and burnt it. If Colonel Home went, there was no need for her to go; and, furthermore, it would be so unpleasant to meet Arthur at home just now, till her mind was settled and her part taken. Her head and heart were aching, and, though angry, mortified, and hurt beyond expression at Arthur's last action, yet through all she felt sorry and pained for him.

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## A RIDE BY MAR SABA TO THE DEAD SEA.

Of all the sights in and around the Holy City, that undoubtedly which causes the most surprise, and is most at variance with preconceived opinions, is the aspect of the Dead Sea. Illustrated Bibles, panoramic views, or photographs, have stamped the salient features of the neighbourhood firmly on the imagination in general, and the traveller feels comparatively *en pays de connaissance* in approaching the Jaffa Gate, or riding past Absalom's tomb. But the outlook to the east from the heights of Scopus or Olivet has been unprovided for by expectation; the ill-omened waters form the one enlivening feature in the drear, stony landscape; their sparkling blue relieves the dun hillocks that roll one upon another from the foot of Olivet to the shore of the lake, and the weird outline of the Moabite mountains on the farther shore.

At whatever time the pilgrim may visit Jerusalem, the three days' tour to the Dead Sea *via* the monastery of Mar Saba and home by Jericho, or reversing the route, is a matter of course. And happy those who make it, as we made it, in the coolness of latter October, for at the time when the Holy Places are most resorted to, viz. at Easter, the heat in the deeply-sunk valley of the Jordan is terrific. It is an excursion to be made with feelings that amount to awe, for it comprises association sufficient to afford meditation for a lifetime.

On the morning after our arrival in Jerusalem, we had been taken by the American consul to the top of Scopus, and the sight of the Dead Sea, and the thicket that marked the course of the Jordan, made us long to get down there, and examine more closely the many wonders disclosed to us in that glorious view. The view from Scopus would be accounted magnificent in extent anywhere: it may safely be called the most interesting view in the world, commanding as it does, on one side, the whole of Jerusalem, the valleys that surround, and the hills that stand round about it, from Neby Samwil and Gibeah on the north-west to the range of Olivet on the east, and away to the Frank mountain on the south, overlooking Hebron; on the other side, the deep trench along which Jordan flows, hidden by clumps of trees and underwood, opening out into the bright expanse of the Sea, which, on the day we saw it for the first time, was dancing in the sunlight.

Alas! the journey to the Dead Sea is now shorn of much of its romance. There is no longer the delight of putting yourself under the protection of some victorious sheikh, ready to do battle *à outrance* for you against all comers. The visit is carried on upon the same methods as Mr. Cook's excursions. There is an appointed tariff, and upon payment of it guides are meted out to you as they might be at Chamounix or Zermatt.

We paid a napoleon apiece. It is certainly cheaper yet than the ascent of a Swiss mountain, and six very dirty-looking Arabs were appointed to us, highly armed and pictorially arrayed. With our two muleteers, our dragoman, our cook, and our two selves, my companion

being an American gentleman from the Far West, whose delight was in recalling constantly the big distance he was off from his big country, we sallied forth, a respectably large cavalcade, from the Jaffa Gate.

We rode along the valley of Hinnom. On our right, far above and standing backwarder than it did of old, when the buildings of the city came down upon the valley more, was the wall of Zion; behind it, the Armenian quarter. On the other side of the valley lies the Hill of Evil Counsel, the vast sepulchral pits which bear the name of *Acedama*, and the Refuge for aged Jews built by Sir Moses Montefiore. At the south-eastern corner of the city the valley is intersected by another near the fountain of En Rogel, the valley of Jehoshaphat, which sweeps between the chain of Olivet and the ridge of Moriah, and to the west opens out on to the plain-country, over which passes the path to Bethlehem. We followed up the same valley we had threaded since leaving the gate, which soon turns abruptly to the left among the hills which shut out the view of Jerusalem.

The descent was rapid, and till we came to the turning the view back towards the angle of the Zion wall, standing at the very edge of a considerable precipice, was striking in the extreme, causing one to realise the accuracy of Scripture expressions as to the proud situation of the City of God. It is from this point alone, perhaps, that it is brought home to one; for from the Mount of Olives one looks down upon the Temple area, and, in consequence, the fall of the ground into the valley of the Kidron is dwarfed; and the Jaffa and Damascus roads approach the city nearly on a level. The farther we rode the more grandly did the walls cut the sky line, till the turn of the gorge deprived us of this evidence of civilisation, and plunged us into true Judæan desolation.

Following the valley of the Kidron, the path lay along the brook, or rather its stony course—for now, except in the rainy season of spring, the stream is dry—the gorge narrowed, and hardly a vestige of vegetation cheered us, though in the early year we heard these forbidding precipices were a blaze of colour from wild flowers. Now, there is no colour but what is given by the yellow sandy rock and occasional tufts of Syrian thorn. Our Arabs, when we had got out of sight of the town, became very demonstrative, and danced about to and fro on the narrow path, screeching their own peculiarly ear-piercing yell, and brandishing their arms. We suspected this display of *couleur locale*; and it certainly had a non-natural, theatrical air, as if got up for our special behoof, and tending towards *backsheesh*. It is certainly an immense damper to the pleasure of Eastern travelling, the ever-present idea that every little courtesy on the part of those around you has its price, and sounds in damages immensely disproportionate to the benefit enjoyed.

We had left Häuser's Hotel after an early breakfast, and after a six hours' ride, principally at a foot's pace, we reached our resting-place for the night, the Greek convent of Mar Saba. We had been terribly uncomfortable on our hard saddles, with the mid-day sun beating on our white umbrellas; but all was swallowed up in wonder at the magnificent savagery of the gorge for the last half hour. The valley had up to this point been simply wild and featureless; it be-



came now a mountain pass, which, taken as a whole, no Alpine marvel could surpass. Its weird grandeur and utter barrenness were expressed in its name, the Valley of Fire. Reddish yellow cliffs shut in the bed of the torrent, for which alone there was room beneath. They were honeycombed with curious holes, and about a third of the way up, on the right side, jammed on to a ledge of the cliff, its outer wall one with the wall of the valley, stood the monastery. We rode in single file up the path, approached it at the back, delivered in our credentials from the authorities at Jerusalem, and were admitted. No female has ever entered within the walls, and many a British pilgrim of the other sex has, in pitching her tent among the jackals outside, railed at the ungallantry of the Mar Saba monks. We were established in a large guest-chamber, furnished all round with divans. One of the monks brought us glasses of raki and figs, which is the staple of their fare, and most courteously assisted the cook we luxurious Westerners had brought with us in preparing our meat dinner, with the worthy monks it being a perpetual *jour maigre*. They then took us over the buildings, which are very extensive and for the most part newly built, and from every part of which there is a giddy view right down into the depths of the ravine. There are some ghastly associations attached to this strange place. Many times has the monastery been laid open to pillage and its inmates to massacre, and its strong natural position caused it to figure often in the wars of Ibrahim Pasha. The shrine of the founder, St. Saba—the institution claims an existence of fourteen hundred years—has a little chapel to itself; the larger church contains pictures of the scenes of blood the convent has witnessed, and is gorgeously decorated. Russia has spent lavishly, both here and in the Greek Church at Bethlehem, ever anxious to keep alive her prestige in the Holy Land, and to show the zeal of her national communion with regard to the Holy Places.

We spent a pleasant evening in watching the effect of moonlight on the savage scenery, sitting for some time on the outer wall, which drops 400 feet perpendicularly into the gorge. The opposite side was within a stone's throw, and the solemn silence was only broken by the howling of the jackals and other inmates of the rocky caves.

Up at three next morning, breakfasted, and started by torchlight, as it was still pitch dark, and the road down the chasm dangerous; retracing our steps of the day before to the entrance of the convent-gorge, we struck to the north-east among the hills, and rode for some time in silence, impressed by the associations which gave so much food for thought. Suddenly, just as it was getting grey, we saw beneath us the waters of the Dead Sea, lead-coloured in the gloom; we rode parallel to it for some way, getting occasional glimpses through the hills, and watched the sun rising in green and orange splendour over the mountain-wall of Moab opposite.

At length, when it was quite light, we climbed the last hillock, and saw before us the great flat valley, the line of wood cutting in from north to south, and the northern bay of the sea. Just at this time we met some Arabs, with whom our escort tried to get up a disturbance; we supposed with a view to remuneration, for the Bedouins were very few in number, looked very harmless, and seemed very

glad to go away. Our fellows assumed such a bullying tone towards them, as made us suspect their steadiness in any real emergency; such, however, owing to the immense interest of our excursion, and notwithstanding the harrowing tales we had heard in Jerusalem of pillaged Franks struggling bootless and shirtless across the burning Ghôr, and negotiating for Arab under-garments at Jericho, was very little present to our minds; nor were we destined to undergo greater hardships than what the inevitable draught of Dead Sea water, heat, and creeping things afforded.

We reached the shore of the sea, that weird uncanny beach made up of the skeletons of animals, the bare logs brought down by Jordan in flood-time skinned and pickled in the brine, and round pebbles, a white salty deposit marking where the waves have licked the land and receded; and dismounting in the blazing heat (it was now nearly eleven o'clock), we bathed our hands in the brilliant blue water, clear as crystal, and brought some of it to our mouths. Our flesh felt immediately like leather where the water had touched it, and the taste—as of quinine, vitriol, and sea-water combined—was absolutely indescribable and quite irremovable. We brought away tin flasks full of the delicious compound, that friends at home might have a chance of the same pleasure. The day was cloudless, and the rocks, perfectly sterile and variously coloured, stood up out of the lake, the distance of which was covered by haze, marking the perpetual evaporation by which the superfluities are carried off.

We were not sorry to mount and ride off to the east, to the sacred river—to associations more hallowed and less terrible than those which hang over the grave of the five cities; it was a pleasant relief to come to trees and brushwood growing in park-like luxuriance on either bank so thickly that in many places it was hard to approach the river. We struck the stream at the spot where the Greek pilgrims bathe—the spot which is assigned by tradition to the baptism by the Precursor and of the Lord himself. It is a pleasant and pretty scene this hallowed spot. The river spreads out broader and shallower, and rushes over a gravel-bed, the forest recedes and leaves a grassy plot on the bank, on which a most comfortable bivouac can be made, and here we settled to rest until the great heat had passed away, and we could ride without fear of sun-stroke over the salty flats to our resting-place for the night.

We had our mid-day meal on the bank, and bathed in and drank the sweet muddy water of Jordan; we filled our tin flasks with it to bring back home; and our escort cut us straight sticks from the carob-trees as mementoes of our visit; so we passed away two delightful dreamy hours, till the sun began to sink, and we mounted to pursue our course to Jericho. Our ride was singularly unpleasant; the heat still scorching, seemed to strike up from the parched ground. Swarms of insects had come out for their afternoon exercise, and fed freely upon both ourselves and our horses, and the clumps of vegetation around Jericho seemed never to get nearer. At last we reached the wretched village of *Er Rîka*, which is the sole remains of what, in the time of the Incarnation, was a flourishing city hardly inferior to the capital. There is little evidence of its former greatness; now it consists of a few score of wretched hovels, inhabited by still wretcheder-

looking *fellahin*, who bear an odious reputation. Some slight memory of this Garden of the Lord remains in the groves around the village. Figs and vines still flourish, and there are whole thickets of the Nûbk, or Syrian thorn, with its cruel-looking spikes, the material, according to local tradition, of the crown of thorns. The district is well watered by the stream which flows from Ain-es-Sultân, the well of Elisha, supposed to be peculiarly fertilising, since the day on which the prophet cured the waters, and towards this we rode, intending to pass the night there.

We had a delightful place for our encampment. The spring bubbles up and forms a clear pool fringed with bushes at the foot of a hill covered with stones, which of old supported the terraces that bore vegetation up to its now dreary summit. We dined, and smoked, and chatted, and our escort tried to stalk jackals, and then we went to bed, to be devoured by mosquitoes. Better far had we bivouacked out in the midst of the salty plain than by this murmuring stream, which was evidently the rendezvous of the whole insect population. We were glad to be up early—long before daybreak—as our encampment took some time to get into marching trim, and we set out by starlight on our way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

What a thoroughfare this must have been when Herod the Idumæan reigned—when Priest, and Levite, and Samaritan—thief, and publican, and sinner—journeyed backwards and forwards from city to city, and He with the Traitor often trod it, staying with Lazarus at Bethany, with Zaccheus at Jericho! Now there is but one characteristic, perhaps, that remains—a reputation for deeds of violence.

Our road soon began to ascend, on the right, by the stony hills of Quarantania, the scene of the Temptation, from whence the view in those days must have taken in the great town of Jericho and its suburbs and villas lying at their feet, and the rich plain-country. We struck into a mountain defile of the same character as the Valley of Fire, the Wâdy Cherith, and as our thoughts the night before had been with Elisha, now they were with his greater fellow of Mount Carmel, Ahab-se-Ahab, Jezabel, and the Priests of Baal. It is almost painful to feel how rapidly all these gigantic associations crowd on the mind here, and how easily present circumstances, heat, a hard saddle, or the want of breakfast, displace them, for it is only after leaving the Holy Land one fully realises the privilege of a journey there.

Our ride was very sultry, the sun beating cruelly on the bare cliffs, and we stopped at the foot of the Mount of Olives for luncheon, at a ruined well which bears the reputation of being a rendezvous for thieves. We saw none, however; and having refreshed ourselves and our beasts, and escaped the very hottest part of the day, began to ascend the hill. In a short time we reached Bethany, which is now a wretched little hamlet with a squalid *fellah* population. The road thence is carried round the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and is remarkable for the suddenness with which the view of the city bursts upon one. At first, only the extreme angle of the wall of the Moriah enclosure and the dome of the Mosque of El Aksa are visible; then, on turning a corner, the whole city of David and the graceful group of buildings on Mount Moriah. It has recently been

surmised, with much plausibility, that it was along this approach—probably always the more frequented route to the capital from this side, rather than the steep path carried over the summit of the hill, past the scene of the Ascension—that the view of the splendid assemblage of buildings prompted our Lord to that affecting lamentation over the irremediable desolation so soon to fall on the city beneath. We could easily picture the varied beauty of the scene as it must then have presented itself: the gardens and villas without the walls, where now there is only stony desolation; the massive walls themselves, and Herod's three great fortresses, one of which, the tower of Hippicus, remains to charm the architect of this age even by its wonderful masonry; the glistening marble of the restored Temple, and its roof of golden pinnacles; and, above it, the citadel of Antonia, telling of national privileges lost for ever, and of Roman dominion.

Nothing can be more graceful than the general effect of the buildings which now cover the Temple area, the platform on which Islam has stamped itself over Judaism; the light arcades and fountains, the broad steps and the mosques themselves, especially that of Omar, with its marble and jasper adornment like a large jewel casket, with a cypress here and there completing the Mahomedan character of the sanctuary. The whole looks brilliant at a distance, although, like all Oriental splendour, somewhat shabby when examined in detail.

We rode down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its mosaic of tombs. Many a Jewish emigrant, from Poland especially, lies here in expectation of a grand rehabilitation of their nation's glory on this very spot, which the followers of Mohammed also assign as the place of the last judgment, and point out a broken pillar jutting from the wall of the Harâm over the gorge as the seat he will occupy on that occasion. We rode past Absalom's (so-called) tomb, and the other handsome sepulchres of Roman time, beneath the wall of Gethsemane and up to St. Stephen's Gate, and thence along the Way of Sorrow to our hotel. And so back again to ordinary traveller's life in this nineteenth century, guide-books, cicerones, tables-d'hôte, and discomfort, but with much laid up in our minds for future enjoyment and appreciation in those moments when we forget the world.

G.

## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MARRYAT.

## XII.

## A L O N E.

WE left Sybella on the point of quitting Wilmington, accompanied by Miss Saunders, for the apartments which that lady had recommended to her. It was with feelings of deep regret that she bid farewell to all the scenes of her early days.

She had been motherless from her birth, and at the tender age of five years had been confided by her remaining parent to the care of her mother's cousin, the late Mr. Travers.

Soon afterwards her father had sailed for the West Indies, and, dying out there rather suddenly, entrusted all his property to Mr. Gregson, with whom he had been for years connected; naming him sole trustee for his only child.

The pain she felt at leaving all she had known and loved since she could remember anything is not to be wondered at; for, even during the year she was in Italy, she always thought of Wilmington as her home, and alluded to her subsequent return to it as a certainty. Indeed, every nook and corner of the village, every roadside cottage, seemed like a familiar friend, now that she was about to leave it for ever.

The obnoxious grocer had not yet taken possession of the Hall; therefore, before finally quitting the place, one day was given up to a ramble over the grounds. "It seemed already in mourning for the loss of its last proprietor," remarked Sybella, as she wandered in company of Miss Saunders along the garden-walks.

Grass was making its appearance upon the once well-kept gravel paths, and rank weeds had sprung up apace and fought for supremacy with many of her favourite flowers. The weather had been wet and boisterous; and the roses, usually trained so carefully over the wire arches, trailed unheeded on the damp gravelly soil.

"You can pick as many as you please, ma'am, and welcome," said the man by whose permission they had gained access to the grounds. "Mr. Smith, from what I understand, ain't so partial to flowers as the late Mr. Travers was, and the last orders is to keep only a small portion of this as a flower-garden; the rest of it is to be laid down with grass for a paddock, I believe. Pick 'em, miss," he continued, seeing Miss Saunders wistfully eyeing the clusters of noisettes hanging in graceful disorder over her head; and suiting the action to the word, with clumsy gallantry he tore them off in handfuls, and tendered them for Sybella's acceptance.

"Do you know, I almost wish I had not come," remarked the latter, mournfully, as, laden with flowers, the two friends emerged from the large iron gates on to the Common. "Fancy the garden being turned into a paddock; the trees, I suppose, will be destroyed next. Well, good-bye, old place—good-by for ever!" she continued with a sigh, turning towards the gates again, and giving one more look at the chesnuts growing near them; and, in bidding farewell to the scenes of her child-

hood, Sybella was very nearly betrayed into the indulgence of that peculiar luxury of her companion, tears; when the sight of the floods beside her happily checked the desire.

Tears which flow so readily excite but little sympathy; and "idle tears" Sybella was beginning to be woman enough now to see the absurdity of. She had shed tears in plenty a year ago—tears of passion, wrung from her heart at the bitter disappointment of all her hopes of happiness in marriage. But though these could hardly be called "idle tears," they were not exactly "tears from the depth of some divine despair." Happily for her, although she had in some measure known disappointment and experienced sorrow, she knew not what it was to think with vain regret upon the "days that are no more."

"Oh! why should we sorrow for the past, dear Sawney?" she said, looking up again at the trees as they shone in the glory of the noontide sun; "the days that are gone we can never recal, dear friend; but I do not see why the future should not efface the past, if we ourselves will only allow it to do so. I don't think the past will ever trouble me," she rejoined, twining, as she spoke, the graceful little noisettes in a garland round her hat. "Of course I shall never forget my guardian," she went on to say, hastily removing the flowers, as if the childish act of placing them in contact with her crape surroundings would be disrespectful and unkind towards his memory. "But neither shall I regret him. He is happier far in heaven, and has been at least spared the sight of his son's penniless state. Yes, he must be happier, and I will be happy too, Sawney. It will do no one any good for me to wail over the past," said she, as they rose to take their departure.

Later in life, when real sorrow laid a fast and cruel hand upon her; when the mere thought of past happiness was painful, when in her anguish she almost gave herself up wholly to despair; she remembered her girlish remark, and then, instead of forgetting bygone days, she might well have exclaimed, "O death in life, the days that are no more."

We must suppose that over two months have elapsed since Sybella left Wilmington.

The desirable apartments so strongly recommended by her quondam governess were found on inspection to be wofully deficient in all the promised comforts, putting aside the luxuries, of life; and a two months' trial, during which Sybella was learning fast the hard lesson imposed upon those who have the misfortune to possess a very limited income, proved them to be the most uncomfortable of all imaginable abodes.

It was situated in a row, in the midst of a thickly-populated suburb, where privacy and a feeling of being *chez soi* was a thing to be longed for, but never obtained; and where, moreover, to add to the daily annoyances, the proprietress considered herself a lady, and therefore fully entitled (as she herself expressed it) to be treated as such; being "treated as such" implying that she expected to be placed by Mr. Travers on a footing of perfect equality with herself.

Acting under this supposition, Mrs. Kerrick, the landlady in question made no scruple of entering the little gaudy and ill-furnished sitting-room at all times and seasons, and when there of dropping into a chair with an air of intense languor. Her breath was extremely short, and the fatigue

consequent on mounting the high narrow stairs (as she was accustomed to remark) very trying; once the chair gained, accounts of the grandeur of former days would be enlarged upon freely, interlarded with the miseries consequent on her forlorn state of widowhood.

Miss Saunders she considered as a friend and equal, and Mrs. Travers was still so much of a child in appearance, that doubtless she would enjoy a little company sometimes, seeing they knew no one, and were so lonely!

"You know, Sawney, I never expected this," said Sybella one morning, as she stood at her easel, vainly attempting to catch a ray of light from the little cramped window before which she was placed. "I never expected, in paying for these rooms, that we should be paying for the pleasure of Mrs. Kerrick's society as well. I suppose she considers it a luxury over and above the original bargain, and so do I. Besides, you see, I can find no space for my painting, or anything else, in a chamber four feet square, blocked up, too, by marine curiosities at every turn. You say they are prized because she got them when at Ramsgate with her dear lamented husband; well, she had better keep them in her bedroom, that would be more sentimental by far. Now, Sawney, you are a dear good soul, but don't cry, for Heaven's sake. You did for the best, I know, and your friend means it all in kindness. I dare say I am irritable, I feel so myself; this suspense is unbearable.

"Each morning as I awake I wonder and wonder why I don't hear from my husband. *How* many times have I written? Four, is it not? I begin to feel something must be wrong, and if by the end of this week I don't hear, I shall look out for apartments either in town, or nearer to it than this. We should be happier there, Sawney, should we not? I never went to London in my life, except the day after we were married. I wonder if you and I could find out the club; at any rate, we could take a cab, and so get there, couldn't we? Just run to the post-office, there's a dear, good child, and inquire again; ask to see what letters are lying there; those men are so careless, and letters are sometimes overlooked."

Obedient to Sybella's wishes, poor Miss Saunders was speedily invested in the accustomed poke bonnet, set off to further advantage by a seedy-looking shawl, pinned all on one side. The title of "dear child" always caused a subdued smile to steal over her poor careworn countenance, making her look still less like a "dear child" than usual.

Sybella glanced at her lank figure as she crossed the road, then turned to her easel, but finding it impossible to continue her occupation on account of the waning light, seated herself in a chair not far from the window, and gave herself up, during the temporary absence of Miss Saunders, to the luxury of thought—an indulgence, *par parenthèse*, which she could rarely now enjoy, what with the continual presence of her governess and, worse still, her governess's friend.

She was beginning to perceive, now that it was almost too late, that what Captain Travers had told her (and which we know at the time had so much excited her wrath) was not very far from the truth; in fact, that her much-beloved but lachrymose Sawney would prove rather a nuisance than a comfort.

But Sybella, who had retained her childish predilection for her, had

forgotten that her poor weak governess would make but an indifferent companion to her now that her experience was greater, and her mind had become more enlarged by her marriage and contact with the world.

A daily and hourly communion with her for over two months, however, had taught her, to her great annoyance, how unsuitable and uncongenial a companion she was for her.

"Poor old Sawney! I cannot turn her adrift now," she reflected. "And after all, situated as I am, she is a sort of protection to me in the eyes of the world; besides, when my husband gets his appointment, she must, of course, take her departure."

The young wife sat for more than an hour, waiting patiently for the return of Miss Saunders, who, when she did come in, flurried and nervous from the rude manner in which she had been treated (as she averred) by the post-office people, brought no letter with her.

"Well, we must hope for to-morrow," sighed Sybella, wearily, as, again approaching her easel, she attempted, by the aid of the imperfect light of a pair of candles, to sketch in the figure of a child she had seen in the morning.

There are few of the minor vexations of life which disturb our serenity more than the non-arrival of a letter we are anxiously expecting, even though it may not be on a matter of vital importance.

Each time the quick, sharp tread of the postman is heard passing the door adds to our fruitless impatience. Stay, he is turning back—here it is at last! How slowly that servant answers the door! and why *will* he talk with the postman? And now, what does he mean by not bringing the letter up at once? We nearly break the bell in our anxiety. "The letters?" we ask, as John makes his appearance, twisting himself into his coat at the door. "The letters, John," we repeat, assuming an air of severe composure, as if our energetic summons was called forth by his dilatory conduct and not by our own impatience.

"Letters, 'm? There was only one letter, 'm; and please, 'm, that was for cook!" And John retires, fully avenged for the unmerited rebuke which had been conveyed to him by the sharp tongue of his mistress's bell.

In bygone days, when a pinafore, sticky hands, and a dirty face were the normal conditions of my existence, I was generally in the custody of an old she-dragon (in the form of an upper nurse), who guarded the regions appropriated to us children. No amount of happiness, not any number of years, will ever efface from my memory the terror she always inspired me with.

Often as with bent figure she was busily arranging and selecting articles from a large press in our chamber, have I imagined her a witch, and longed for the time when I should see her depart to some far-off clime astride on a broomstick, like the old woman in my picture-books, who went to "sweep cobwebs away from the sky."

Illness had confined her to her bed; and in an unguarded hour the keys were left dangling invitingly in the lock of this mysterious press I had never been allowed even to look inside it. Now was the time thought I, for a "rummage," as my brother termed it. My fear of nurse was great, but my curiosity was greater. Tremblingly I opened the recess, but found nothing to reward my temerity save an envelop-



tossed carelessly amidst sundry articles of old woman's gear. The date was ancient, and on the seal was printed, "Thank Rowland Hill for this." I turned it round and round, puzzled at the meaning of this strange inscription; but a key to the enigma was nowhere to be found, and not daring to ask for one, I might, perhaps, had I not gained information elsewhere, have remained for years in ignorance of it; believing, probably, in my wickedness, that nurse had received some letter of a clandestine nature—possibly a valentine—and that in order to inform her of the real name of the sender that method had been resorted to.

But do we always "Thank Rowland Hill for this"? As far as I am personally concerned, I can affirm with truth that I could willingly dispense with two-thirds of the missives sent to my address. The old system, at all events, did not hold out the same inducement as the present to the sundry Messrs. Jones, Thompson, &c., to inundate us with their prospectuses, and, worse than all, their "little accounts."

Neither did it allow "cook" to indulge in so voluminous a correspondence!

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"Now, Sawney, I have a plan to propose, and you must listen attentively, and then tell me what you think of it," said Sybella, one morning, when they were sitting on a bench in a sequestered part of Hyde Park, a few days after their removal to London.

"I begin to think, do you know, that with both our wise heads put together, we are not worth much at that abstruse science termed house-keeping.

"Ah, if I had had a mother, and had been born like most people without a large fortune in prospect, I might have done as well as other women; but the fact of being considered an heiress from my birth has been my misfortune. What is the consequence of it? Why, I positively don't know the proper price of one single article of food. Ever since you gave it up as a failure, I have tried to keep the accounts; but somehow, although everything I see appears so cheap when I order it, yet at the end of the week I am always in debt. Now, that will not do, you know; and, on reflection," continued she, putting her small, well-gloved hand up to her face, "I find that the weekly rent for these lodgings of ours is the stumbling-block. Besides, I really don't think (although you persisted in saying it was so) that we two can consume the quantity of things sent in by that butcher and grocer. I never saw a bill at the Hall, did you? The housekeeper managed all that, of course. Had I been brought up in a domestic manner, I should have known what to do; but as I don't, we must try and make the best of it.

"Now, my plan is this. I have been looking down all the list of unfurnished rooms to let in the *Times* to-day. I have copied out three or four, and this very morning we will go and have a search after a comfortable set of apartments.

"Four rooms, or five, at most, would do, wouldn't they? In that way I can obtain a painting-room, without hearing continually that the nasty smell spoils the damask curtains; and if I spill a pot of varnish over the sofa, as I did yesterday, why, I alone shall have to cry shame. We must, of course, have a servant, and I would rather have *her* to feed and pay

than the amiable landlady and her small family, which I feel convinced we do at present.

"No, of course I have never *seen* them eating our meat," she continued, pettishly, in answer to a murmured remark from the dejected Miss Saunders; "but all the same, I feel as sure that they do so as if I had detected them with it in their mouths; and, moreover, I'm not unjust, it's the truth I am saying, and we are keeping exactly eight persons instead of two.

"Now, it stands to reason that these unfurnished rooms will not amount to a quarter of what we are paying at present; and I intend drawing out enough of our money to enable us to buy necessary furniture, and then, Sawney, we must pinch ourselves to repay it all.

"A year will do it, if we only practise great economy at first, and once settled and quiet, away from these hateful lodgings, I shall set to work; and who knows but we may see Mrs. Travers's pictures in the Royal Academy one of these days?"

"I wish you did not cough so, old friend; it makes me quite sad to hear you at night. But never mind, when we have got into our new abode we shall both feel happier.

"Besides," she went on to say, dreamily, a few minutes later, "if *he* ever chooses to come and seek his wife again, it will be so much nicer for him to find me in a comfortable house; indeed, he never liked the idea of my living in lodgings, only I chose to do so—to my discomfort.

"I sometimes think this continual anxiety is wearing us both out, for your kind heart feels for me, I know. Fancy two whole months now since we parted, and not one line.

"Perhaps he is dead, or so regardless of me that he keeps away on purpose. I distinctly told him our new address on the day after we arrived. You took it to the post yourself; I recollect your going quite well, so it must have been delivered had he ever called to inquire.

"Sawney, I don't like the idea of going myself to that club, so you must do it, dear, some morning, as you promised, whilst I am painting. I will send you in a cab there. But come, we must hurry home; you look quite frozen, and I ought not to have kept you sitting so long, although the air is so mild," she continued, as they retraced their steps homeward.

Sybella only spoke the truth when she said that these months of continual anxiety were telling upon her health. Severely had she taken herself to task, during the time she had had for reflection, for the wilful childish conduct she had adopted towards her husband, and she felt keenly how faulty and how unforgiving had been her behaviour at Florence.

She nobly forgot all his harshness, and, worse than harshness, his daily neglect, and she condemned herself, and not him, in her remorse.

"I know I never loved him as I ought to have done," she said; "that I soon enough found out. The fact of his indifference taught me the bitter lesson. But did I ever once reflect, during the whole year of our union, that when I vowed to love him at the altar before God—when I made that sacred promise, I did so without any reservation? No unkindness on his part could release me from my vow.

"I have been no better than a human weathercock; when he, like the wind, shifted, so did I. Instead of behaving as I swore I would, I took

my standard of action from him ; but had I only acted up to what I professed before God, even had he hated me, he must have respected and honoured me for it.

"And now again, by my perverse, wicked conduct, I have probably driven him from home. Each succeeding day shows me plainly that I have never yet loved him, but each day also shows me more plainly where my duty lies.

"Yes! I will" (and Sybella asked God in her heart to strengthen her), "I will, during his absence, live in every way as if he were my loved and honoured husband ; and whenever he comes back, I will be ready to meet him with open arms. I will renounce all my pettishness and folly ; I will try and forget that he hates me ; and if love is denied me, I can still be a faithful, good wife, and render his home happy.

"Who knows ? By so doing love may come at last. It has done so to others, and why not to me?"

But as she ended her reflections, and mentally recorded her vow to be submissive and gentle for the future, a chill feeling somehow crept over her ; no thrill of happiness ran through her frame at the idea of regaining her husband's love, or of eventually loving him herself ; she shuddered at the indescribable sensation, but it did not alter her resolve one atom, for Sybella was a woman now, and all her childish feelings had vanished.

She was not only a woman in ideas and mind, but was endowed with intellectual qualities far superior to what one ordinarily meets with in her sex. She was alone in the world, without a companion, without a friend, for Miss Saunders did not possess qualifications of a sufficiently high standard to allow her to lay claim to either of these titles. The latter entertained as strong an affection for Sybella as her weak nature would permit, but was not competent to guide her in one single instance. Whatever her pupil suggested, she acquiesced in as a matter of course.

Thus it happened that at the age of eighteen, Sybella, the once wild, joyous girl, found herself almost alone amidst the perils and temptations which more or less surround every young woman in this world who is left without a proper protector.

She also had trials to encounter from her poverty, and trials from the foolish habits of her chosen friend. She was wedded to a man whom her heart told her she could not love or respect as a husband ought to be respected (a conviction which she strove hard to repress), and had neither had a mother to guide her youthful mind, nor had heard word from the lips of any one she could reverence to teach her wayward disposition wherein the right path lay.

Nevertheless, thrown now, as we may say, on her own resources, her spirit rose as the difficulties of her position increased, and she determined boldly to trample beneath her the thorns which beset her path.

Perhaps her very loneliness proved her friend, for she felt that if strength and firmness were now needed, she had but her own to rely on. She happily, however, had health, and, what sometimes proves almost a greater blessing than health to those destitute of this world's goods, a light-hearted buoyancy of spirits which generally caused all minor evils to be cast aside and forgotten. She chose her path, and, young as she was, girded up her loins and went on her way steadfast in her resolve

and even though she might have to wage war against dire temptations and trials, her noble, truthful disposition felt no fear at the prospect of encountering them.

Sybella on that morning had formed her plan of action. Thanks to her energetic efforts, she was not long in finding a desirable residence. Day after day she had dragged the lymphatic Miss Saunders up and down the staircases, and in and out of the houses which had appeared eligible in the advertisements.

They had succeeded at last in obtaining part of a house in Brompton, the favourite locale of artists of all kinds. Here Sybella would be in her element, and "close to the Kensington Museum," she remarked, joyfully, to her companion on the evening on which the bargain was concluded.

The necessary arrangements did not occupy much time; and one month from the morning on which she had intimated to Miss Saunders her intention of making this revolution in their small *ménage*, saw them settled in No. 24, Hilda-road, South Kensington.

It was a semi-detached house, of rather more imposing appearance than they had lately been accustomed to. Very white and clean-looking outside, and exhibiting a lavish display of stucco; but the less we say about the depth of brickwork the better, as Miss Saunders observed, after they were fairly established.

There was some foundation for this remark, for every sound from next door could be heard as plainly as if it were in their own apartments. The plate-glass windows and all the usual accessories now-a-days essential to modern buildings were not, however, wanting. A large portico and numerous stone steps led up to the entrance, which, when opened, revealed a narrower and rather darker passage than the outward appearance of the house would have led one to suppose.

"Well, doesn't it all look nice?" exclaimed Sybella, emerging from her painting-room, where she had been busy all the morning arranging her easels and other apparatus. "The light is capital from this bow-window; it only wants a green curtain, and it will be perfect. What do you think of it, Sawney?" she continued, tapping her companion playfully with her mahl-stick on the back.

Of course Miss Saunders was in raptures; had it been discomfort itself, she would have acquiesced and even enjoyed it, poor sympathising soul! The sight of Sybella's radiant face was sufficient to send her into transports. "I suppose the feeling of possession *must* be an agreeable one," she went on to say; "for, do you know, I feel foolishly elated at all this. Independently of the amount of comfort we shall enjoy, I like to think that all these things belong to us. I never took any interest in chairs and tables before, but these, somehow, I love already. Now, don't lean your hair, Miss Sawney, so heedlessly against that crimson chair until we have it properly covered—and don't look so dreadfully penitent about it," continued she, as poor Sawney started in dismay. And Sybella threw back her little head and indulged in a childish peal of laughter at her own words. "I have never had anything that was *really* my own in my life," resumed she, "except, of course, my clothes. Although I had all I wanted (and more, indeed, thanks to my guardian's kindness), nothing was my own; and now this is all our own—our very own, Sawney."

Sybella always very carefully avoided any allusion which would tend

to make her friend think that they were not on an equality, or which could remind her that the income she possessed was not a mutual affair. She had too much delicacy of feeling, whilst keeping another, to let her for an instant perceive that she was aware of the fact.

About a week after they had established themselves at Brompton, a cab one morning deposited Miss Saunders at the foot of the broad stone steps of one of the principal clubs in Pall-Mall. The mission she was bent upon had rendered her fearfully nervous, and, in a state of great excitement, omitting in her flurry to ask the driver to await her return, she commenced ascending the steps with a palpitating heart. Several gentlemen happened to be congregated near the entrance, and as the advent of fluttering garments generally causes a little excitement in these quarters, so not more than three steps had been reached by the unfortunate spinster before she was painfully aware that she was the observed of all these observers.

"What shall I do?" almost gasped poor Sawney, in her nervousness, as one gentleman more enterprising, or perhaps more short-sighted, than the rest, quietly removed a half-consumed cigar, and, fixing his eye-glass in his right eye, commenced a leisurely survey of her charms.

It was blowing hard; and Boreas, who ought to have taken into consideration the presence of so many of the opposite sex, and have spared a lady's feelings on such an occasion, exhibited a larger share than usual of his proverbial lack of courtesy, causing his victim to lose all control over her thin gauze veil and not over ample garments.

"By Jove!" murmured one of the youngest of the assembled heroes, after he had watched her painful ascent with great interest, "what on earth can that antiquated damsel want here? She is evidently bent on something, but doesn't seem to know how to set about it. Here, Talbot," he said, a few moments afterwards, to a fair, military-looking man who was ascending the steps, "I think a young lady is inquiring for you—rather a pretty girl too, by Jove! You're in luck, old fellow; she is, no doubt, cross-examining the porter at this moment. Shall I do the honours for you, if you are busy?" And keeping a serious look upon his countenance until he saw his friend disappear through the door in search of the damsel, the young cornet, who was ever ready with a joke, began descending the steps laughing heartily, as he disappeared in the direction of the War Office, at the capital sell he had contrived for his friend Talbot.

"What do you want?" grumbled out the porter, raising the little square of glass in front of him. "Who did you say? Captain Travers? Yes, he does belong to the club."

"Has he called for his letters lately?—and could you favour me with his address?" almost whispered the agitated Miss Saunders, lowering her veil as she spoke. "I wish very much to know it."

Had Miss Saunders possessed any skill in physiognomy, she might, as she finished speaking, have detected on the face of the surly well-fed official an expression which said, "Don't you wish you may get it?" as clearly as if he had uttered the words.

But he only replied, "'Tain't customary to give gentlemen's addresses unless they leaves orders to do so." And abruptly cutting off all further communication between them, left poor Miss Saunders *planté là*.

She gave a sigh of despair as she turned in the direction of the door. Her disappointment was really great, for in her affection for Sybella she had built hopes on the success of this mission in search of her recreant husband. Any news, she had argued, would be better than suspense; and now she was compelled to return without even having had the consolation of knowing whether the letters had been received or not.

Turning to retrace her steps, she almost fell into the arms of Captain Talbot, who, from what his friend had told him, was anxiously looking for the fair lady who had been inquiring after him.

The shriek of the astonished vestal, and the absence of her gossamer covering, which a sudden opening of the hall-door caused to be blown aside, revealed to the disgusted *militaire* the trick which had been played him.

Releasing himself from his burden, without even vouchsafing a word of condolence, he turned and sought the door, vowing in his heart to make that young scamp, his informant, pay well for his love of jokes when next he saw him.

How Miss Saunders ever found a cab, or got safely home after this morning's perils, was never clearly known even to herself. The agitated recital which greeted Sybella on rushing to meet her on her return was lost upon her in her anxiety to hear news of her husband. All that the unhappy girl understood was, that the mission upon which she had centred her hopes had been resultless, and that henceforth there was nothing left for her but to resign herself to the daily anxiety she had been in the habit of enduring for months already; hoping against hope for the tidings which never came.

### XIII.

#### SICK-ROOM REFLECTIONS.

THE green room at Fernside had been originally fitted up as a sitting-room, but was seldom used by the family, and in the winter it was rarely entered, except for the purpose of airing and cleaning, when one of the housemaids would give an occasional look round, and remove the dust collected on the most conspicuous parts of the furniture.

In summer, however, it was not quite so deserted, for Gabrielle would sometimes pass an hour or two in that apartment arranging the fresh flowers with which she delighted to adorn all available places.

Certainly, if the walls and furniture had been gifted with speech, they would have testified their astonishment at the unwonted bustle and confusion which had reigned there during the last four weeks.

The surgeon, after pronouncing Captain Travers out of danger, left him entirely to the care of Mr. Watson and Colonel Munroe, who rode over to Fernside frequently during his illness; and both these gentlemen were unremitting in their exertions to relieve the monotony which the confinement to a sick-room always entails upon a convalescent.

The month of September had now quite gone by, and the shooting-party—which had been prematurely broken up on account of the accident—had long taken their departure.

Mr. Watson had not experienced any very poignant regret at this. Sport, as it is conducted in England, he found on trial was not nearly so

satisfactory as tiger-shooting from a howdah, and he perfectly subscribed to the remark which Captain Travers had made when he joined the party—that they made a toil of a pleasure.

October had set in wet, cold, and stormy. The second summer, which our variable climate sometimes condescends to permit us to enjoy about this season, seemed unlikely to make its appearance, as the wind in rough, angry gusts, and the rain in deluging showers, fought day after day for supremacy.

It was the dinner-hour at Fernside. The second bell, followed by the creaking of the servants' shoes as they bore in the dishes, and the rustle of their dresses as the ladies emerged from their bedrooms, made known to Captain Travers the important fact that the family had all assembled, or were about to assemble, in the dining-room.

His long confinement within the narrow limits of his apartment, coupled with an illness which, whilst it prostrated the body, seemed to sharpen in a wonderful manner the perceptive faculties, had rendered him exquisitely alive to everything that passed in the household.

The room in which he was lying was situated almost at the foot of the wide staircase leading to the upper chambers; consequently, every one had to pass his door during the day, and, as he lay and listened to their footsteps, he fancied that he could easily recognise those of Gabrielle, and even distinguish the rustle of her dress. He sometimes imagined that he could detect a sigh, as with a slight pause she would linger for a second on the last step in descending the stairs, loth, perhaps, to leave the vicinity of the sick-room without having assured herself that all was well with its occupant.

A large screen had been placed in the invalid's room by Mr. Watson's order, so that on opening the door the interior of the room was entirely hid from the gaze of the passers-by.

Captain Travers had just been dozing over a book, when he heard the light step of Gabrielle as she rushed quickly down the stairs on her way to the dining-room. She was late that day, and did not pause an instant as she passed, and he sighed wearily as the thought crossed him that more than an hour must elapse before he could, as usual, hear the soft tones of her voice, or listen to the laugh which would sometimes echo through the wide hall as she passed across it with her sisters-in-law on their way to the drawing-room.

The fitful light from the fire cast its reflection over the different objects scattered in confusion about the apartment—now throwing them into the deepest shade, and now, as the flame burst out afresh, lighting up the whole chamber.

He lay for some time in a dreamy state, almost unconscious of external things. The weakness consequent on his long confinement cast a feeling of languor over his entire frame. The couch on which he had been placed so hastily on the memorable evening of his accident was simply a small iron bedstead, which had been brought in as a makeshift for the occasion. It faced the window, and in the eyes of its occupant the faint light of the departing day, as it shone through the casement, looked grey and cold in contrast with the ruddy hue reflected from the cheerful gleam of the fire. Externally, that portion of the house was adorned with creepers, which trailed in graceful branches, here and there, beyond the boundaries originally allotted to them, and formed fan-

tastic shadows as the rough October wind blew them wildly against the panes of glass with a sharp, tapping noise.

The sick man raised his eyes languidly and glanced across the room, every single article of which had become as familiar to him as if he had been in the habit of gazing at it for years.

At that moment the fire sent forth a blaze, and lighted up in fanciful gleams the paper on the opposite wall, the pattern of which represented trellices of vine and other creepers, curiously mingled with foreign birds and butterflies of all descriptions.

How he hated the big blue macaw perched just in front of him, with its hideous hooked bill opened widely, in the act of snapping at a harmless gadfly as it flew past!

"Why the deuce doesn't he eat it, and have done with it at once?" he soliloquised, with the fretfulness of an invalid, closing his eyes again to avoid, if possible, the irritating object.

But it was of no use; the everlasting blue macaw, larger even and more intensely blue than in reality, was reflected with a most vexatious clearness on the retina.

A hat, which he had recognised as belonging to Gabrielle, was suspended, just opposite, from a nail in the wall—a large broad-brimmed hat, fancifully encircled with a wreath of summer roses; the roses all withered and dead with the length of time it had hung there unused and forgotten.

This caused his thoughts to revert to her; indeed, during the whole time of his illness, her form, her voice, and, more than that, the agonised expression of her tearful eyes as she bent in anguish over his almost inanimate body on the day of his accident, had rarely been absent from them.

Many were the hours of wakefulness which the reflection on the incidents of that day had occasioned him, and a struggle had been going on within him, which tended to banish sleep and, in some measure, to retard his recovery.

Mr. Watson, in his stiff, cold manner, had been unremitting in his kindness and attentions towards his invalid guest. Hour after hour would he sit by his bedside or in the sick-chamber, ever ready to converse, read aloud, or be silent, as the patient might feel inclined.

But how often would the revolting desire take possession of the fevered brain of the latter to spring up and grapple with his unsuspecting companion, and annihilate him!

How hateful were his attentions! The very tone of his voice jarred upon his weakened nerves; but he was helpless, and the very thought of his helplessness, and of his horrible ingratitude towards the man who had testified so much sympathy for him, whose bread he was then eating, and whose roof sheltered him, well-nigh drove him mad, as hour after hour he tossed restlessly on his bed.

There are very few altogether bad—very few who in moments of reflection do not, for the time at least, allow their better feelings to predominate.

And so it happened with this miserable sinner, who, as he recovered strength and his judgment became cooler, determined, as far as it lay in his power, to undo the mischief which he knew too well his visit had created, and to abstain for the future from all intimacy with Gabrielle.



It was not that his love for her was one atom diminished—indeed, as he regained his bodily health, it seemed to become stronger. He yearned for her presence, and yet dreaded the temptation; moreover, Captain Travers, sinful as were his thoughts, had too true a sense of what was due from him as a gentleman towards his host not to feel his position acutely. The bitter thoughts became even more bitter as the form of Gabrielle—looking as when he last saw her—would persist, much as he tried to chase the image away, in rising before him, coupled with the stiff, hateful figure of her husband ever by her side.

“Directly I can get off this accursed bed I must leave the place,” cried he. “Hang it, I have been compelled to accept attentions and hospitality which gall and irritate me to the quick, and all I have to tender in return is hatred to the man himself, and, what he would like still less, love for his wife. At any rate, he could never say I stole her love from him; I couldn’t steal what was never his. But I will bid adieu to Gabrielle and Fernside for ever. Would to God I had never set my foot in it!”

And having arrived at this wise and proper decision (whatever faith he might have had in his own strength to abide by it), the fact rendered him more tranquil; and by the time Mr. Watson had left his wine, and entered the chamber to make the usual inquiries after his guest, Captain Travers received him quite graciously.

The reflection that we have acted up to our ideas of duty is always a more or less pleasing one; and a satisfied, resigned expression stole over the invalid’s countenance as he listened to the prosy conversation of his matter-of-fact and un congenial host.

“Well,” concluded the latter, before he quitted the room, “I think, from what Doctor Jones said this morning, that in all probability in a day or so you may be moved on to a couch, which he advises should be wheeled alongside of your bed, and then we shall soon get you on your legs again. Your accident has caused quite a sensation, and both my sisters have shown great concern about it. They have been suggesting that, once upon the sofa, a little female society might be an agreeable change for you, and they desired me to say that they will themselves be very glad to relieve the monotony of your invalid chamber by sitting with you in turn, and conversing or reading aloud for an hour or two every day.”

Captain Travers, as he murmured his thanks for the unexpected offer made so benignly by his host, passed his hand through his hair (which, grown long since his illness, hung in thick masses over his broad forehead), to conceal, if possible, the smile lurking on his lips at the favour offered so freely for his acceptance.

But another feeling besides that of derision had flashed across his mind ere he replied to his host: “The demoiselles Watson might not always be alone! Would *she* be permitted to come?” And if so, what would he not endure to be in her society again!

“I am going so soon that it can do no harm,” he speciously argued. “My mind is quite made up to leave directly I am out of the bed; indeed, I shall ask Jones the first thing to-morrow how soon I may be moved with any degree of safety, and tell him that urgent affairs require my presence elsewhere.”

As this passed through his mind, he looked up, and addressed his host

in a more gratified tone than he otherwise, perhaps, might have done, saying that the society of the Miss Watsons would be an inestimable boon to a poor weary invalid—with the mental reservation, however, that unless Mrs. Watson accompanied the old tabbies sometimes, he should feel strongly inclined (even at some personal risk) to abbreviate still further the period which his good resolutions had determined him to put to his visit.

And did his thoughts, during the long hours he had passed alone, never once turn to Sybella?

They did, and frequently; for the form of his unloved, uncared-for wife would often rise up and place itself side by side with that of Gabrielle—generally, too, at the time when he least desired it—but the sight, or rather vision, of the small, fragile figure, with the large, earnest eyes and firm, self-willed mouth, did not call forth any feelings either of contrition or affection. He was satisfied with having divided his remaining income with her. Selfish and bad as he was, he would never allow his wife to want whilst he had money, for he had the instincts of a gentleman in that respect.

He was perfectly unaware of his wife's change of abode, or of her anxiety at not hearing from him; he imagined that, until he could return the bearer of good news, she was indifferent to his presence. Sybella, too, he argued, had in her perversity chosen a companion much against his will and inclination.

She was not only safe from privations, therefore, but safe in the maternal care of Miss Saunders. Directly, however, the appointment he had applied for before he left London should be obtained, he would rejoin her, and taking her abroad with him, would live a life of peace and decorum.

Perhaps a little of his selfishness had been driven out of him by his illness. Who knows? At any rate, he had not looked into Gabrielle's eyes for more than a month when he arrived at this pious and wise resolve.

"Doctor Jones tells me you are getting tired of your present quarters, and want to leave on urgent private affairs," said Colonel Munroe, laughingly, a morning or two afterwards. "Now, be advised, Travers, there's a good fellow, it's a thing not to be thought of; any imprudence at this moment may undo the work of a whole month. Besides, Watson will be dreadfully put out; he is talking over the matter with Jones at present; he wants to run up to town himself to-morrow for a few days, and of course you can't be moved before he returns. Have patience for a week or two longer, and you'll be as strong on your legs as ever," he added, shaking his friend's hand, as he turned to leave the room.

Captain Travers raised himself, and listened attentively till he heard the door close from behind the screen, and the military tread of Colonel Munroe (as he proceeded to join Doctor Jones and his host in the dining-room) die away in the distance. He then flung himself back on his couch, and gave a sigh of relief at the unexpected reprieve just announced so suddenly by his visitor. He had informed Doctor Jones the morning, in a firm, decisive manner, of his intention to leave at once, and the latter had, apparently, offered no opposition; he had argued, in fact, that opposition coming from himself might not be so well received,

perhaps, as if he placed the matter in the hands of one of the friends of his patient.

So the necessity for prolonging his visit came quite unexpectedly to Captain Travers; and still more unexpectedly the news that his host was himself going up to town for a day or two.

He had now, he considered, done his best to carry out his good resolutions; he had, so to speak, offered the *amende honorable*; and his intentions had been frustrated in a manner which allowed him to stay on without any self-reproach.

With these consoling reflections, Captain Travers turned to the small table which stood at his bedside, and was about to while away the time with a book or a paper, when Miss Maria entered the room.

It was the second time that this lady had comforted him with her presence; and had she not been the bearer of the welcome news that Mrs. Watson, if well enough, would shortly pay him a visit, he would have at once consigned her in his heart to "where good manners will not let me tell,"—a place, in fact, to the paving of which he had, I fear, of late, been largely contributing.

"Has Mrs. Watson been ill?" he inquired, earnestly, hardly waiting until she had done speaking. "I was not aware of it."

"Well, scarcely what can be called ill," simpered Miss Maria, handing him some fruit which she had brought with her, but which she omitted to inform him had been gathered by Gabrielle herself that morning, and sent to him by her.

Perhaps, had he been aware whose fingers had been employed in arranging them, he might not so fastidiously have picked out the finest bunch of grapes only, leaving the rest untouched.

Miss Watson sat down, and to divert him commenced a conversation, which she endeavoured to make light and amusing, but in vain. The invalid was becoming too terribly bored to respond, and, being too weak to sustain the attempts to appear interested, which courtesy required, his head sank back on the sofa pillow, and his eyes closed with a look of extreme languor. One reads and hears a good deal of the *rapproch* which exists between different persons. Sympathy of feeling is supposed to draw people so firmly together, that (like the Siamese twins, whose pulses keep the same time, and whose hearts beat in unison), when the one is under the influence of any predominant idea, the other must also in some way be subject to it.

It possibly may be so, but it still more possibly may only exist in certain imaginative minds, already biased by the strong desire to believe it possible.

Thus Captain Travers often, during the weary hours of his illness, believed that he was conscious of Gabrielle's proximity, without any other evidence than that which could have been supplied by the existence of some such mysterious sympathy.

But if he had imagined this he was about to be quickly undeceived, for before his weary eyes had been closed half a second, and whilst Miss Watson was still expatiating on the delights (in anticipation) of a ball at the barracks, Gabrielle had entered noiselessly, and standing at the head of his couch, behind her sister-in-law, was looking earnestly at his thin, pale face, rendered still more pale by the contrast of the crimson sofa

pillow upon which it reclined, without his being aware in the least degree of her presence.

A minute afterwards, Miss Maria's attention being drawn to her charge, she perceived that her innocent prattle, if it had not given him amusement, at least had given him rest. So she rose to leave the room, intimating at the same time to Gabrielle that it would be better not to disturb him; but in a whisper so loud, that it roused Captain Travers effectually to a sense of what was taking place.

Often during the last few days, that is, ever since he had entertained a hope of her visiting him in his sick-room, had he pictured to himself that meeting—how she would look, what she would say, which of the spinsters would be present with prying eyes to witness their first interview; but now that the longed-for moment had arrived, it came so unexpectedly, that the sound of her voice and touch of her hand caused such confusion in his ideas, that he scarcely found words for a common-place reply to her inquiries respecting his health.

"Much better, thank you," at last he replied; adding, "you, too, are better, I hope?"

Gabrielle scarcely answered; she was listening attentively to the sound of her husband's voice, as he conversed in a subdued tone with Maria in the hall.

She had not anticipated a *séance* alone with Captain Travers, and her heart beat audibly at being thus unexpectedly left alone with him.

"Surely Maria will return quickly," she thought; and the direction in which her eyes hurriedly glanced was not lost upon her companion.

She was still standing near the sofa—near enough, in fact, to enable him to take her hand by slightly extending his own.

At the look which she had cast towards the door, Captain Travers was moved; he understood it, and determined to reassure her at once.

"Gabrielle," he whispered, retaining her hand, "don't be afraid. I will never again offend you. I can't help loving you, but I will never more allude to it. You will try to trust me, won't you?" And seeing her large eyes filling with tears as she bent down in answer to his appeal, and assured him that she would rely on him, and trust him, he sealed the treaty by impressing a fervent kiss upon the hand he still held, and murmured, as he was interrupted by the return of Miss Watson, "Let that be our compact, then."

Gabrielle quitted the room, intensely relieved. Sensible that she had completely laid bare her heart to Captain Travers during that eventful drive from Grantham, the fear lest he might be led to act upon the knowledge he had thus acquired had oppressed her ever since.

That fear was now removed, and she felt grateful to him for his present conduct.

Never, since the ill-omened day of her marriage, had she been in such high spirits, and poor Gabrielle fancied she was happy; and so she was, if the false kind of excitement she was now indulging in could be called happiness. The only man she ever loved had been rescued from death's door. She had the assurance that he had loved her always; and though she had even been weak enough to allow him to perceive the state of her own feelings towards him, he was of too noble a nature to use the power it gave him over her!

Not for worlds would she give up the consolation of having had his love; it was her only happiness, and now she might dwell on it without fear! So dreamed Gabrielle; and if it ever entered her imagination that to cherish thoughts like these was only one step removed (if it were even that) from actual guilt, the doubt was quickly repressed.

She lived in, and for the present, always feverish, always excited.

Had Captain Travers avowed his love, and solicited a return at their first meeting, it would have been the very best thing that could have happened for her ultimate welfare. He would assuredly have been repulsed, and have had to quit her presence for ever.

But as it was, intoxicated by her love, and blinded by his forbearance, foolish Gabrielle played on the brink of a precipice, banishing all thought of the future from her mind.

## BUMPTIOUSNESS.

"Bumptiousness" will, we hope, be found in all future editions of English dictionaries. It is a capital word, conveying in its sound almost as good an intimation of its meaning as could be compressed into an ordinary definition. Bumptiousness is an inflation of the mind, a disease analogous to "bumps" upon the body—"unhealthy and repulsive swellings or protuberances." We use the word in describing the manners and feelings of the man who is not wise enough to see that real importance is self-supporting, and who is therefore continually at strife with his neighbours through his exertions to maintain a dignity which, in whatever degree it may actually belong to him, will take very good care of itself.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride :  
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

Bumptiousness is a weakness or vice which is exhibited on various grounds; and happily it can be illustrated as well by pleasant contrasts as by disagreeable examples. Its most common form is purse-pride; yet, although so general, this is held to be so vulgar that comment upon it seems hardly worth while. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of putting upon record the following instance in which purse-pride met with a ludicrous retribution. The only liberty taken with the facts is the change of names, the initial letters being, however, necessarily unaltered.

Mr. Bumblebee's father was a respectable tradesman, whose business since his death has been carried on for the benefit of his widow and family. The Bumblebee *firm*, of whom we are about to tell, had the benefit of a good start as a city merchant on a small scale; and, although never known to evince any disgust at the money produced for him at the parent shop, he conceived a rapidly-increasing disgust for the establish-

ment itself. He objected to his wife's ever calling there to see his mother, and he very rarely visited the place himself. When the good old soul, the Dowager Bumblebee, wished to visit her upstart son, she was desired to hire a fly for the purpose; because, of all common-place things, there was none which Mr. Bumblebee abominated more than the sight of a *cab* being driven up to his little villa. We need hardly add that when Mrs. Bumblebee, with that devoted love that only mothers know, condescended to humour her son's stupid pride, it never occurred to him to pay the expense of the fly, or even the difference between the cost of it and that of the detested *CAB*.

Mr. Bumblebee became the father of a boy—to his own delight, very probably, but to the great misfortune, we should think, of the boy, who was to be brought up under the influence of such puffy grandeur. In the absence of his father, this infant Bumblebee was taken suddenly and most dangerously ill; and as his mother held strict notions respecting the baptismal regeneration of infants, she sent hastily for the clergyman to perform the rite of private baptism. Upon the father's return home, his wife explained the circumstances, and showed him the baptismal certificate—"Charles Adolphus Bumblebee." "Charles Adolphus!" he exclaimed, "why, I told you Adolphus Charles! Oh, Mary, Mary, what have you done! Charles Adolphus Bumblebee—C. A. B.! why, as long as the boy lives he'll be called *CAB*!"

Bumptiousness, grounded upon superiority of rank, is of much the same nature as that last spoken of. Pride on account of necessity should surely have been extirpated when Tennyson wrote his "*Lady Clare Vere de Vere*:"

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent,  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Yet bumptiousness on the part of those who hold high social rank is the least unreasonable, because of the power which the rank confers; but it is just because of the reality of the power that this sort of bumptiousness is the most rare.

Some years ago we had occasion to call upon an English earl. It is true we did not go with a begging-letter, or, indeed, to ask him any favour at all. Still our business was so simple, and the time it would occupy was so short, that if he had kept us standing opposite to him, we should not have thought it at all extraordinary or unreasonable. Indeed, if we were guided by the standard of one or two of our bumptious acquaintances, we should be satisfied that there was no position in the room less elevated than the sideboard which it would have been proper for his lordship to have taken up. How they would have stared when, with the quiet air that would be natural to a gentleman upon a friendly introduction—with an affability that presented no appearance of either effort or condescension—he walked to a corner of the room, and brought a chair for us to the side of his own! He knew that to put on importance would be vulgar and stupid; and he knew, too, that, by acting otherwise, he did not lessen his power of assuming the rigidity of his rank, if any one were so foolish as to presume upon his courtesy.

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the

king." Eh? "Honour all men. . . . Honour the king?" We read them both in the same breath; we write them with the same dip of ink! The self-same verb is used in both instances. Here is a poser for bumptious people; for those who toady to the high, and are vainly pompous towards the poor. The consideration to be shown to a king is, after all, only an extra portion of the consideration that is due to all. The difference is in measure, not in kind; but if any might be excepted from this honour, it is those who do not show it—just as intolerant people have obviously no right to claim toleration.

The appropriateness of the anecdote must be our apology, if any is needed, for referring to the oft-told tale of Sir Philip Sydney, who, after receiving his death-wound, declined a draught of water in favour of a common soldier borne past him in the last agonies of dissolution. For our own part, we admire not so much his fortitude in the face of death, for that has been often seen; nor yet his self-denial, when regarded apart from the man upon whom the generous favour was conferred; but what we admire intensely is the utter reverse of bumptiousness which he displayed. For he refused the cool draught not in favour of a suffering friend or a wounded officer, but for the sake of a common soldier—a "fellow" of whom scores could be impressed. Though inheriting his father's rank, and living in an age when right had much less chance against might than in the present day, he recognised in the humble soldier a brother. Their parts on earth were played out, and they were both flitting to a state wherein the hollow distinctions of external rank theretofore observable between them would be unrecognised—cared for as little as whether in a dead dog we notice the ragged back of a St. Giles's cur, or the coddled loins of a Belgravian poodle. It is dog and dog, man and man, after all.

All the distinctions of this little life  
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.

How grand is he who foresees this so clearly that it influences not simply his dying hour, but the whole tenor of his life; who is seen to be "the perfect gentleman" by the uniformity (at least, when unprovoked) of his manners and tone of voice to all with whom he comes in contact, whether rich or poor, servant or employer. This is no fanciful ideal. We have met such not unfrequently; and those whose outward demeanour is of this kind, are always the readiest to be just in their dealings and generous in their sympathies, the least selfish, the most benevolent.

We know one who receives his six or seven hundred a year in a large public office, where, if he were bumptiously disposed, there are only three or four others whom he would consider as of sufficient standing to converse with. Yet he shows equal regard to all who do nothing to forfeit it; and the families of the messengers, and their sicknesses and their wants, are the objects of his cordial inquiries and kind consideration. And why should it not be so? The burden of proof surely lies upon those who fancy it should not.

The wheels of business would whirl round more smoothly, and more rapidly, too, if this sympathising conduct was more general on the part of masters of all kinds towards those whom they employ. We know a

gentleman who feels this so thoroughly, and practises it so consistently, that a "servants' party" at Christmas has been an institution of the house. He has even arrived at the conclusion that it is rather desirable that a servant-girl should have a recognised and respectable beau than not. Indeed, to one of his domestics a guardsman of ascertained respectability is an authorised visitor; and when the officers of his regiment—good fellows that they were—got up a ball for their men at St. James's Hall, Mary was sent there dressed for the occasion in her young mistress's opera-cloak. A windfall of three hundred pounds has not tempted her to leave a family in which she is treated with kindness and consideration.

In a work on "British Husbandry," one—probably the most neglected—of the very valuable series of books published as the Library of Useful Knowledge, the following remark occurs, which, if not so applicable now as it was thirty years ago, is still a great deal too much so:

"Nothing is more remarkable than the overbearing behaviour which the middle class of Englishmen—especially of the *agricultural class*—generally exhibit towards their inferiors."

At a small railway station in Normandy we saw a *blouse* lounging upon the crossing gate, and a Frenchman, whom we in England should describe as a gentleman "most respectably dressed," wished to make an inquiry of him, and before doing so raised his hat. Now it is hardly an English custom for one man to raise his hat to another, even if his equal in worldly position, and we see no sufficient reason for desiring that the custom should prevail; but in France, where it is the practice for gentlemen to lift their hats to each other, it charmed us very much in the instance we have named to see that, even towards a man so much his "inferior," this French gentleman felt none of the bumptiousness which we have seen not a few times displayed in country places in England towards agricultural labourers; they are bellowed at across the road, and, it may be, sworn at, if the poor clowns do not understand a question, or cannot give an intelligent answer. Let no one say that, if French gentlemen treat peasants and inferiors with courtesy, they only foster the revolutionary spirit often displayed in that country, and encourage the cries of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." The case is just the reverse. This courtesy and these cries are but the impressions and echoes of the fearful lesson which was given seventy years ago to the old imperious aristocrats of France, neglectful of duties and devoid of sympathy; and the contrary between them and some landowners in England is not so great as can be desired, whilst the families of farm-labourers are so often found huddled in two or perhaps three-roomed cottages, although in the country there are building sites and building materials in abundance. It may please a good many people to read of pastoral scenes and model swains in the poems of the last century, but the realities of village life are very different. Nor can we wonder at the grossest immorality prevailing in country places under circumstances in which it is so impossible to observe the primary decencies of human life.

Bumptiousness, again, is exhibited sometimes on the score of superior attainments. But whereas bumptiousness on the ground of riches, or birth, or station, is often found to exist in individuals who really do possess these worldly advantages, bumptiousness on the score of attain-



ments is found with comparative rarity among persons whose attainments are of any real importance. We are, indeed, conscious that in forming estimates of society the tendency is to form one's general conclusions too hastily. Still we are confident that the particular sort of bumptiousness of which we are now speaking sprouts the most freely just where there is the least reason for it; for there is no truer saying than that the more a man knows, the more he finds he has yet to learn, and therefore the distance by which he has outstripped others appears to him to be less important than it did some years before. This is the only frame of mind which is compatible with increase in knowledge; and when a man appears to be too proud to learn any more, it is pretty certain that he is too stupid to be taught any more. Ask a really clever man for information, and the chances are that you will receive it in a manner that pleases and impresses you. Ask your question of some *bumptious* beginner, and mark the self-satisfied air which he exhibits, the sneering "hah's" with which he meets your doubts, and the condescension which he affects in delivering his diata, evidently wishing to convey an impression of how much more he knows, but does not think it worth while to impart to you. You may really forgive the poor creature's bumptiousness in consideration of the amusement which it affords; you perhaps call him a cock-sparrow, but you libel the bird.

To gain information as to a certain national school, we once asked a young servant-of-all-work, in the demurest manner, whether she had been taught there. To our astonishment, we found we had affronted her. "Not she, indeed; she had not been to those common places, but to schools where they charged sixpence or a shilling a week!" Similarly, the less of education and of general knowledge that is requisite for any particular calling or profession, the more prone are its followers to undervalue every other; just as in Edward Irving's prime a shoemaker said of him that he was "a sensible man" because (as it happened) "he understood about leather." Such men often speak as if they thought the music of the spheres was largely owing to their dull thump, thump, thump, upon a single note.

Again: bumptiousness in attainments is exhibited the most frequently by those who have risen through fortuitous circumstances rather than hard, thoughtful work. The rapidity of their rise is naturally much more present to their mind than are the adventitious circumstances to which it has been mainly owing; and being, therefore, impressed with an idea of the greatness of their abilities, they fall into the habit of showing themselves off. They like to *spar* with those they meet on business, and they discuss subjects with, apparently, the primary intention of letting you see what remarkably quick and clever people they are. They seek a reputation for infallibility, and it is ludicrous to see what an amount of torturing argument they will brave rather than confess themselves to be in error; and yet even gods and goddesses were wrong sometimes. Continued practice of that sort certainly often gives such men an amount of outeness, or monkey-sharpness; but this is as far removed from the state of mind of a well-informed man as it is from the manners of a gentleman. The most quiet, gentlemanly man we have ever met on business is a Q.C. in a walk of the legal profession in which a silk gown has rarely, if ever, before been seen; learned and astute to a degree that surprises

all, and yet equally courteous in his conversations with every comer, whether a learned brother, a solicitor, or a clerk.

We do not expect to find bumptiousness among clergymen. It is diametrically opposite to the spirit of Christianity, that they are enabled to repress it not only by honesty in their convictions, but also by a regard to outward consistency. When it shows itself in spite of these two motives, it is discreditable indeed. A "sidesman" mildly suggested, not long ago, to a popular clergyman, that if his sermons took less than five-and-fifty minutes in delivery they might be equally beneficial, and would, he knew, be more pleasing to many of his congregation. The pastor sprang indignantly from his chair, and replied that this was a matter which he settled with his conscience and his God! Now, here was a very bumptious clergyman indeed, and we hope that he may find himself at his next remove in the midst of a very bumptious congregation, or of a chapter who will stand none of such fastuous airs.

We knew, on the other hand, an estimable clergyman who, through his anxiety to keep the peace with every one, added to his labour, has been worked and worried into congestion of the brain—worried by nothing so much as by a faction organised by a few bumptious well-to-do parishioners on account of their individual preferences as regards musical arrangements. If they now allow themselves to believe that they have caused or accelerated his malady, we will suppose they are sorry for it. Yet speaking generally, and without any reference to this particular case, it is too true that when a man abandons himself to bumptious impulses, no matter in what respect, there is no annoyance and hardly any suffering that he will hesitate in causing to others if they stand in the way of his puffy pride. Cruelty is the natural issue of unchecked bumptiousness, and in a man's tumid efforts to establish or increase his "importance," there is no sacrifice that he will not impose upon you—if he can.

It may help to cure a man's bumptiousness to see how unbecoming and unreasonable it is, and how unreal is the impression which he fancies he produces upon his fellow-men by such self-exaltation. But probably the only effectual cure is the opening of his eyes to the fact, that although he may agree very well with his bumptious cronies in their perking criticisms upon others, those cronies pick him to pieces in his absence in the same paltry manner, his attainments, his family, his purse, his position, and his person, down to his very boots.

## THE ONE-LEGGED LIEUTENANT.

THE manly form of that fine old sailor comes, when I mention his name, as clearly before my mind's eye as if I had seen him but yesterday ; and yet many a year has passed by and his place has been successively filled with other noble veterans who have braved the battle and the breeze, since he went aloft to enjoy the rest of the brave and true—Christians not only in name but in deed—lions in battle ; but gentle, loving, and faithful when war was over and peace had returned.

There he sits—mark his fine, broad, massive countenance ; his clear blue eyes—honesty and truth in every glance, his cheery and benignant smile—the light hair, which once clustered thickly, still curling from under his cap—that broad palm stretched out to offer a friendly greeting, once wont to grasp a cutlass in the deadly fight, or hold the hard and slippery rope as in a vice. The Lieutenant's undress uniform, so suited to set off that expansive chest, those strong arms and fine figure, and then projecting from beneath the loose trouser that timber-toe which had served him from youth to old age, and which he refused to exchange for one of mere elegant form—consistent in all things, and hating even the thought of being supported by a sham. Those who knew him as I did (and there are many alive both in the Hospital and out of it who did so), will acknowledge that I have not over-coloured his portrait, but that, looked up to by the pensioners as an elder brother and a real friend, regarded by his equals with the sincerest affection, and trusted and honoured by his superiors in rank, Lieutenant B—— was a perfect specimen of the true-hearted British seaman and officer of the old school.

While he lived I made many pleasant visits to the Hospital to pay him my respects, and he used to search out from among the pensioners seamen who had sailed with officers I knew, or whose actions I wished to recount, and knowing my object, he would encourage them to narrate their own adventures, though it must be confessed, that, like many old officers, he was over-modest about speaking of his own gallant deeds, and it was not often that I found him in the humour to recount them. I am, therefore, it is right to state, partly indebted to a manuscript which he sent me in his own hand-writing, and partly to other sources, for some of the details of the following narrative.

Let us suppose him seated on one of those easy benches on the lower terrace of the Hospital, with the wings of that noble pile rising on either side, the school buildings, and the model ship behind us, over-topped by the observatory and the green trees of the park ; and in front, the river with its moving panorama of vessels of all rigs and sizes, from the tall Indiaman and American trader to the dark-coloured collier and humble canal-barge. He pushes his cap, as is his wont, from off his brow, stretches out his wooden leg, makes a cabalistic sign or two on the ground with his stick, and leaning back, thus begins :—

"I went to sea in the *Victory* before I was ten years old, and even then I soon learnt to love the old ship, though I little thought the name she was to win for herself in naval history. There she is as I knew her, when I stepped on board for the first time in 1795, under the command of Captain John Knight." And he unrolled a print of the *Victory*, somewhat yellow and worn from handling, though carefully preserved in a case. I observed from the date under it that the print was engraved in 1793, when the *Victory* bore Lord Hood's flag at Toulon. "Observe," he continued, "she had no entering port at that time, nor at Trafalgar—the main channels were below the main deck ports, and the mizen channels below the quarter-deck. The stern galleries were removed, and the stern made flat like the *Dreadnought* in 1804. The *Dreadnought* was the first three-decker ship built without stern-walks, and she was launched in 1801, and the model of her stern was so much admired that the *Victory* was altered to the same.

"There have been no less than four ships in the Royal Navy of the same name:—

"The first *Victory* was built at Deptford, in the year 1620, and mounted 82 guns. She was broken up in 1690.

"The second was built at Portsmouth in 1675, and mounted 100 guns. She was taken to pieces at Chatham, and rebuilt in 1695, and then named the *Royal George*, but her name was afterwards changed back to the *Victory*. By being taken to pieces, it must be understood that the defective timbers and planking only were removed, and that the same framework was replaced, so that she was substantially the same ship. She was finally taken to pieces in 1721.

"The third was built at Portsmouth in 1739, and carried 100 guns. Her fate was a disastrous one. Sir John Balchen had his flag flying on board her in 1744, when returning with a squadron from Gibraltar. She had a full complement of a thousand men, besides fifty volunteers, sons of the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom, had joined her on the breaking out of war with France, that they might see service under so good a commander. On the 3rd of October the fleet was overtaken by a violent storm, in which several of the ships were much shattered. On the 4th, the *Victory* separated from the fleet, and was never more heard of. It is supposed that she struck on the Caskets, as, from the testimony of the men who attend the lights, and the inhabitants of the Island of Alderney, many guns were heard on the 4th and 5th of October, but the weather was too tempestuous to hazard boats out to their assistance.

"The fourth *Victory* is the ship now in existence. She was built in a dock at Chatham, and floated out in the year 1765.\* She was always a favourite ship, and generally selected for a Commander-in-Chief's flag. She has seen more service than any other ship in the navy, and her qualifications far surpassed any other ship, even at the present day.† She was fast both by, and large, weatherly, steered like a fish, very sensitive—a spoke of the helm was enough. As a boy

\* The *Victory's* centenary was celebrated at Portsmouth in the summer 1865.

† This was written in 1852.

fourteen years of age, I have steered her under topsails, top-gallant sails, courses, jib and spanker.

"Her armament at Trafalgar was as follows:—

Lower deck	32-pounders	. . . . .	28
Middle deck	24	" . . . . .	28
Main deck	12	" . . . . .	28
Quarter deck	12	" . . . . .	16
Forecastle	12	" . . . . .	2
Carronades	68	" . . . . .	2

Making a total of . . . . . 98

While we had two 12-pounders in the hold. We had six kegs made to fit the 68-pounder carronades, each keg containing 172 three-ounce iron balls. One with a round shot in addition prevented the Frenchmen in the *Redoubtable* from boarding, and that discharge killed and wounded 400 men. However, I have something to tell you about before I come to that time. I remained in the *Victory* for four years, during which period I saw no inconsiderable amount of service. I had not long to wait before I was in action, and had received my first wound. The *Victory* bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Robert Mann, under Admiral Hotham.

"We were early in July of that year (1795) refitting in St. Fiorenzo Bay, when a squadron, which had been despatched under Captain Nelson to call off Genoa, was seen in the offing pursued by the French fleet, which it was supposed were at Toulon. Although we were actually in the midst of watering and refitting, by the extraordinary exertions of every officer and man, the whole fleet was enabled to weigh that night with the land wind. This was on the 7th. We made sail in chase, but could see nothing of them, till on the morning of the 12th, the Hieres Islands being in sight, a fleet was discovered to leeward on the starboard tack, consisting of seventeen sail of the line and three frigates, while we had twenty-one sail of the line, a frigate, and two sloops, the wind blowing strong from the N.N.W., attended with a heavy swell. Admiral Hotham formed the fleet so as to keep the wind of the enemy, in the hopes of cutting them off from the land, only five leagues distant. It being evident, however, that their object was to avoid a battle, the signal was made for a general chase, and to engage the enemy as the ships should arrive up with them in succession. The *Victory* was one of the leading ships, and I can even now remember our vexation and annoyance as we found the wind gradually dying away. Now it breezed up again, and by crowding all sail we gained on the enemy. Our hearts beat quick as the chance of getting into action returned. There was the *Agamemnon*, you may be sure, not far off, and a few others of the best sailers; but the greater part of the fleet lay becalmed in the offing. Even then, Nelson was thinking, I dare say, that the *Victory* would be the ship to suit him.

"At length, the breeze holding steady, we got the aftermost ships of the enemy within range of our guns, and no time was lost in opening in good earnest. It was warm work while it lasted. The French returned our fire with plenty of spirit, but they couldn't stand then, and never could stand, the way in which our crews handled their guns.

The Frenchmen's shots were, however, telling upon us. We had already some killed and several wounded, but that only made us stick to them with more resolution, for our great fear was that they might get away.

"Their ships were getting pretty severely handled. One especially, *L'Alcide*, of 74 guns, was brought to such a condition that we had great hopes of capturing her. We poured our broadsides into her even more rapidly than before. At that moment, a round shot came through our bulwarks, and I fell bleeding to the deck; but I was up again in a minute. A couple of splinters had made two ugly wounds in my arm, but I got a messmate to bind it up, for I was afraid the doctor would be sending me below, and I would not have left the deck just then on any account. No, indeed; for a shout reached my ears—it was echoed from ship to ship—down had come the flag of *L'Alcide*. She was the first ship I ever saw captured. What cared I then for my wound? Nothing, even if it had been ten times as severe. Meanwhile there was a slant of wind favourable for the French, which enabled them to stand into Frejus Bay, where Admiral Hotham considered that it would be imprudent to follow, as some of our leading ships, which had alone been engaged with a far greater number of the enemy, had received a considerable amount of damage. We were to have another disappointment. As our boats were shoving off to take possession of the captured seventy-four, we observed flames, proceeding, it appeared, from the foretop. Almost directly, even before the boats could reach the ship, fire was seen to descend down the masts, and to envelope the whole fore rigging. The boats of all the ships near were immediately sent away, and there was a race among them which should be first to render assistance to their perishing fellow-creatures. It was an enterprise of the greatest danger, though; for not only were the shotted guns rapidly going off, but it was too probable that the ship herself would blow up, and involve all around her in destruction.

"Still undaunted, our brave fellows pulled on to the scene of danger. Once alongside, they received as many as they could hold, and returned to the fleet, which, for their own safety, could not venture near. Once more the boats put off to pick up the unfortunate Frenchmen, who, fearing every instant the inevitable catastrophe, were leaping from the burning wreck—some to swim, others to float on gratings or spars, and many to drown helplessly alongside. The awful moment was not long in coming. Up went the ship with a terrific roar in a body of flame, her burning spars, and planks, and shattered fragments scattered far and wide—nearly four hundred human beings perishing at that instant with her, about three hundred having been saved by our boats, and by those of the French which were near enough to come to her assistance, and which, of course, were allowed to return unmolested to their ships. Such is war! I saw many similar scenes during my career; but this, as the first of its kind, made a deeper impression on me than any others.

"Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Calder succeeded Captain Knight and Sir John Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, as commander-in-chief of a fleet destined to gain one of Old England's most important victories. There was the *Culloden*, 74, commanded by Si

Thomas Troubridge; the *Orion*, 74, by Sir James Saumarez; the *Barfleur*, by Captain Dacres; the *Captain*, by Nelson; the *Excellent*, by Collingwood. It makes one's heart warm to think of those men, who, aided by others equally brave but less known to fame, did so much not only to support the honour and glory of England, but in the end to secure to her the blessings of a long and prosperous peace.

"We had at one time but ten sail of the line and a few frigates cruising with us off the coast of Portugal, though it was known that a vastly superior Spanish fleet was in the neighbourhood. We were afterwards joined by Admiral Parker with five sail of the line, and then by Commodore Nelson, in *La Minerve*, frigate, who reported that he had been chased by the Spanish fleet off the Straits. He (that is, Nelson) on this shifted his flag to the *Captain*; and on the night of the 18th of February, 1797, we got so near the Spaniards that we could distinctly hear their signal-guns. Captain Foote, of the *Niger*, who had for several days been keeping close to them, brought us information which left us no doubt that the next morning we should be at them in earnest. We were not disappointed. On a dark and hazy morning (the 14th), at eight o'clock, we threw out the signal to form in two lines in close order, and directly afterwards to prepare for battle. The *Culloden* leading, at half-past eleven the squadron opened fire as we passed in close order through the enemy's line, completely separating their ships; and then each of our ships tackled one or more of theirs as they best could get hold of them. Saying this, I give you as perfect a notion of the battle as I, or I believe any one else who was in it, possesses. I need not tell you the oft-repeated tale of how the brave Nelson took by boarding the *San Nicholas*, and then, without stopping, passed on into the big *San Josef*; how Collingwood, compelling the *San Isidoro* to strike, passed on to the assistance of the *Captain*; and how we in the *Victory*, while placed on the lee quarter of the *Salvador del Mundo*, gave her so hard a hammering that she too hauled down her flag. It was my first general engagement, and a pretty warm one. We captured four sail of the line, the *Salvador del Mundo* and the *San Josef*, each of 112 guns; the *San Nicholas*, of 80, and the *San Isidoro*, 74. We then formed a strong line to protect our prizes, which the enemy, with several fresh ships, wished to retake, but they dared not make the attempt. We lost in killed and wounded 800 men, and the Spaniards, in the four ships we took from them, 700, and of course in those which escaped many more. We narrowly escaped losing our prizes, and perhaps some of our own ships, by a heavy gale, the tail of which we felt in the evening. We had happily brought up in Lagos Bay, on the coast of Portugal, where we were able to secure them. As it was, most of the ships had their sheet anchors down, and some of them their spare ones, the sea breaking furiously on the rock-fringed shore of the bay, where the fishermen had lighted fires, expecting the wreck of the whole fleet. The *Victory* herself dragged her anchors, and it was not till we had dropped our spare anchors that we brought up with four a-head, and rode out the remainder of the gale. That night was not one which a youngster was likely to forget in a hurry.

"For this important action, fought off Cape St. Vincent, Sir John Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent, and our captain, Sir Robert Calder, a baronet. Other captains received similar honours. From what Nelson did on that occasion, it would have required no prophet to foretell the greatness he must achieve, should life be spared him. As to opportunity, he was sure to make that for himself. He was knighted for this action, and received the freedom of the city of London. On Captain Calder going home, Captain George Grey (afterwards Commissioner Grey) took command, and he was succeeded by Captain Sotheby and Captain Cuming. In spite of all changes I stuck to the old ship, though I must say that I thought her day of glory was over when she was turned into a dépôt for prisoners of war at Chatham. There were those, however, who knew her good qualities. As I said, Nelson had had his eye on her, and so had Captain Grey; and after she was paid off in 1799, she received a thorough repair, and was recommissioned in 1803, when I again was fortunate enough to rejoin her; the more fortunate, because Lord Nelson had selected her as his flag ship.

"We sailed from Spithead for Brest, and then proceeded to Malta to join the Mediterranean fleet. I could tell you something about the way that fleet had been fitted out—a fleet on which the destinies of England might have been said to hang. It was a disgrace to the dockyard authorities—so scanty and bad the stores, so rotten the rigging, so ill-found were most of them in all respects. Lord Nelson had taken good care that the *Victory* should be in fighting condition and fit for sea, but even he had not power to look after others—only the power of complaining. It is my firm conviction that more ships have been lost from being ill-found than from bad seamanship; and that thousands of lives have been lost from the peculation, ignorance, carelessness, and roguery of all sorts, of which the dockyard officials have been guilty.

"The memorable year of 1805 arrived, and we commenced that chase of the French fleet across the Atlantic and back which was to terminate in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. Our run out from Cape St. Vincent to Barbadoes was 3227 miles, and back from Barbuda 3450 miles, our average run per day being about 84 leagues. The object of the French Emperor, in thus sending Admiral Villeneuve to the west, was to draw the English fleet away from the British Channel, and allow him to send an expedition across to Ireland. In this expectation, however, Napoleon was disappointed by our speedy return, and at length, when the French and Spanish fleets had joined, trusting to their superiority in numbers, he ordered them to attack the English fleet, in the belief that they could overwhelm us. Thanks to this belief, the Franco-Spanish fleet no longer, as before, declined giving us battle, when at length, after hunting about for them in every direction, we fell in with them not far off Cadiz.

"I am not going to give you an account of the Battle of Trafalgar. It is well known that the glorious old *Victory* led the weather column in spite of the wish of many of his officers that Lord Nelson would allow the *Téméraire* to take the post of honour and of danger. I had had the honour of being appointed to act as one of his lordship's aides-



de-camp. Neither, as I said, will I stop to tell you how he looked, and what he said. Just twenty minutes before noon, up went the signal, 'ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY,' and just ten minutes past noon, the *Royal Sovereign*, bearing the flag of Admiral Collingwood, commenced the action by pouring her fire into the *Santa Anna*, killing and wounding four hundred of her crew, and directly after raking the *Fougeuse*. It was then that Nelson exclaimed, 'See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!' While Lord Collingwood is reported to have said to his captain, 'Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!'

"Hardly half an hour passed by before we were regularly in action, though the Spaniards and French had, for some time, been firing long shots at us. However, when at last they did open fire, they did it in earnest; but we repaid them with interest when we got alongside the *Bucentaure*, and never have ships in any action been exposed to a more terrific fire than we were on that occasion. On every side numbers of my shipmates were falling, killed and wounded; but, notwithstanding, I did not fancy that I was to be hit. Suddenly I felt myself knocked over, and a sensation as if my head had been carried off. A large splinter had struck me, and knocked several of my teeth down my throat. I was, however, soon again on my legs, and close by Lord Nelson, ready to receive any commands he might have to give. Not many minutes had passed when again I was struck down, and this time I knew that matters were much worse with me, for, without the doctors telling me, I saw that a round shot had taken off my leg. But what cared I even then, for the day was going with us, and I was sure we should come off victorious? I was comforted, too, by the concern Lord Nelson showed for me, and I heard him say, as he turned to Captain Hardy, 'Hardy, take care that that lad is looked after if he recovers, as I hope he will.' Little did I think that my noble chief would himself in a few minutes more be in a worse plight than I was.\*

"Trafalgar was won; and though I believe Nelson died at the happiest moment for his fame, we, who knew him best, grieved as children for a father. Whether or not his last requests were attended to, my position as an old one-legged lieutenant is some sort of an answer. On arriving in England, I was sent to the hospital at Portsmouth, and then, to my great satisfaction, received notice of my promotion to that rank which I have now held for nearly half a century. I should say that I was presented with a gratuity, on account of my wounds, from the Patriotic Fund, and ten years afterwards received a pension of 91l. 5s. per annum; so that, when I come to think of it, I have no great reason to complain. Say I have received 4000l. in upwards of forty years for living on shore and doing nothing for it during that time, besides my half-pay and the emoluments of the berths I have occupied; but what I have felt, and what numbers have felt, was forced idleness for so many years; and then, worse than all, no promotion! I was first lieutenant of a seventy-four, bearing an admiral's flag, and every other officer holding

\* On being carried below, Lieutenant R—— called for a knife, and was found by the surgeon cutting away at his splintered leg, as he said, to save trouble.

that position was promoted, and here am I a lieutenant, because I had no interest, and had a wooden leg ! My promotion, thinking that it was the first step up the ratlines, did much to cure me, and now, with a wooden leg, I was again ready for duty. I was appointed to the *Princess of Orange*, 74, and in a few months discharged into the *Otter* sloop, on board of which I served for the best part of a year, being next appointed to the *Cossack*, 24, Captain Digby. While I was serving in her, she was ordered to join the expedition to Copenhagen, under Lord Gambier, when we were again compelled to destroy or capture the fleet of the unfortunate Danes, of which, otherwise, Napoleon would have made use for the purpose of attacking England. I had not been in her long before I became her first lieutenant, and from that time for upwards of ten years, acted always as first lieutenant of the various ships on board which I served.

"While in the *Cossack*, I was constantly engaged in boat service, both in the Little Belt, intercepting vessels which might be passing with troops, and afterwards on the coasts of Spain and France. It was on one of these occasions that I met with the adventure of which I promised to give you an account. We had been for some time off Brest, and that neighbourhood, and used constantly to pull in at night to intercept vessels which, when the tide and wind favoured them, crept along shore from port to port. One evening, the breeze being off shore, and the night promising to be dark, as there was little doubt that prizes might be made, Captain Digby directed me to take command of three boats, and to pull in, while the *Cossack*, to deceive the enemy, stood off the land. Any vessels we might capture we were to send out, provided we had force sufficient remaining to render it possible to take any further prizes. I had with me in the pinnace a midshipman, Samber, and several additional hands, and the two other boats commanded by master's mates had, besides their proper crews, as many men as they could conveniently carry. Though the night became very dark—darker almost than was convenient—the weather was fine, and there was every chance, if we could but see them, of making some captures. We had left the ship some time before night came on; but there was no likelihood, I considered, that we could have been seen from the shore, and it was dark enough when we reached the ground over which vessels must pass, keeping along the coast. To the westward, for some distance, there was no port; but a league or so, to the east, there was the little harbour of Ivrea, capable only of holding small craft. We had not long to wait before a tall, dark object appeared, gliding slowly over the smooth water, coming from the westward. She was a large craft, I saw, probably an armed vessel, and, if we could take her by surprise, we might gain an easy and bloodless victory. Our boats were close together. I told them to wait quietly till we were perceived, and then to dash alongside. She was almost in the middle of us before we were perceived, and in half a minute, not a pistol having been fired, we were on her deck. I sang out, in the best French that I could command, that if a shot was discharged we'd cut them down, and the crew accordingly obeyed, and cried out for quarter. We found that she was an armed brig of six guns, and as the crews of the two boats were amply sufficient

to keep the prisoners under, I sent them out in charge of her, while I remained to look out for another vessel. I waited, however, for some time in vain. The coasters must, I thought, have gained notice of our mode of proceeding, and the armed vessel we had captured had, I suspected, been sent in the hopes of teaching us that it was possible to catch a Tartar. In the latter supposition, however, I afterwards found that I was mistaken. Still I did not like to give up the undertaking. I had steered some little way to the eastward, and had kept rather closer in shore than usual, when, as the men were resting on their oars, from behind a point of land, suddenly three boats dashed out on us. To spring up and fire a volley, and then to seize our cutlasses for the defence of our lives, was the work of a moment; but the boats, each of which was more than a match for us, were alongside almost immediately we had seen them, and though we fought desperately, as two of my men were killed and three wounded, and I was knocked down, we were compelled to yield ourselves as prisoners. Our arms were taken from us, and I must own that I felt more downcast than I had ever been in my life before. We had fallen into a trap which we ourselves had laid, and we had now the prospect of a French prison for an indefinite number of years. I, however, kept up my own spirits, and those of Samber and the rest, as well as I could, while we employed ourselves in binding up the hurts of our wounded companions, which were fortunately not severe. The two killed had been shot through the head as the enemy first came upon us. On one thing I was resolved, that if a chance offered, at every risk I would attempt to escape—yet how that was to be effected it was difficult to say. Whether or not the Frenchmen thought that more of our boats might be on the coast and might rescue us, I do not know, but they made directly for the shore behind the point from which they had emerged, and running the boats up the beach, ordered us to land. The bodies of the two men who had been killed were also brought on shore, when some spades being procured from a cottage near at hand, a grave was speedily dug, and they were placed in it and covered up. Not half an hour before they were full of life and animation as were any one of us, and now they were hid for ever from human sight! A sailor may well say, ‘In the midst of life we are in death.’ The naval officer commanding the party was very civil, and though, of course, he must have been glad to get hold of us, seemed to commiserate our condition, and rendered us all the assistance he was able. A party of them then guarding us with loaded arms on either side, marched us along over the dunes to the eastward.

“After proceeding an hour or more, we reached a collection of small houses and huts, when a sergeant or some inferior officer appeared with a lantern in his hand, followed by a small body of soldiers. Certain formalities having been gone through, we found ourselves delivered over to him by the naval officer who had captured us. There was a good deal of talking, and I suspect it was to arrange how to dispose of us for the night, and at last we were ordered to move on, when, guarded by the soldiers, we arrived before a high round tower, which might have been an ancient castle or a mill, but it was difficult to say which, as we had only

the light of the sergeant's lantern. Producing a bunch of keys he opened a small door, and giving his lantern to a soldier, ordered him to lead the way up a narrow flight of winding steps, and told us to follow, while he stood below to see that we all went in. Up we went, my wooden leg stumping along, and I purposely made as much noise as I could till we reached what appeared to be a room in the very top of the building. The sergeant then came up, and I understood him to say that we must stay there till the morning, when some food would be brought us, and we should have to begin our march into the interior. I replied with as good grace as I could, 'Bon! bon!' and signified that we should be ready to obey orders. Fortunately, I had a purse in my pocket, and so had Samber; and, what was more fortunate, each had some guineas in them. We agreed that though we could not bribe the sergeant to let us go, we might do what was likely to prove equally effectual, and calling him back I gave him a guinea, and told him to get something for himself and comrades à boire, and then asked him to get something for us, remarking that we were very thirsty after our long pull, and that generous enemies should treat each other like friends. Whether or not my eloquence or the guinea had most effect, I do not know, but in half an hour he returned, bringing with him some flasks of wine, some loaves of bread, and a milk cheese, and I doubted not he had reserved an equal portion for himself and his comrades below. He then retired, and locked and bolted the door of the room behind him. After we had partaken sparingly of the wine and eatables, I stumped about as if taking my walk before lying down for the night. 'Now lads,' I whispered, calling the men round me, 'it is my opinion that we ought to be out of this and far away before day breaks, or we don't deserve the name of seamen. Judging by the direction we have come, we must be not far off, or perhaps close to, the little harbour of Ivrea, in which we are certain to find some craft to carry us across the channel, and if the wind holds as it was during the forepart of the night, we shall have no difficulty in getting away before we are likely to be pursued.' 'We'll follow you, sir; we'll do as you think best, sir,' answered the men, as I knew they would. I then borrowing some of their handkerchiefs, bound them round my timber-toe, and this made a soft pad, so that when I walked about I made no more noise than a cat on her rambles. I had all the time been thinking what to do. Looking up at the roof, I saw a star shining through it, and thus judged that it must be rotten, and that we could easily force our way through it. Without a moment's loss of time I made the men lift me up on their shoulders against the wall, when by clambering along a beam I got to a place where I could cling on while I forced off a tile above my head. Having removed one and handed it down carefully, I without difficulty got off others till I had formed a hole large enough to get through. I climbed up and looked round eagerly. To my delight, there I saw below me, not two cables' length off, the harbour. At the same moment, a star or two which came out among the clouds afforded light enough to distinguish several small craft floating on its surface. There were several huts and sheds scattered about, and the village we had passed through inland, and a cottage close at the back of the tower.

"We had now to see about descending. A sort of gallery or balcony ran round the tower a story below the one in which we were, and as this from the roof was some distance, I judged that we could only descend into it by means of a rope. I returned to the room, when we quickly manufactured one out of our handkerchiefs and shirts, which I calculated would be long enough and strong enough for our purpose. I had warned my men that we might have to fight our way out. I again got up on the roof, when all hands joined me, and now securing the rope we began our descent into the gallery. I led the way; as the rest came down they stood round close against the wall, so as not to be seen by any chance passer-by. We then moved cautiously round to find an entrance, which I soon did through a narrow door-way, from which a flight of stone steps led downwards. I paused to listen to find out if possible where the sentinels were stationed. I heard snoring close to us. It must come from the guard-room. I looked down; close below me sat a sentinel with his musket between his knees. He, too, was fast asleep. From that sleep he never awoke. I had passed him, and so had Samber and one of the men, and I had hoped that all would get by without waking him, when he made some movement as if about to start up. The men had their knives open in their hands. In a moment a hand was on his mouth, and before he could utter a sound he was dead. Another sentry was below. We threw ourselves upon him, and he shared the fate of his comrade. With their muskets and ammunition as a prize we pushed on towards the harbour. More than once we paused to listen, fearing that the guard might have discovered our escape, but not a sound reached us, and we began to hope that our present of wine had done its work thoroughly. There were two or three lights twinkling in the distance, but not a gleam came from the tower. Again we moved on in single file and close together. Thus we reached the shore of the little harbour. There were small craft some way out at anchor, but not a boat could we find in which to get off to one of them. In vain we searched completely round the harbour. It seemed that we should be foiled, after all. Samber suggested that we should make our way along the coast, and that we might fall in with some craft or others in which we could shove off—'Or more probably fall in with an enemy and be recaptured.' 'No, that will never do,' I answered. We had got back to the place from which we started, when I saw anchored a short distance off a punt or small boat of some sort. Much precious time had been lost. Neither could the midshipman nor one of my men swim. I had once been a good swimmer, and though it is not so easy to strike out with only one leg, I stripped, and slipping into the water swam off to the boat with a knife between my teeth. Time would have been lost had I attempted to get in, so, cutting the painter, I took the end in my mouth, and towed her back to the shore. Fortunately, there were paddles in her, and the men stowing themselves away on board, as I did, without waiting to dress till she was near sinking, we paddled off down the harbour. I believe if I had proposed it the men would have attempted to cross the channel in her rather than be retaken. We observed, as we passed down, a small cutter which lay near the mouth of the harbour. We cautiously approached her, for she might have people on board who would give the alarm. All

depended on our being able to surprise them. We dropped cautiously alongside, and the men springing on board instantly dived down below fore and aft. The after-cabin was empty, but in the fore peak two boys were found asleep in their bunks. They were gagged before they could cry out, or give the alarm to the crews of any of the neighbouring vessels, and were lashed into their berths. Making the boat fast astern, as she might prove useful for towing, we cut the cable and made sail. As I knew nothing of the harbour, my fear was that we might run on the rocks in going out, when I bethought me of making the boys act as pilots. Bringing them up on deck, we held the muskets which we had brought off to their heads, and, making them take the helm, signified that we would blow out their brains if we got on shore. They saw that to play us false would be a hazardous experiment. As the wind still blew from off shore, we very quickly ran out of the harbour. I often turned an anxious glance towards the coast, but nothing was seen, and not a sound was heard to indicate that we were pursued. When day broke, we had made so good a run that the French coast appeared like a blue line in the distance. I had kept a good look-out for the *Cossack*. A sail that might be her was seen to the north-west. It was her; she had probably gone in to look for us, so we hove to, to await her return. At length she stood out again; when having now no doubt about the matter, I steered for her. We were welcomed on board, as fears had been entertained that we were taken or destroyed; but our exploit was not so much thought of as it might have been, had I not lost two good men and a boat. We towed the little vessel to a point whence she could get a slant of wind for the harbour; and great was the astonishment of the two lads when they received, not only their liberty and their vessel, but some provisions and half a guinea a piece."

A few years ago I might have remembered more of the particulars of that adventure; and now it is time that I should bring my yarn to an end. After I left the *Cassock*, I became first of the *Cretan* and then of the *Raisable*, 64, and the *Namur* and *Bulwark*, 74's. In the former I was flag-lieutenant to Sir Thomas Williams. I always loved my duty and did it, and as it was discovered that I made a good first lieutenant, I should have been acting as one till the present day, had I continued to serve. In 1818 I was paid off, and not from my own choice ceased to serve my country afloat. For eight years I continued applying for employment, when at length, in 1824, I was appointed warden at Woolwich Dockyard, which post I held till I came on here. There, my friend, you may log what I have told you down as the life and adventures of an old one-legged lieutenant.

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# THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Fifth.

### VI.

HOW FRANÇOIS I. REFUSED TO RAISE THE SIEGE OF PAVIA.

WHILE Bourbon was occupied in collecting a fresh army in Suabia, renewed efforts were made by Clement VII. to bring about a peace between the contending powers. The conduct of the negotiations was confided by the Pope to his datary, Giovan Mattheo Giberto, and this personage first addressed himself to Lannoy, proposing a truce of five years, the terms of which should be arranged by the Supreme Pontiff. But Lannoy haughtily rejected the proposal, declaring he would never treat with the King of France so long as that monarch retained a foot of ground in Italy.

Though foiled in the onset, Giberto did not despair of accomplishing his object, and, proceeding to the French camp, obtained an interview with the king. Having heard what he had to say, François replied:

"The moment is ill chosen to make this offer to me. Tell his Holiness that I did not cross the Alps with an army of thirty thousand men to make a profitless peace with the Emperor. I brought my troops into Lombardy to retake the duchy of Milan, and I shall not be deterred from my purpose by promises or threats. I shall speedily be master of Pavia, and shall then pursue my conquests. You shall hear my plans, for I calculate upon the Pope's assistance in carrying them out. I am about to send the Duke of Albany to Naples with six thousand fantassins and six hundred lances, to be detached from my own army. At Leghorn, Albany will be reinforced by three thousand men brought thither by my fleet, and commanded by the valiant Renzo da Ceri. Thus augmented, the army will march on through the Roman States, where it will be further increased by four thousand Italian soldiers promised me by Orsini."

"Sire," returned the datary, "although I do not approve of the proposed expedition, I venture to engage that it will not be op-

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posed by his Holiness, who will, I make no doubt, allow the Duke of Albany a free passage through the Roman States, and render him other assistance. But have you well considered the prudence of the step you are about to take? It is known that the Duke de Bourbon is levying a vast number of troops in Suabia, and will probably collect together a large army. Is it wise to reduce your own forces to this extent?"

"My object is to create a diversion, and so weaken the strength of the Imperial army," rejoined François. "When Lannoy finds that I have despatched a force to attack Naples, he will necessarily send back all the best of the Spanish troops for the defence of the city, and will thus leave Lombardy unprotected. As soon as the bulk of his forces is withdrawn, the whole of the Milanese will fall into my hands, and having garrisoned the chief cities, I shall march on to Naples."

"It is a bold but hazardous manœuvre, sire," replied Giberto, "and I trust success may attend it. I grieve to find that my efforts to bring about a peace, which might be even more advantageous than conquest to your majesty, have proved ineffectual. But let me assure you that his Holiness loves you as a son, and will certainly aid you, so far as he can, without offending the Emperor."

The plan thus propounded by François to the datary was carried into effect. When Lannoy was informed that the Duke of Albany had marched with a large force to Naples, he became seriously alarmed, and his first impulse, as François had anticipated, was to send back all his soldiers for the defence of the city; but he was earnestly dissuaded from the step by Pescara.

"The fate of Naples will be decided in Lombardy," said this astute general. "If François is victorious, he will march off instantly to the south of Italy to complete his conquest. If we win, we have nothing to fear from Albany's expedition."

Governed by this reasoning, the force of which he acknowledged, Lannoy remained with his troops at Lodi, thus defeating the king's manœuvre, while Albany was allowed to pursue his march through Italy unmolested.

The army of the King of France was still further diminished by the loss of six thousand Grisons, of whose assistance he was deprived in a very singular manner, as we shall proceed to relate.

Among the many adventurers brought to the surface during this troublous time in Italy, one of the most remarkable was Gian Giacomo Medequin. He had filled the office of secretary to Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, and while in that capacity betrayed the duke's secrets to the French. Discovering his treachery, Sforza determined to get rid of him, and, with this view, charged him with a letter to the governor of Musso, a small fortified town situated in a remote part of the duchy at the north of the Lake of Como. Suspecting mischief, the unscrupulous Medequin



opened the letter, and found that it was an order to the governor to throw him into the lake.

On making this discovery, instead of seeking safety in flight, Medequin formed a plan of vengeance, and, proceeding to Musso, sought the lieutenant of the fort, to whom he delivered a letter which he had forged, purporting to come from Sforza, ordering the lieutenant to arrest the governor, and commit the custody of the fort to Medequin. The forged order was obeyed, and Medequin became master of the garrison. To screen himself from the consequences of this audacious act, it was necessary that he should render some important service to the Imperial army. He resolved, therefore, to obtain possession of the Castle of Chiavenna, an important stronghold belonging to the Grisons, and lying in ambush with a sufficient force, he succeeded at last in seizing upon the governor of the place. No sooner had he secured his prey than he rode towards Chiavenna with a strong escort, and demanded to speak with the châtelaine. When she appeared on the walls, she beheld her husband, bound hand and foot, and kneeling before Medequin, who held an executioner's sword in his hand, ready to smite off the unfortunate man's head.

"If you would save your husband's life, madame, you will instantly deliver up the city," he shouted to her.

"Heed not the threat," said the captive; "I am ready to die."

"Be speedy in your decision, madame, or I strike," cried Medequin, raising the sword.

"Hold!" exclaimed the affrighted châtelaine. "I cannot see my husband perish thus. Open the gates."

So Chiavenna was delivered up.

The loss of this stronghold caused great alarm to the Grisons, who were not without apprehension of further disasters, as their country was almost defenceless, the élite of their army being with François I. before Pavia. Peremptory orders were instantly sent to these men to return without delay, and in spite of all the efforts made by the king and his generals to detain them, they at once quitted the French camp.

By this bold device, François was unexpectedly deprived of the services of six thousand of his troops, and at a moment when he could least spare them, while Medequin secured the protection of Pescara and Lannoy.

Ill fortune seemed to attend the king at this juncture. The important and strongly garrisoned fort of Sant Angelo was taken by Pescara. A Milanese captain, named Palavicini, in the service of the King of France, had advanced with a strong force towards Cremona, with the intention of cutting off the communication between that city and Lodi, when Francesco Sforza, who had retired thither, sallied forth at the head of fourteen hundred men, attacked Palavicini, and put his troops to flight.

This disaster was vexatious to François, but he shortly afterwards sustained a far heavier blow. The valiant Giovanni de' Medici, who, it will be remembered, had distinguished himself so greatly on the side of the Imperialists in the previous campaign, had now passed over with his band, consisting of four thousand men, to the French camp, his motive for the step being inability to obtain pay for his men from the Emperor. The defection of so daring and skilful a leader as Medici was sensibly felt by the Imperialists, but his services were quickly lost by François.

While engaged in a skirmish with Antonio de Leyva, who had sallied forth to attack him, and whom he had forced to retreat with heavy loss, the brave young Italian leader was wounded in the heel by a bullet from an arquebuss, and was conveyed to Piacenza. On this, his troop immediately disbanded, refusing to serve under any other leader.

These losses, following each other in rapid succession, were not without effect upon the king, but he continued firm in his resolution to reduce Pavia, and would not listen to any suggestion to raise the siege.

When intelligence was brought him that Bourbon had returned from Suabia at the head of twelve thousand men, and that the Imperial army, thus powerfully reinforced, was about to march to succour the beleaguered city, and compel him to give them battle, François held a council of war, rather for the purpose of acquainting his generals with his designs than of asking their opinion.

Though the king's sentiments were well known to all the leaders, several of them gave their opinion stoutly in opposition to his majesty, and the Marshal de Chabannes urged him strongly to raise the siege, avoid a battle, and retire to the Castle of Binasco.

"It is the interest of the Imperialists to fight," said the marshal, "because they cannot afford to wait. They have not wherewithal to pay their troops, and can only keep them together by promise of a battle. Your majesty's interest is to avoid an engagement, since by delay you can accomplish all you desire, without risk and without loss. I will not venture to point out the disastrous consequences that must ensue, if the issue of the battle should be adverse to us; but I beseech you to weigh them before coming to a decision which you may hereafter rue. My counsel I know will be distasteful to your majesty, but it is my duty to offer it."

Several of the other leaders concurred with the veteran marshal in opinion, and recommended delay.

"Were I to follow your advice, marshal," cried François "were I to raise the siege of Pavia, and retire to Binasco, as you suggest, Bourbon would say I retreated before him."

"And with reason, sire," cried Bonnivet, indignantly. "give you no such timid counsel, but advise you to remain where you are. Let the foe attack you if he dares—the inevitable

result will be his own discomfiture. What shameful counsel is this you give to the king, messeigneurs? Would you have him belie his glorious career? Would you have him forfeit the laurels won at Marignan? Shall a base soldier like De Leyva have it in his power to boast that he has compelled our valiant king to retreat? Shall the traitor Bourbon be allowed to say—as he *will* say—that his royal master has fled before him?"

"Never!" exclaimed François. "By Saint Louis! he shall never say that!"

"You overrate our difficulties and dangers," continued Bonnivet, addressing the marshals; "but you do not take into account our resources. Bethink you that the flower of the French chivalry is here, with the king at its head. Do not let us dishonour ourselves by precautions unworthy of his majesty and of us. It is upon the plains of Pavia, and not under shelter of the walls of Binasco, that we must seek for safety. Such caution is out of place. The king's glory is in our keeping. Europe will demand a strict account of our charge. We must answer by victory or death."

"You have misapprehended me, Bonnivet," said Chabannes. "No one is more anxious than myself for the glory of the king. But I would not have him give undue advantage to the foe. Our army is much reduced in number, and discouraged by this lengthened siege, whereas the enemy is newly recruited by troops who have endured no hardship, but are stimulated to fight by promises of plunder. My opinion is shared by all the elder leaders."

"You have the wisdom of Nestor, marshal," rejoined Bonnivet, sarcastically, "and I listen to every word that falls from you with respect. But I cannot suffer the king to be guided by your counsel. His majesty has more need of the valour of his chiefs, at this juncture, than of their advice. As to yourself, marshal, were you to lose this chance of distinction, you would ever after regret it. It would be the first time you have sought to avoid a meeting with the enemy."

"Enough, Bonnivet," cried François. "I do not discern the dangers pointed out to me; but if they exist, I remain unmoved. I will await the foe in these intrenchments. When the battle comes, despite his age and prudence, no one, I am well assured, will display more ardour than Chabannes. Never shall it be said that the King of France fled before a rebellious subject. Here, on these plains of Pavia, I will punish the traitor, and I call on you, messeigneurs, to aid me in the task."

"Your majesty shall not call in vain," was the general reply.

## VII.

## IN WHAT MANNER POMPERANT PROCURED A SUPPLY OF POWDER FOR THE GOVERNOR OF PAVIA.

By this time Pavia was almost reduced to the last extremity. Such was the vigilance of the besiegers, that no supplies whatever, unless obtained during a skirmish made by the active governor, could be introduced.

The horrors of famine were aggravated by the rigours of an unusually severe winter. Many persons perished from cold, as from inanition. Pieces of costly furniture and carved wood were broken up, and numerous habitations were half destroyed in the attempt to procure fuel. But Antonio de Leyva remained firm as ever—deaf to prayers and supplications, unmoved by menaces.

Once more the lanz-knechts had begun to clamour for pay, when at last the governor, driven to his wits' end, resorted to a course often practised by the Lutheran leaders. Seizing all the gold and silver cups, vessels, images, and reliquaries belonging to the churches, he caused them to be melted down and coined into money, which he distributed among the mutinous lanz-knechts. De Leyva sought to mitigate the wrath of the priests by solemnly vowing to indemnify them for the loss of their plate; but he afterwards excused himself by declaring that he had made the promise in the Emperor's name, and that it was for his majesty, not for him, to replace the treasures of which the churches had been despoiled.

But not only did the governor of Pavia want food and money, but his stock of powder was well-nigh exhausted, and it seemed impossible to obtain a fresh supply. Pomperant, however, who had remained within the city, enduring all the privations and hardships to which the garrison was exposed, undertook to remedy this difficulty.

Having fully explained his design to De Leyva, who approved of it and engaged to have all in readiness for his return, Pomperant set out at night-time on the expedition, accompanied only by the faithful Hugues. They were both fully armed and mounted on the fleetest horses that could be found in the garrison, and, issuing suddenly from the sally-port, contrived to gain a wood skirting the wall of the park of Mirabello, and thence, after narrowly escaping capture, made their way to the castle of Sant Angelo, which they knew to be in possession of the Imperialists.

Here Pomperant found Bourbon, and a joyful meeting took place between the duke and his devoted partisan, who had not met for nearly three months. On learning Pomperant's errand, Bourbon at once gave him a band of forty reiters, each of whom was furnished with a large bag of powder. Attended by this troop,

and accompanied by Hugues, who likewise carried a bag of powder at his saddle-bow, Pomperant quitted Sant Angelo when it grew dark, and got within a league of Pavia without encountering any material obstacle.

But danger was now at hand. So completely was Pavia surrounded, that it was impossible to enter the city without passing through the enemy's lines. Avoiding the intrenchments thrown around the main body of the French army, Pomperant approached a point where there were fewest difficulties in the way, and, dashing past the sentinels, succeeded in gaining the wood bordering the park.

But the alarm was instantly given, and a mounted picket at once started in pursuit. The horses of these troopers being fresh, they soon gained upon the reiters, and a conflict appeared unavoidable.

While Pomperant was straining every nerve to reach Pavia, the horse of one of the reiters stumbled and fell, and ere the man could disengage himself, he was surrounded by the French troopers, several of whom fired at him as he lay on the ground. During the fray the bag of powder exploded. Amid the confusion and dismay caused by this incident Pomperant and his band escaped, and entering the city through the sally-port, were warmly welcomed by the governor.

### VIII.

#### HOW MARCELLINE D'HERMENT CAME TO PAVIA TO SOLICIT HER BROTHER'S PARDON FROM THE KING.

A FEW days afterwards, Pomperant, attended by the reiters, made a sortie from Pavia, and as he was returning, after an unsuccessful quest for provisions, he descried some half-dozen French men-at-arms advancing towards him at a rapid pace. No sooner, however, did this little troop discern their danger, than they galloped back towards the French camp. It then appeared that they were merely acting as an escort to a lady, who refused to return with them. Seeing this, Pomperant ordered the reiters to halt, and rode towards her alone.

The lady was young, attired in a riding-dress of green velvet, and there was something in her appearance that reminded him of Marcelline. As he drew nearer, the resemblance seemed to increase, till at last Pomperant, who scarcely dared to trust the evidence of his senses, could no longer doubt. It was Marcelline herself. Uttering a cry of surprise and delight, he pressed towards her, and the next moment was by her side.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" he exclaimed, gazing rapturously at her. "Do I indeed behold Marcelline d'Herment, whom I

have so long mourned as lost! Speak, and reassure me. I thought you had perished beneath the walls of Marseilles."

"Yes, 'tis I, in good truth, Pomperant," she rejoined. "I was not even injured by the explosion which you supposed had caused my death. I have been most anxious to inform you of my escape, but could find no means of communicating with you."

"Had you done so, you would have saved me months of grief," he cried. "But I will not reproach you. My delight at meeting you again is too great to allow the presence of any other sentiment. I care not even to ask by what strange and fortunate chance you are here. Enough that I behold you."

"We meet only to part," she rejoined. "But you shall hear what has brought me to Pavia. When I explain to you the motive of my journey your wonder will cease. My brother, the Seigneur d'Herment, has been condemned to death by the Parliament of Paris, and is now in the Conciergerie waiting the execution of the sentence. At Aix, where I had an interview with his majesty after the siege of Marseilles, he graciously promised that if I had any favour to ask from him, he would grant it. When I heard that my unfortunate brother had been doomed to death, I bethought me of the promise. By my entreaties I obtained a respite from the Chancellor Duprat, and immediately set out for Italy, and, undeterred by all difficulties and dangers from which one less resolute than myself might have shrunk, crossed the Alps, and, after some unavoidable delays, reached the French camp before Pavia yesterday. I easily obtained an audience of the king, who was in his tent, and when I threw myself on my knees before him, he said, 'I recollect you well. You are one of the heroines of Marseilles. I have not forgotten my promise to you.' 'I have come to claim fulfilment of that promise, sire,' I replied. But when I explained my errand, he looked very grave, and said, coldly, 'You ask more than I can perform. I cannot pardon your brother. As an accomplice of the traitor Bourbon he must die.' 'Sire,' I rejoined, 'I am equally guilty with my brother, since I accompanied the Constable de Bourbon in his flight.' 'You have made amends by your conduct at Marseilles,' he replied; 'but your brother's case is different. You are too loyal to ask me to spare a traitor, even though he should be of your own blood.' 'Your royal word has never yet been broken, sire,' I rejoined. 'I hold you to your promise.' For a few moments he looked displeased, and I trembled, for I expected a refusal. Without making a remark, however, he signed a warrant, which was lying on a table near him, and gave it to me, saying, as he did so, 'There is the pardon. Deliver that to the Chancellor Duprat, and your brother will be set free.'"

"Nobly done!" exclaimed Pomperant.

"Nobly done indeed!" cried Marcelline. "And I shall ever

bless him for his clemency. Oh! Pomperant, how could you draw sword against such a king?"

"Because I have sworn to follow Bourbon, and shall stand by him to the last," he rejoined. "Hear me, Marcelline. We are now on the eve of a decisive battle, which will either result in the downfall of François de Valois, or in the utter destruction of Bourbon and his followers. Have I not your good wishes for success?"

"Pomperant, I have told you that I am loyal to the king. After his great generosity towards me, can I nourish any treasonable sentiments against him? My prayer will be that you may escape, but I shall also pray that the king may be the victor."

"If you so pray, you will pray for my death, Marcelline. Bourbon has told me that if François should ever give him battle, he will conquer or die on the field. If he falls, I shall not survive."

"You have done wrong in thus attaching yourself to a rebel, Pomperant. If you persist in your treason, I must tear you from my heart, whatever the effort may cost me."

"Oh! say not so, Marcelline! Better we had never met than you should use such cruel language towards me. Better I should have thought you lost for ever than find you changed."

"I am not changed, Pomperant. But I will not continue to love a traitor and rebel. Quit the service of the king's enemies. Seek some place of safety, and when I have obtained my brother's pardon, I will return and join you. Will you do this? Will you fly with me now? Come! come! you shall have all my love. But if you stay here, you will behold me no more."

"You tempt me sorely, Marcelline. But I cannot—must not—yield. I cannot sacrifice my honour even to my love. I am vowed to Bourbon, as I have told you, and shall follow him to the last. Think you I could desert him now?"

"Then you must forget me, for I shall hold you unworthy of my love, and tear you from my heart. Farewell!"

"We have not yet parted," cried Pomperant. "Fortune has placed you in my hands. You must go with me to Pavia."

"To Pavia!" she exclaimed. "Never!"

And she turned with the intention of galloping back to the French camp, but Pomperant seized her bridle and detained her.

"You are my prisoner," he said.

"You cannot mean this, Pomperant?" she rejoined, in alarm. "You will not detain me against my will. My brother's life is at stake. You will be answerable for his fate should he be put to death."

"Have no fears about your brother," said Pomperant. "I will find a faithful messenger to take the warrant to Duprat."

"Pomperant," said Marcelline, "you will not dishonour your knightly character by detaining me against my will?"

"No," he replied, after a great effort, "I will not hinder you. You are free. But do not return to the French camp," he added, perceiving she was about to ride in that direction. "I will send Hugues with you. He is amongst yon troop of reiters. Take him with you to France."

"I have a servant at Novara, and shall be safe when I arrive there," she rejoined. "This conduct is worthy of you, Pomperant."

"It has been a misfortune to me that I have ever loved you, Marcelline," he rejoined, sadly. "I must try to banish all thoughts of you in the strife. If I fall, bestow a tear on me. If I escape, we may meet again."

"Perhaps so," she replied. "Heaven only knows what is in store for us."

Without a word more, Pomperant called to Hugues, who instantly obeyed the summons and rode towards them.

"Attend this lady to Novara," he said, "and then return as best you can to Pavia."

Hugues bowed assent, and Pomperant, drawing near to Marcelline, said, in a low, deep voice,

"Are we to part thus?"

"We must," she rejoined in the same tone. "Farewell!—forget me!"

"Would I could forget her!" ejaculated Pomperant, as he rode back with the reiters to Pavia.

## IX.

### HOW PESCARA CAUSED A BREACH TO BE MADE IN THE WALLS OF THE PARK OF MIRABELLO.

ON quitting Lodi, the Imperial army consisted of upwards of twenty-one thousand men, more than half of whom had been raised by Bourbon. The *lanz-knechts* were commanded by Von Frundsberg, the reiters by Marx Sittich d'Ems, and the Burgundian light horse by the Comte de Salms.

Pescara's chief reliance was upon a corps of Basque arquebussiers, whom he had trained to rush upon the enemy, discharge their pieces, and retreat with extraordinary rapidity. These Basques formed a corps fifteen hundred strong, and were all unerring marksmen. Moreover, they were armed with short sharp swords, which they could fix on the top of their arquebusses, and use with terrible effect against cavalry.

During its march the army extended for nearly three leagues. The vanguard was commanded by Pescara, with whom were the best of the Spanish cavalry, and the before-mentioned Basque arquebussiers. Then came the Marquis del Vasto with his battalion,



and after him Lannoy with the Neapolitan soldiers. Then came five hundred light horse under Castrioto, then the lanz-knechts under Von Frundsberg, and lastly the reiters and Burgundian cavalry. The rear-guard was commanded by Bourbon. The whole of the army was in excellent condition, and though the men were unpaid, they were content with the promises of plunder held out to them by their leaders. Under such circumstances, however, it was incumbent that a battle should take place with as little delay as possible, and on this point both Bourbon and Pescara were agreed.

Instead of marching direct upon Pavia, the Imperial generals proceeded towards Milan, as if designing to attack that city, hoping by the device to draw François from his intrenched camp, but the king was either too well informed of their design or too wary, for he would not quit his position.

Finding he did not move, they altered their course and gradually approached Pavia, and as they drew near to the French camp frequent skirmishes took place between troops of cavalry on either side, in which, owing to the address and daring of Pescara and Del Vasto, the advantage generally remained with the Imperialists.

By the king's command Bonnivet had been despatched with four hundred light horse to watch the movements of the enemy, and while thus employed in the neighbourhood of Belgiojoso, he was surprised by Pescara, and after a sharp skirmish compelled to retreat.

On learning that the enemy were now close at hand, the king quitted his quarters at San Lanfranco, and removed to the neighbourhood of the Certosa, a magnificent convent situated at the northern extremity of the park of Mirabello.

By this time the whole of the Imperial army had come up, and was encamped upon a plain, between two canals, on the east of Pavia, about a league from the walls of the city, and about half a league from the advanced guard of the French army. The hostile camps were separated by the Vernacula, a small but deep river, with steep banks. The spot chosen for their camp by the Imperialists was protected by a rising ground from the French artillery, while the Vernacula served them as a trench.

After carefully studying the position of the French army, Pescara became convinced that it would be impossible to force them in their intrenchments, and as all attempts to draw them forth had proved ineffectual, some new expedient must be adopted. At last he hit upon a plan, which he proposed to Bourbon.

"Since all other means have failed," he said, "I propose to proceed in this manner. The attack must be made to-night. My design is to make a breach in the walls of the park of Mirabello sufficiently large to allow the passage of our whole army. This

can be readily accomplished in a few hours, and without artillery, if we are undiscovered. The walls can be battered down by rams and other engines, and while the operations are going on, false attacks must be made at two or three different points of the French camp, so as to distract their attention. Once within the park, we shall have nothing between us and the king, whose quarters are now near the Certosa. If we cannot compel him to give us battle, we can at least succour Pavia."

"I like the plan, and doubt not it will succeed," remarked Bourbon. "But De Leyva must be informed of it, that he may hold himself in readiness to sally forth with the garrison."

"I will engage to take a message to him," said Pomperant, who was standing by.

"Tell him to make ready to-night," said Pescara; "and when he hears cannon fired in the park to come forth with his men."

"It shall be done," replied Pomperant. "It is well you have resolved to execute your plan without delay, for Pavia is reduced almost to the last extremity."

About an hour before midnight Pescara put his battalion in motion, and after making a wide circuit, so as to avoid the French pickets, he approached the farther side of the park of Mirabello. Del Vasto followed. Next came Castrioto, with his squadron of five hundred light horse. Then came Lannoy, with his Neapolitan soldiers. Then the Burgundian cavalry under the Comte de Salms; and lastly Bourbon, Von Frundsberg, and Marx Sittich d'Ems, with the German lanz-knechts and reiters. The night was so dark, and the movement so noiselessly executed, that no suspicion was entertained by the French.

As the mighty host thus silently collected upon a plain on the north side of the park, they were concealed from the French sentinels by a thick intervening wood. From this plain the dark outline of Pavia, with its numerous lofty towers, its Duomo and castle, could be discerned, and the sounds that disturbed the silence of the night proclaimed that the garrison were astir.

No sooner did Pescara reach that portion of the walls which he had selected for his purpose, than a large body of pioneers set to work to batter them down with rams, huge beams of wood, and other engines. But the walls had been very solidly built by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and offered a more obstinate resistance than had been expected. Dawn was at hand before a sufficiently large breach could be made.

While this operation was proceeding, two false attacks, as preconcerted, had been made upon the French camp, accompanied by a constant discharge of artillery; but in spite of this precaution the plan was discovered, and communicated to François.

As soon as the breach was practicable, the Marquis del Vasto, in obedience to Pescara's injunctions, dashed into the park with his

battalion, and hastened to the Castle of Mirabello, which he attacked and took without difficulty, dispersing the troops by whom it was garrisoned.

So far success had crowned the attempt. But a sudden check was now experienced.

## X.

### THE BATTLE.

As we have just mentioned, intelligence of the movements of the Imperialists, and of their probable plans, had been conveyed to the king. Overjoyed by the tidings—for he was all eagerness for the fray—François, who was sleeping in his tent, immediately arose, and caused his esquires to array him in a magnificent suit of mail, that had lately been fabricated for him at Milan. Then donning his glittering casque, with its long white plumes, which drooped down his back, and buckling on his sword, he mounted his stoutest war-horse—a powerful black charger—and rode forth.

As soon as he appeared he was joined by the Duke d'Alençon and the Marshal de Chabannes, both of whom were fully armed and accoutred, and mounted on barded steeds. With them was a throng of knightly personages, composed of the chief officers of the crown, the young nobles ordinarily in attendance upon the king, and the guard.

By this time it had become light, and as François galloped forward with the brilliant cortège we have described into the park, he could see the fugitives from the Castle of Montibello, pursued by the cavalry of Del Vasto. He could also distinguish Pescara's battalion pouring in through the breach.

"Call forth my men-at-arms, and let the Seneschal d'Armagnac fire upon the insolent foe," he cried.

Scarcely was the order issued, when D'Armagnac, who had already posted his artillery on a rising ground in the park, opened a terrible fire upon the Spaniards who were passing through the breach, and not only caused great destruction among them, but threw them into such disorder, that they fled for shelter to a hollow where they were safe from the murderous fire.

"Ha! by Saint Denis, they are routed already!" exclaimed the king, laughing. "Charge them!" he added to the Duke d'Alençon, who, on receiving the order, immediately put himself at the head of two companies of horse, and rode towards the hollow, whither the fugitives had retreated.

Meantime, D'Armagnac had kept up such an incessant and well-directed fire, that the entrance of Pescara's battalion through the breach was effectually checked.

Thus the plan of the Spanish general seemed to be foiled, and if the king had contented himself with crushing the troops of Del

Vasto, who were now lodged in the Castle of Mirabello, while the breach was rendered impracticable by the artillery, he might have gained the day. But his valorous and impetuous disposition caused him to reject the counsels of prudence. He burned to mingle with the fight.

"By Saint Louis!" he cried to Bonnivet, who was sheathed from head to foot in glittering mail, and bestrode a powerful charger, "I cannot look tamely on and allow the cannon to do the work for me. I must give battle to the foe. I must punish Bourbon's presumption."

"The enemy is half beaten already, sire," rejoined Bonnivet. "Pescara's plan has utterly failed. Your majesty has only to strike the blow to complete the victory."

"I will do it!" exclaimed the chivalrous king. "I should be unworthy of victory if I neglected to ensure it. Bid the army advance. I will give battle to the enemy outside the park."

"Be advised by me, sire, and remain where you are," said the Marshal de Chabannes. "Victory is certain. Leave nothing to hazard."

"By Heaven! I will not remain here another instant!—Montjoye! Saint Denis!—en avant, messeigneurs!—en avant!"

The trumpets sounded loudly, and the king, attended by all his train of knights, nobles, and esquires, moved with the main body of the army towards the breach.

When he perceived this unlucky movement, D'Armagnac, much to his grief, was compelled to cease firing, and the Spaniards, now freed from the murderous discharges he had poured upon them, rallied and prepared to return to the plain.

It was a glorious sight as François, with all his host, passed through the breach and confronted the Imperialists, who were drawn out in battle array on the plain. All his foes were before him. Bourbon was there with his lanz-knechts, reiters, and Burgundian lances—Pescara with his Spaniards and Basques—Castrìoto with his light horse—Lannoy with his Neapolitan cavalry.

Bourbon watched the brilliant host as it deployed upon the plain, and as he followed the movements of the king, whose lofty stature and magnificent armour revealed him to all eyes, he thought that the hour of vengeance had come. On either side there was confident anticipation of victory. François made sure of overthrowing his enemies, and punishing the audacious rebel who had invaded his kingdom, while Bourbon felt equally certain of vengeance.

No sooner had the king so imprudently quitted the park with his host, than Del Vasto abandoned the Castle of Mirabello, on which he had taken possession, and, hurrying after them with his three thousand Spanish fantassins, attacked the French rear.

At the same time De Leyva issued from the gates of Pavi

with the whole of the garrison and engaged with Chabot de Brion, who had been left to oppose him with a very inferior force.

When drawn up for battle, the French army formed a very extended line, the right wing being commanded by the Marshal de Chabannes, and the left by the Duke d'Alençon. Between the right wing and the main body, with whom was the king, were the Black Bands, commanded by the Duke of Suffolk. On the left was a corps of ten thousand Swiss, commanded by Diesbach.

The Imperial army likewise formed a long line, but was divided into a great number of squadrons all ready to act together, or separately, as circumstances might dictate.

No sooner was his line formed than the fiery French king, who was all impatience for action, bade the trumpets sound, and called to his gendarmes to charge.

Couching his long lance, and closely attended by Bonnivet and all his young nobles and esquires, François hurled himself against Castrioto, who, with his squadron of light horse drawn up in a close square, awaited his attack. The shock was terrific and irresistible. Down went horse and man before the French chivalry, and Castrioto was transfixed by the king's own lance.

Their leader gone, the horsemen could not rally, but were quickly dispersed, while the victorious king, without pausing, turned his arms against Lannoy and his Neapolitans, almost as speedily routing them as he had done the horse of Castrioto.

"Your majesty seems to have decided the battle with a blow," remarked Bonnivet, as they stopped to breathe their horses, while the men-at-arms pursued the fugitives.

"At last, I am Duke of Milan," said François, laughing, and fully persuaded he had gained the victory.

But he was speedily undeceived. Pescara had chosen this moment, when the squadrons of Castrioto and Lannoy were routed, to bring up his Basque arquebussiers. Advancing rapidly within a short distance of the French gendarmes, these unerring marksmen fired with deadly effect, retreating before their opponents, encumbered by their heavy armour, could touch them.

These attacks were renewed till most serious damage was done to the king's squadron, and many of his brave captains shot, for the aim of the Basques was taken at the leaders.

It was in this terrible conflict with the Basques that the valiant Seigneur de la Trémouille, who had been recalled by the king from Milan, was shot through the head and heart. Galeazzo de San Severino, chief equerry of the king, was slain at the same time. Louis d'Ars was dismounted and trampled to death amid the press, and the Comte de Tonnerre was so hacked to pieces that he could scarcely be recognised. Many other nobles and valiant knights were slain.

Meanwhile, Del Vasto, who had brought his three thousand

fantassins into action, profiting by the disorder into which the gendarmes had been thrown, attacked the battalion of Swiss commanded by Jean Diesbach, with whom were the Marshals Montmorency and Fleuranges. But the Swiss did not maintain their former character for bravery on this occasion, and, in spite of the efforts of Montmorency and Fleuranges, both of whom were taken prisoners, they fled, while Diesbach, unable to restrain them, and overcome by shame, sought death amid the enemy.

An important movement was now made by Bourbon. Ordering Von Frundsberg and Sittich to lengthen their battalion, he enveloped the Black Bands under the Duke of Suffolk, and completely exterminated them. Both Suffolk and the Comte de Vaudemont were now slain.

Bourbon next directed his victorious lanz-knechts against the right wing of the French, which had become detached from the main body of the army, and enveloped it, as he had done the Black Bands.

In this conflict the brave Clermont d'Amboise was slain, and the veteran Marshal de Chabannes, while rallying his men, had his horse killed under him, and was taken prisoner by a Spanish captain named Castaldo. Chabannes, who was wounded, declared his name and rank to his captor, and desired to be taken to a place of safety. Castaldo agreed, and was removing him from the conflict, when they encountered another Spanish soldier, named Buzarto.

"Hold!" exclaimed the new comer, fiercely. "I claim a share in the prize."

"Pass on," rejoined Castaldo. "The prisoner is mine by right of war. I have taken him."

"You refuse to share him with me?" demanded Buzarto, in a threatening tone.

"I do," rejoined the other, sternly. "And I counsel you not to meddle with me."

"And you expect a large ransom—eh?" said Buzarto.

"A princely ransom," rejoined Castaldo, glancing at his prisoner. "I have to do with a marshal of France."

"A marshal of France!" exclaimed Buzarto, furiously. "Then he shall belong to neither of us."

And levelling his arquebuss at the noble veteran, who had fought in a hundred battles, he shot him dead—an infamous act, which doomed its perpetrator to general execration.

Meanwhile, the king had thrown himself into the thickest of the fight. His lance having long since been broken, he had drawn his trenchant sword, and, like a paladin of old, dealt blows right and left, and did not refuse a hand-to-hand combat when offered him.

Already, as we have shown, he had slain Castrioto, and now several others fell by his hand. Among them was a knight from the

Franche-Comté, named Andelot, with whom François had a long conflict.

While drawing breath after this encounter, he heard shouts on the right, and, turning at the sound, beheld the flying bands of the Swiss mercenaries.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, in mingled amazement and indignation, "what means that rush of men?"

"The Swiss are retreating, sire—shamefully retreating—almost without a blow," rejoined Bonnivet, who was near him.

"Ha, dastards! ha, traitors! do they desert me thus!" cried the king, furiously. "Come with me, Bonnivet."

And spurring his steed, he dashed after the flying Swiss, striving to rally them, but his efforts were in vain.

At the same juncture, the Duke d'Alençon, alarmed by the destruction of the Black Bands, the rout of the right wing, and the disorder of the main body, sounded a retreat, and withdrew ingloriously from the field.

Vainly did La Roche du Maine, his lieutenant, and the Baron de Trans, try to turn him from his fatal resolution. Finding him immovable, they threw themselves into the main body, towards which the efforts of the enemy were now directed.

Once more the lion-hearted king made a tremendous charge against the Spanish cavalry, led on by Pescara. For a moment it seemed as if this charge would turn the tide of victory, so great was the havoc it occasioned. Pescara himself was wounded by a sword-cut in the cheek, stricken from his steed, and trampled under foot by the enemy. With difficulty he was rescued by his men, and dragged out of the way. Lannoy again brought on his Neapolitans, and was repulsed with heavy loss.

The battle now raged furiously, and the din of arms was as if a thousand smiths were at work, mingled with the rattle of arquebusses, the shrieks of wounded horses, and the shouts, curses, and groans of the combatants. Terrible was the carnage. On all sides could be seen the bravest and noblest of the French chivalry flocking towards the king's standard, resolved to win the day or perish with him, for his actions showed that he would never retire.

But the decisive moment had come. Pescara was down, and severely wounded, as we have seen, and his squadron shattered by the last charge of the king. Lannoy, who had advanced to sustain him, was likewise repulsed. For a brief space the heroic king persuaded himself that he could retrieve his losses, but his exultation was speedily quelled. He saw a dense dark mass gathering in front that threatened to overwhelm him.

Bourbon was there with his lanz-knechts, his German reiters, and his Burgundian lances. At his right and left wing were Von Frundsberg and Sittich. Fierce and terrible was the joy that lighted up the duke's haughty features at that moment. He saw

the king, who had so deeply wronged him. He saw him surrounded with his peerless knights and nobles. Chaumont was there, the Marshal de Foix, Lambesc, Lavedan, the Grand Master of France, and a hundred other noble knights. There also was the hated Bonnivet. He could crush them all.

After gazing at them as the eagle gazes ere swooping upon its prey, Bourbon gave word to charge. The trumpets sounded, and the Burgundian lances and German reiters dashed on, shouting loudly, "Vive Bourbon!"

Clearing the ground between them and the foe, they burst like a thunder-cloud upon the French men-at-arms and knights. Tremendous was the splintering of lances—loud the rattle of musketry—sharp the clash of swords. But the squadron gathered round the king was broken in six places, and could not rally. In the terrific mêlée that ensued, half the gallant knights whom Bourbon had seen were slain. Chaumont was transfixd in the charge—Lavedan cut down—the Grand Master buried beneath a heap of dead.

Vainly the king and those near him essayed to rally the men. They were panic-stricken, and could not be got together again.

If the strife was not yet over, the victory was won, and the decisive blow had been given by Bourbon.

## XI.

### HOW BONNIVET WAS SLAIN BY BOURBON.

THE lanz-knechts and Burgundians were now wholly occupied in making prisoners and slaughtering the foe. Heaps of slain lay thick on all sides, the plain was deluged in blood, and the knights rode over the dead and dying.

It was at this terrible crisis that the king's eye, ranging over the field, caught Bonnivet, who instantly rode up to him.

"What orders, sire?" he demanded.

"Hence!" cried François. "Quit my sight for ever. This is your work."

"Sire," rejoined Bonnivet, "if I have done wrong it has been unwittingly. Let me die by your side."

"No, I will not have you near me," cried François. "Away, false traitor, away!"

"Sire, by Heaven I am no traitor!" rejoined Bonnivet. "But I will not long survive your displeasure."

And, without a word more, he dashed into the thick of the enemy.

He had not been gone more than a minute, when the Marshal de Foix rode up, his left arm shattered, his armour sullied, and his steed covered with gore. From his ghastly looks it was evident



he was mortally wounded, but he had still strength enough to sit his horse.

"Where is Bonnivet, sire?" he demanded. "I thought I saw him with you."

"He is gone," rejoined the king. "What would you with him?"

"Slay him—slay him with this sword dyed in the blood of our enemies," rejoined De Foix. "It is he who has brought this dire calamity on France. But for him this disastrous battle would not have been fought. If I can slay him, I shall die content. Where is he, sire? Show him to me."

"Ride from the battle while you can, and seek a surgeon—'twere best," said the king.

"No, I will first slay Bonnivet," rejoined De Foix.

"Then seek him yonder," said the king, pointing to the thickest part of the strife.

And while De Foix rode off, he himself renewed the combat. Scarcely knowing whither he was going, De Foix was quickly surrounded by several Burgundian lances, when he found himself confronted by a knight in black armour.

"Yield you, De Foix?" said this knight. And, raising his visor, he disclosed the features of Bourbon.

"I yield," replied the other. "But you had better let your men finish me. There is not an hour's life in me."

"Nay, I trust you are not so badly hurt as that," said Bourbon. "Let him be taken at once to Pavia and carefully tended. Captain Castaldo, I give him in your charge."

"Bourbon," said De Foix, "I will forgive you all the wrong you have done to France, if you will slay Bonnivet."

"Tis he I seek," rejoined Bourbon. "Is he with the king?"

"No," replied De Foix. "He has gone in that direction," pointing to another part of the field.

"Then I will find him, if he be not slain," said Bourbon. "Heaven grant he may be reserved for my hand!"

And, renewing his orders to Castaldo, he rode off.

Casting his eyes round the field of battle, and glancing at the numerous groups of combatants, he discerned a French noble engaged in a conflict with three or four lanz-knechts. From the richness of his armour he knew it to be Bonnivet, and spurred towards him. Before he came up the Admiral had slain one of his assailants, and put the others to flight, and was about to ride off. When Bourbon called out to him, he immediately wheeled round.

"At last I have found you," cried the duke, with a fierce laugh. "You cannot escape me now."

"What! is it Bourbon?" cried Bonnivet, glancing at him.

"Ay," replied the other. "Your mortal enemy. Back on your lives!" he added to the Burgundian lances. "I must settle this matter alone. You see that the victory is won," he added

to Bonnivet, "and you know what that means. François has lost the Milanese, and will lose his kingdom."

"France will never be yours, vile traitor and rebel," cried Bonnivet, in an access of rage. "You shall never boast of your triumph over the king. I will avenge him!"

And animated with the deadliest fury of hate, he attacked Bourbon.

The conflict was terrible, but brief. By a tremendous downward blow Bourbon struck his adversary's weapon from his grasp, and then, seizing his arm, thrust the point of his sword into his throat above the gorget.

Bonnivet fell to the ground at the feet of the victor. As Bourbon gazed at his noble lineaments, now disfigured and sullied with gore, a slight sentiment of compassion touched his breast.

"Alas! unhappy man," he exclaimed. "Your destiny was fatal—fatal to France and to me."

And he rode back towards the scene of strife and slaughter.

## XII.

### HOW THE KING SURRENDERED TO THE VICEROY OF NAPLES.

ALL the king's bravest nobles were now gone—slain or made prisoners. Already have we particularised the slain. Among the captives were the valiant Montmorency, Saint Pol, De Lorges, Laval, Ambricourt, Fleuranges, and many other illustrious personages. François alone confronted the enemy. He was wounded in three places, and his armour was hacked with many blows and stained with blood. But his prodigious strength seemed undiminished—nay, the very rage by which he was excited lent force to his arm. His blows were delivered with such fury and rapidity that his assailants seemed to fall around him on all sides.

After sustaining this conflict for some time, finding his foes pressing around him he cut his way through them, and pushed his steed towards a bridge over the little river Vernacula. But ere he could reach it a shot from an arquebuss pierced the brain of his charger, and the noble animal, who had borne him so well, and who, like his master, was wounded in several places, fell to the ground.

The king's assailants now made certain of capturing him alive. They were led on by a Spanish captain, Diego Avila, and Giovanni d'Urbieta, an Italian, neither of whom, however, recognising François, owing to a gash in his face, but they knew from the richness of his armour that he was a personage of the high rank, and hoped to obtain a large ransom. Thus they no longer shouted loudly to him to yield, but he replied by striking at them with his sword, and as soon as he could liberate himself from them

charger he renewed the attack, killing and slaying several more of his foes, among whom were Avila and Urbieta.

But almost superhuman as was his force, it was impossible that he could long sustain himself against such tremendous odds. His enemies were closing around him, heavy blows were ringing against his armour, when Pomperant, who was riding near, caught sight of his towering figure amid the throng, and seeing the peril in which he stood, forced his way through the band of soldiers, shouting in a loud voice, "Hold! on your lives! It is the king!"

"The king!" exclaimed the soldiers, falling back at the announcement.

Most opportune was the rescue. In another minute François, who disdained to save his life by proclaiming himself, would have been laid low.

Taking advantage of the pause, Pomperant flung himself from his steed, and prostrating himself before the king, who, with his reeking sword in hand, fiercely confronted his assailants.

"Sire," cried Pomperant, in the most earnest tones he could command, "I conjure you not to struggle against fate. The battle is utterly lost, and all your valour can only end in your own destruction."

"I do not desire to survive this fatal day," rejoined the king, fiercely. "I will not yield. If you would boast that you have slain the King of France, draw your sword and attack me."

"No, sire. I will never lift my arm against your person," said Pomperant, respectfully. "But since you have done all that valour can achieve—since you have fought as monarch of France never fought before—since further resistance is in vain, let me implore you to yield to my master, the Duke de Bourbon."

"Yield to Bourbon! Yield to that rebel and traitor!—never!" exclaimed the king, furiously. "Wert thou not kneeling before me, villain, I would strike thee dead for daring to make the proposition to me. If I surrender to any one, it shall be to the Marquis of Pescara. He is a valiant captain, and loyal to his sovereign."

"Pescara is wounded, sire, and unable to protect you," rejoined Pomperant. "But the Viceroy of Naples is at hand."

"Let him come to me, then," said François.

Some soldiers were instantly despatched on this errand by Pomperant, who remained standing near the king to protect him. Though smarting from his wounds, François refused all assistance; but feeling faint from loss of blood, he sat down upon the breathless body of his charger, and took off his helmet.

"Fill this with water for me," he said, giving the casque to a soldier. "I am sore athirst."

The man hurried to the river, filled the helmet, and brought it to him. François drank eagerly, and breaking off an ornament, bestowed it upon the soldier.

At this moment Lannoy rode up, and, dismounting, knelt before the king, who had risen at his approach, and now assumed a dignified and majestic demeanour. When he spoke, his accents were firm, but full of sadness.

"Here is my sword," he said, delivering the blood-stained weapon to the Viceroy. "I yield myself prisoner to the Emperor your master. I might have saved myself by flight, but I would have died rather than quit the field dishonourably."

"Your majesty has held out to the latest moment," rejoined Lannoy. "Scarce one of your soldiers but has thrown down his arms. Doubt not that you will be worthily treated by the Emperor."

Lannoy then kissed the hand graciously extended towards him, and drawing his own sword presented it to the king.

"I will take the weapon, though I cannot use it," said François.

"Your wounds must be tended without delay, sire," said the Viceroy. "You shall be transported at once to Pavia, where skilful chirurgeons can be obtained."

"No, not to Pavia," said François, uneasily. "The inhabitants of that miserable city hate me, and with good reason, for I have shown them scant pity. Let me be taken to the Certosa, where my wounds can be dressed by the monks. They have good chirurgeons among them."

"Your majesty's wishes shall be obeyed," said Lannoy.

A litter was then made with crossed halberds, covered by a cloak, on which the wounded king was placed, and in this manner he was borne on the shoulders of the lanz-knechts towards the Certosa.

On the way thither, many frightful scenes met his gaze. De Leyva and a squadron of cavalry, infuriated against the French, were careering over the battle-field, putting to death all who had survived the fight. Hundreds were thus massacred in this way—hundreds of others, flying for their lives, plunged into the Ticino, and being unable to swim across the rapid stream, were drowned. The shouts of the victors and the cries of the vanquished rang in the monarch's ear, and filled his breast with anguish.

At one time the progress of the bearers was arrested by a pile of slain, and the soldiers were obliged to turn aside to avoid the obstruction. François remarked that the heap of bodies was caused by the destruction of the Black Bands, and he involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah! if all my soldiers had fought like those brave men, the day would not have gone against me."

Other interruptions of a like nature occurred. Dead and dying were strewed so thickly on the ground that it was impossible to avoid them. It was utterly impossible, also, to shut the ears to the dismal sounds that smote them.

Presently the king was taken past a spot where the dead lay thickest, and here it was evident, from the rich accoutrements of the slain, that the flower of his young nobility had fallen while fighting so valiantly in his defence. The spoilers were already at work stripping them of their valuables. It was a sad sight to François, and lacerated his heart so severely, that he wished he were lying amongst them.

As he averted his gaze from this painful spectacle, his eye alighted upon a knight accoutred in black armour, who had just ridden up. As this warrior had his visor down, François could not distinguish his features.

"Halt!" exclaimed the knight, authoritatively. And the soldiers immediately obeyed.

The knight then raised his beaver, and disclosed the dark lineaments of Bourbon, now flushed with triumph.

"Ha! by Saint Denis! I felt that a traitor was nigh!" exclaimed the wounded king, raising himself, and gazing fiercely at the other. "Are you come to insult me?"

"No, sire," replied Bourbon. "I have no such design. This is not the moment, when we have changed positions, that I would exult in your defeat. Were it possible, I would soothe the bitterness of your feelings."

"You would soothe them by telling me I have lost my kingdom," cried François, fiercely. "You would soothe them by reminding me that I am a captive. You would soothe them by pointing out all those valiant nobles and captains who have died for me. You would soothe them by telling me how many you yourself have slain. Whose blood dyes your sword?"

"The blood of one who has brought all these misfortunes upon you, sire," rejoined Bourbon.

"You would have me understand that Bonnivét has died by your hand? ha!" demanded François.

"Even so, sire," rejoined Bourbon. "His guilty soul has just gone to its account. In avenging my own wrongs upon his head, I have avenged you."

"He has much to answer for," exclaimed the king. "But Heaven forgive him, even as I forgive him."

"I will not trouble you with my presence further, sire," said Bourbon. "I have only intruded upon you now to give you the assurance that we shall never forget what is due to your exalted rank, and that our victory will be used with moderation and generosity."

"What generosity can I expect from the Emperor, or from you?" cried François, bitterly. "Answer me one question ere you go. How many men have you lost in the battle?"

"Our total losses, as far as we can estimate them, are under seven hundred men, sire," replied Bourbon.

"And mine! how many have I lost?" demanded the king. "Fear not to speak," he added, seeing Bourbon hesitate; "I would know the exact truth."

"Sire," replied Bourbon, in a sombre tone, "it is impossible to compute your losses at this moment, but I shall not overstate them in saying that eight thousand of your soldiers have fallen upon this plain. Twenty of your proudest nobles are lying within a few paces of us."

Groaning as if his heart would burst, François sank backwards.

Bourbon signed to the soldiers to proceed with their burden, and then rode off with his Burgundian lances.

François did not again unclose his eyes, and scarcely, indeed, manifested any signs of consciousness, until he was taken into the court of the Certosa.

When he was there set down, the prior with the principal monks came forth to meet him, and would have conveyed him to the interior of the convent, but François refused to have his wounds dressed till he had prayed to Heaven, and desired the prior to conduct him at once to the church.

His injunctions were complied with, and the prior gave him his arm, for he could not walk without assistance. On entering the magnificent fabric, he was taken to the nearest chapel, and ere he knelt down his eye fell upon this inscription on the wall:

BONUM MIHI QUIA HUMILIASTI ME, UT DISCAM JUSTIFICATIONES TUAS.

The unfortunate king could not fail to apply these words to his own situation. Profoundly touched, he humbled himself before Heaven, acknowledging his manifold and great offences, and imploring forgiveness.

His devotions ended, he was taken to the principal chamber of the monastery, where his wounds were carefully dressed.

For three days he remained at the Certosa, the monastery being strictly guarded by the Spanish soldiery, and during his detention there he was visited by the Viceroy of Naples, the Marquis del Vasto, and Pescara, who had only partially recovered from the wounds he had received in the battle.

The king was then removed to the fortress of Pizzighettone, under the charge of the vigilant Captain Alarcon, with a guard of two hundred cavalry and twelve hundred fantassins, there to be kept a close prisoner till the Emperor's pleasure concerning him could be ascertained.

Before his departure from the Certosa, François announced his defeat to his mother in these memorable words:

"Madame, tout est perdu, fors l'honneur."

**End of the Fifth Book.**

## A FORTNIGHT'S RIDE EAST OF JORDAN.

*April 16.*—The little river which flows through the ruined city of Amman is built in with masonry the whole way. It is crossed by two bridges—one bridge of a single arch in the middle of the city, and another bridge of three arches above the city. On the north side of the valley, the hill is covered with a mass of ruins, crowned with the remains of the citadel and upper city. One fragment arrested our attention especially. On a massive stone foundation were four huge pedestals *in situ*, twelve feet from centre to centre; the columns, which were *not* in one piece, measured five feet in diameter, and huge blocks of sculptured frieze were lying about. The wall, which surrounds the citadel hill, is very massive and finely built, and shows signs of great antiquity. At the base of the hill is the ruin of a temple, with the remains of a handsome portico. We spent some time this morning in exploring and sketching, before we started for Goblan's tents. His camp is out of our route, but we do not mind losing a day, in order to see something more of this strange, wild Bedouin life. It is very fortunate for us that we did come here, for our way lay through a splendid valley, the Wady Eshteh, which becomes the Wady Seir. This Wady Seir runs into the Jordan valley—so we are back again in sight of the Dead Sea;—looking down upon it, too, for we are camped on a hill close to Goblan's tents; from which said tents a mighty smoke is ascending at this moment, for he is preparing a *whole sheep* for us, cooked in Arab fashion. The Wady Eshteh is a deep, narrow valley, and the steep hill-sides are clothed with truly magnificent forest trees—the first trees I can say I have seen to compare with an English oak forest. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the deep green glades, running up through these oak trees—real rich grass, filled with scarlet poppies, blue cornflowers, and wild geraniums. It was more like a fine English park scene than anything else, only there were brown Bedouin tents peeping out among the foliage, and great awkward camels clambering up the steep hill-sides. The undergrowth, too, was not English—wild figs, covered, however, with real English honeysuckle—out of which flew *blackbirds*! How their note of alarm carried me home to England! Then there was oleander, and a beautiful shrub-like tree covered with fragrant white blossoms. On a bare bough of an oak, high up in the glen, I saw a great eagle calmly surveying the scene. At some Adwan camps in this valley we saw some very good-looking horses and mares. Our Scheik has a handsome white mare, with a very good foal at her foot. I will describe our dinner to-morrow, when we get to Es Salt. I am sorry to say we shall not see Aghile Agha, as we hoped. His camp was close here only yesterday, but he has moved some hours' ride distant from this camp now.

*April 17.*—Our dinner last night was most successful. About six o'clock Fahed came to our tent and summoned us. We accompanied him to his father's camp, which was about fifty yards or more from

our tents. We found the Scheik at his tent door ready to receive us; all his relations were standing in a circle round. We were conducted to a handsome Persian rug, spread on a scarlet mattress on the ground, and requested to sit down, which we did in proper Eastern style. The women took no part in the arrangements, but sat huddled together in a corner of the tent. Goblan and a black slave now brought the food in two large wooden bowls, and placed it on the ground before us. Water from a picturesque-looking brazen vessel was first poured over our hands, and over the hands of those who were to eat with us, according to Oriental usage, and then we all closed round the largest bowl, which contained a quantity of rice, and on the top tempting-looking pieces of meat, cooked in two different ways, some of it roasted in a hole in the ground, heated with fire, and the rest baked on hot stones, which is a favourite Bedouin mode of cooking a sheep. Having, before this, seen the Bedouins eat, I knew how to proceed, and accordingly being invited to begin, I plunged my right hand into the rice with great courage. A small dish of thick sour milk was handed with this dish, and some poured over the meat. E. and I got on swimmingly, picking out choice morsels of meat, and diving into the savoury rice. It is customary to use the right hand almost exclusively, I observe. Goblan, and Fahed, and Hazan, with two near relatives, Michael and Elise, all ate with us. The meat and rice were both really excellent, and, being hungry, we enjoyed the dinner very much. This dish was the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner, and was succeeded by a bowl of thin wafery pancakes, with fresh butter and sugar poured over them. We tore up little pieces with our fingers and dipped them in the butter. They were most excellent pancakes, so thin and crisp that one felt that there was no reason why one should stop eating them! This dish concluded the repast—more water was poured over our hands, and we were then asked if we would like to see the “horses!” I said I wished to be presented to the Scheik’s wife first, and accordingly we were taken to the tent, and the wife came shyly forward, covering her mouth. She had the usual large handsome eyes of the race, and so had the two daughters, who are children by a former wife, and are girls of sixteen and eighteen. I asked Michael why they were not married? and he said, “because Bedouin girls so dear now!” He told me Goblan’s present wife cost him five horses, thirty goats, twenty camels, and fifty sheep! worth altogether 250*l.* Aghile Agha, however, surpasses him entirely in this item of household expense, having given 1000*l.* for his bride not long since! After our visit to the Scheik’s favourite mare, which turned out to be the only animal at home, we returned to our tent. This morning, just as we were leaving our camping-ground, some Bedouins arrived, and I observed on the top of a well-laden camel a splendid peregrine falcon. His owner, an Adwân Scheik, exhibited him to our admiring eyes; he had regular jesses on, and sat on a small block of wood, to which he was attached. The noble sport of falconry evidently lingers in the land of Moab, for the owner of this beautiful bird spoke with great enthusiasm of the falcon taking partridges and other game, and described how he lure him back. The bird was wonderfully tame, and allowed himself to be freely handled; they use a hood when he is going out for sport. Ou-



ride to-day has been most interesting. About an hour's ride brought us down into Wady Seir, which unites with Wady Eshteh above the Jordan valley—and in Wady Seir is situated the ruined castle of Arak-el-Emir. According to Mr. Porter, who did not visit it, these ruins have only been visited by Messrs. Kirby and Mangles, but we know that the Duc de Luynes was here last year. However, I believe no one else has hitherto visited them. The ruined remains of this castle, which was built by Hyrcanus, son of Josephus Tobias, farmer of the Taxes in Judæa, in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, are exceedingly massive. The masonry is Cyclopean. Hyrcanus was driven away from Judæa, and built himself this stronghold, which is chiefly interesting as showing the style of architecture of the early part of the second century B.C. They are the only Jewish remains in Syria of any extent. They are different from anything we have ever seen in the way of architecture; and the huge stones used in the construction are not cemented, but are fastened together curiously. Two or three sockets in top and bottom of each stone have corresponding stone pegs which fit into them. The thickness of a single stone is the thickness of the whole wall, and some of the blocks are twenty feet long. There are singular bas-reliefs, sculptures of animals on the stones of the ruin, much defaced, but still recognisable. I found one sculptured capital of a pilaster, and made a rough sketch of it. Very close to the ruin is a fine cliff in the hill-side, and here are some curious caverns, excavated by Hyrcanus, in which he lived in times of danger. There are two fine lofty square chambers, with hewn doorways: round one doorway was a simple moulding. At the right-hand side of the doorway of the first we explored are some Hebrew characters cut in the rock. Farther along the cliff is an immense cave, running a long way back, which was used as a stable; the mangers for forty or fifty horses are neatly cut in the live rock, and underneath the mangers holes are drilled through projections in the rock left for the purpose, through which the halters or tethers were passed, to secure the animals. After exploring these caves, our ride was very pretty, through the oak woods of Gilead. The oak is of a prickly sort, and grows well here. We crossed several lovely little streams, perfectly embosomed in the groves of oleander. In some places it was twenty-five and thirty feet high! and in blossom. The valleys are really very fine in this district, well watered and wooded, and at present very green. We came up the Wady Shaib towards Es Salt, and just before reaching the tents we passed a curious cave in the rock. We climbed up to inspect it, and found numerous lamp niches cut in the rock, and a square aperture leading into a small inner cave, in which there was a single lamp niche. It must have been a sepulchral cave, I imagine, but it is not mentioned in our guide-books. This is a pleasant, well-cultivated valley. Vines and pomegranates grow luxuriantly. The village we visit to-morrow; it was the Ramoth Gilead of the Old Testament, and there is a citadel. It was one of the three royal cities of refuge east of the Jordan.

*April 18.*—Last night, after dinner, Goblan, Hazan, and Abdul Asiz came to our tent with Michael, to explain that, from news they heard in Es Salt, it would be impossible for them to conduct us any

farther. The news is that the Pacha of Damascus, with three thousand troops, and guns, is encamped at Jerash, and is going to make war on all the Bedouin tribes in this district. There are some twenty thousand Bedouins in this country. Goblan's contract was to take us to Jerash, where his power ends, but now he cannot, for the safety of himself and his men, go farther: We were, of course, sorry to hear this, for our relations with the Adwân have been so pleasant, that the prospect of losing their escort so soon was almost like losing friends. We are to have two Dervishes to accompany us, and give us protection—a poor substitute for twenty gallant Adwân, riding with us, and ready, night or day, to do anything for us, at a sign or word. This morning we all started together. Our friends accompanied us to the top of Jebel Osha, one hour's ride from Es Salt, and there we bade them farewell. Es Salt is a strongly situated town on a hill; the people are warlike, and are friends of the Bedouins, so that they are ready to resist the Turkish soldiers to the last, in defence of themselves and their allies. The view from the top of Jebel Osha is very fine and extensive, and to-day it was clear, so that we could see Hermon glittering in the snow, the long ridge of Carmel in the far distance, and nearer to us Ebal and Gerizim. The whole hill country of Judæa was plainly visible, and the Jordan valley lay like a map before us for many miles. The last settling with the Adwân now took place, and I must say no men could behave better. From first to last, the word *bakshish* was never alluded to by them in our hearing, and in this respect they show their superiority to all the Bedouins we have hitherto dealt with, who never ceased pestering us on the subject. With many kind speeches, and friendly hand-shakings, we rode away, preceded by our Holy Dervish, mounted on a very nice bay mare, who was accompanied by her foal. The ride for the first hour or two is exceedingly pretty, through a dense wood of arbutus, stone-pine, prickly oak, and various strange shrubs. Then we gradually descended the immense valley of the Zerka, which is the modern name of the ancient Jabbok, the boundary river between the two kingdoms of Og and Sinon. (At this ford took place the picturesque interview between Jacob and Esau.) The bed of the Zerka is a dense jungle of oleander and cane. It is a rapid river, and the ascent on the north side is extremely steep. We arrived early at our camping ground, close to a little village called Burmah, half way to Jerash. We had not been here a couple of hours before we found how wise our Adwân had been to come no farther with us. The Pacha had heard of our approach, escorted by Goblan, and he sent fifty horsemen to Burmah to lie in wait for him. As soon as we arrived they formed a cordon round our camp, and then closing in, were surprised to find no Adwân! *only* two Dervishes! We are heartily glad, for we should have been placed in a most awkward and painful position if our friends had been attacked, for of course we could not have taken their part, although it would have been dreadful to stand aside and see them, perhaps, defeated and taken prisoners. However, they are safe and sound, and no doubt all back in their secluded Wady Eshteh by this time. We were offered a very young wild boar for sale to-day; he was really a pretty little beast. The situation of thi

place is beautiful, looking across the valley of the Jabbok (Wady Zerka) to the mountains of Gilead. The setting sun touched them with fine colouring this evening. Our tents are pitched in an olive wood, several remarkably large carruba-trees grow near, and close to the village is a garden of pomegranates, covered with rich scarlet blossoms. I am going to bed, thankful that our Adwân friends are safe.

*April 19.*—Before leaving Burmah this morning, we bought four bracelets from the women who crowded round us—all of them pretty antique designs; the material, of course, is only copper or brass, but as designs for gold bracelets in England, and as curiosities, they are really pretty. Our ride this morning was most beautiful, through fine woods of evergreen (*valonidi*), oak, and arbutus, and pine. It reminded us of St. George's Hill, only on a vast scale. The pine wood smelt so deliciously, and the ground was carpeted with the lovely delicate flowers of the gum cistus, three colours—white, lilac, and yellow. In four hours we reached Jerash, the ancient Gerasa. The whole place is occupied by Turkish troops. We selected a pretty quiet spot, as far away as possible from the Turkish camp, for our tents. We have the principal ruins of the city right before us, and round our little camp runs a pretty stream, fringed with oleander. As soon as we arrived, E. and I rode off by ourselves to take a general survey of the place. We remain here to-morrow, so I shall give all the details of the ruins after we have explored them thoroughly. Not long after we returned to our tent, Michael announced a visitor. It was the medical officer of the Turkish force, sent by the Pacha to warn us of the extremely dangerous state of the country, and to ask us to move our camp inside the line of sentries, for that we might be attacked by Bedouins at any moment! The doctor spoke French, so we conversed without Michael's assistance. In answer, we begged him to thank the Pacha for his civility, but to assure him that we felt quite safe; that we were still under the safe-conduct of the Adwân, and that there was no fear of any Bedouin approaching Gerasa, occupied as it was by troops. The worthy man evidently considered us quite insane, and he went on to say, that he thought it right to tell us that they were on extremely bad terms with the Bedouins, and to beg that we would allow an armed escort to accompany us through the ruins to-morrow! We said we were great friends of the Bedouins, and that, as for an escort, we had been all over the ruins twice already! As we were quite obdurate, the emissary asked for our names, and begged us to mention his visit to the English consul at Damascus, and then departed. The banker of the force, who accompanied the doctor, told Michael that a thousand pounds had been offered for Goblan's head! However, these lazy Turks will have some difficulty in catching either Goblan or Aghile Agha.

*April 20.*—We have spent a charming day in exploring the extensive ruins here. Curiously, little is known of the history of Gerasa. The name of the founder, even, is lost in the mazes of antiquity, but the architecture is of the second century Roman, and, although handsome, not in very pure style. To begin with the south-west entrance, the triumphal arch outside the city wall is in very florid style, with

great pillars decorated at the base with carved acanthus-leaves. Close to the arch is a great stadium, well built and in good preservation. A few yards farther brought us to the gate in the city wall, which is still distinctly traceable. Just inside the city wall are the remains of a very nobly-situated temple. The position on the summit of a little hill commands a view over the whole city. The cella and one column are alone standing, but the rest of the columns of the peristyle lie prostrate, just where they once stood, and are very handsome, with richly-carved capitals. An earthquake must have been the destroying agent here, for the ruins are simply prostrate, and are so little shattered that one longs to replace column and pedestal. A little to the west of the temple is a theatre in excellent preservation. It is much smaller than the one at Ammal. It is beautifully situated, and from the upper benches on which we sat down, the view extends over the whole city. There is enough left of the pretty proscenium to enable one to restore it to one's satisfaction. It was ornamented with Corinthian columns, and niches with carved shells in each. Immediately in front of the temple I have described is a fine circle of Ionic columns. It reminded me of the piazza of St. Peter's. I counted fifty-seven columns standing, and most of them have the entablature complete over them. Mr. Porter says there must have been a hundred. This area must have been a market-place or place of public resort, and out of it opens the long street of Gerasa, lined with columns for its whole length, extending to the north gate of the city. Streets of similar columns cross the main street at right angles in two different places. These columns are very different in size and height, which spoils the uniformity; and, indeed, the architect had resort to a clumsy expedient when a short pillar came next to a tall one. He placed a bracket in the side of the tall column, and rested the entablature of the short one on it. Some half way down the main street is a pretty little temple with most elaborately-carved cornice and entablatures. Close to it we observed an altar prostrate, but quite perfect. It had a long inscription on one side; near it was a broken altar just similar; we found two pieces of it with inscriptions also; the remaining portion we failed to find. A fragment of column also near this bore an inscription. Just beyond the temple is the ruined propylæ or gateway of the Great Temple of the Sun. We observed two large fragments of stone bearing Greek inscriptions. Burckhardt found here an inscription mentioning that the temple was built in the time of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 138—61. This may be the one we saw. The great temple is reached by a short steep ascent. It must have been a splendid building when the double row of columns which ranged round its court was complete. These are almost all prostrate now, although their bases remain. The cella of the temple is almost perfect, except the roof. Eleven of the nobly-proportioned columns of the temple itself remain, with their richly-carved acanthus-leaved capitals complete. And they have a very fine appearance from every part of the city, standing out against the blue sky. The only other intelligible ruin is another theatre close to the Temple of the Sun. It is smaller than the first mentioned, and has no remains of the proscenium, but an area in front for the combat of gladiators and wild beasts. The

are massive remains of baths and a church, but all in such complete ruin as to be uninteresting except to antiquarians. This afternoon all our mules and baggage-horses were seized and driven off by a couple of mounted Bedouins, when grazing out of sight of our tents. Luckily, one of the muleteers went to look for them, and saw them departing; and at the same moment some Turkish troops appearing in sight, the Bedouins galloped off. They doubtless took the animals for Turkish baggage beasts. The Pacha sent to tell us to-day that he would have paid us a visit, but that his bearer of despatches to Damascus had just been shot by Bedouins not an hour from the Turkish sentries; the poor fellow was a native of the Hauran, and was robbed and stripped. The Pacha then sent fresh despatches by two villagers; one was shot and the other wounded. This happened at five o'clock, close here; but when the perpetrators found that the men were villagers, they did not touch them. *In fact, they were shot by mistake.* The Bedouins thought they were Hauran people, like the first messenger. We are all safe, for we have got the well-known rascal, Scheik Achmet of Souf, to take care of us, and he is a friend of the Bedouins, but in alliance with the government too. He is the man who took Mr. Tristram's money, and then left him without fulfilling his contract. Goblan, the Adwân Scheik, punished him severely for this act of treachery, and he has, no doubt, learned wisdom by experience. I must not forget to say that we have dismissed our Holy Dervishes, and have engaged the services of Scheik Achmet.

*April 21.*—The first thing we heard this morning was that the poor villager who was wounded yesterday, when his companion was shot, died in the night. His people carried his body past our tents, weeping and moaning over it. We started at eight o'clock with two Souf Bedouins for guides. Souf is a village about an hour and a half from Gerash. It lay on our way to Wady Yabis, which we were bound for. As we approached, Scheik Achmet, the son of the notorious Yusuf, rode on and disappeared into the village; we waited for him and the mules who were behind, and in five minutes he came with several men, and gave us the pleasant information that there was a *cordon* of Bedouins right round Souf, and they could take us no farther! Four of the villagers had been robbed and stripped the night before, and one wounded. We asked what tribes formed the blockading party? and were told Beni Sakre and Beni Hassan (the latter are allied in blood to the Adwân). This appeared to complicate affairs, for the Beni Sakre are hostile to the Souf people, although the Beni Hassan are friendly. We had a long and animated parley. It was suggested that we should go back to the Turkish camp and get an escort from the Pacha, but this E. and I at once negatived, for we unanimously agreed that unless the Pacha could send a regiment, we would rather not have a small escort. The sight of a Turkish uniform would have ensured our being fired upon if we fell in with *any* Bedouin, whereas with an escort of Souf people we should be all right if we met any Beni Hassan, and supposing we had the ill luck to encounter Beni Sakre, the worst that was likely to happen was robbery. So we persuaded our Souf friends to turn out in force and escort us for a couple of hours, until we had safely passed the

dangerous places. Some twenty-five men armed, and some mounted, were soon ready, and we set off, returning on our road to Gerash for a quarter of an hour, in case any Bedouins were watching us from the heights above, hoping in this way to mislead them. We were taken a long round, dodging in and out, and were lucky enough to pass the Bedouin sharpshooters without any molestation. The way lay through beautiful pine woods, interspersed with fine red-stemmed *arbutus*. When our escort left us to proceed in safety, we entered a magnificent oak forest—one of the principal oak forests of Bashan. Many of the trees were of enormous size, and evidently of hoar antiquity, covered with lichens and mosses, and bent down with age. Many of the hill-sides were covered with young vigorous trees, in their fresh spring garments. I never rode through more beautiful woods. About ten o'clock we came in sight of the ruined Castle of Rubad, crowning the very summit of a precipitous hill; it is nobly situated. The great Saladin built it, and in his day it must have been impregnable, overtopping as it does every neighbouring height. When we reached it, great was our disappointment to find the distant view almost obscured by haze. It was a great pity. From this spot one ought to have had the most extensive view in Syria. As it was, we saw Hermon beautifully, and for the first time the Sea of Galilee, looking blue and calm in the sunlight. We ought to have seen the ridge of Carmel and the Mediterranean beyond; all this was hid and much more. Even the Jordan valley was very indistinct. Immediately around us were the fine oak forests—every hill covered to its summit with trees, and the varied colouring was beautiful. Leaving Rubad, we lost our way more or less, and wandered about in the fine woodland for some time. At last we found the right path, and reached our tents at six o'clock, not a little tired with our ten hours' ride. We are close to Wady Yabis, and to-morrow go down to the bridge over the Jordan below Tiberias. We must have passed very close to Mahanaim to-day, which is supposed to be identical with the modern name of Mahneh. Jabesh Gilead was situated somewhere in the Wady Yabis, but the site is not exactly known, as there are several heaps of ruins which would answer to the description given of the situation. The women here are very handsome; one especially struck me. She has very regular features, and is finely made, with curiously pretty arms and taper wrists. (The name of this village is Ba-own, not marked on our map.) She was much amused when I felt her little round wrist with its pretty bracelet, and patted her arm approvingly. She carried a really beautiful little child of a year old in her arms. The dress the women wear all about here is simple and graceful, when tolerably clean. It consists of a dark blue cotton garment, made like a very wide long *nightgown*, and fastened only at the throat and by a band round the waist; it is tolerably open in the bosom, showing coins and beads hung round the throat. A band of blue cotton is tied round the forehead, generally confining the hair—my beauty had he hair plaited in two long braids, which hung down on each side of the neck. The Bedouin women wear a very similar dress; but in addition the superior ones, the princesses of the tribe, wear full under-drawers of white or blue calico, and they generally cover the mouth and nostrils.

## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MAREYAT.

## XIV.

PETTY LARCENY.

IMPORTANT business detained Mr. Watson in town longer than he, at first, had anticipated; and he was away from Fernside for more than ten days. A younger brother, the whole business of whose life seemed to consist in getting into scrapes, and then in trying to get out of them, had been again playing with fire, and, at the risk of having to give up an excellent appointment, had been raising money to supply his extravagances.

The sequel to such folly was, of course, not long in making its appearance; and matters having come to a crisis, Mr. Watson had, as usual, been appealed to, who, after hesitating about it for a long time, at length consented to extricate his brother from his difficulties.

He only agreed to do so, however, after having humiliated and pained the poor fellow to such an extent, that any gratitude which his generosity might have called forth in the heart of its recipient was obliterated entirely by the animosity engendered by the sarcastic and bitter reproaches with which he overwhelmed him.

When harsh words accompany benefits the effect of both is neutralised, all sense of the obligation is destroyed, and the words themselves lose their effect, from being so ungenerously spoken at a moment when a retort is out of the question.

A reckless ne'er-do-well is much more likely to be brought to a sense of his own folly by a display of generosity and forbearance on the part of those who are sufficiently interested in his welfare to assist him, than by any amount of revilings; but unfortunately such philanthropists are rare; for the proverbial temptations which accompany wealth appear to be generally of a kind which tend to the fuller development of the meaner qualities only of its possessor.

When a person of naturally mean disposition finds it compulsory to assist another, his sordid nature makes him seek an equivalent; and I suppose (because his nature *is* sordid) he finds it in the power which it gives him of wounding another person's feelings. But whether it was thus to be accounted for or not, at any rate this was Mr. Bernard Watson's mode of action with regard to his younger brother Charlie. He was one of those men, in fact, who leave in the wake of their charitable deeds a trail of dire enmity, instead of blessings and gratitude.

Meanwhile the gloomy November days, beginning with a sharp white frost in the morning, followed by a mild afternoon, were passing pleasantly enough with the party left in possession of Fernside during the absence of its master.

On account of the invalid habits of their guest early dinners had been established, during which Captain Travers, who possessed the knack of making himself agreeable to each and all of the opposite sex, succeeded in securing the good will of the Miss Watsons, who were enraptured with

his agreeable qualities, and especially with his demeanour towards themselves.

All women have it in common to like attention; but there are some who see in every act of courtesy an expression of the gentleman's adoration, and this species of vanity is oftenest witnessed in ladies whom one would suppose the least likely to be made the object of any very great devotion.

Wicked people sometimes take advantage of this weakness, and after having duly drawn out and quizzed the poor unconscious woman for her credulity, go on their way rejoicing.

Thus each of the Miss Watsons imagined herself the object of Captain Travers's admiration, and each mentally remarked that at last a man had been found sensible enough to appreciate the society of women past the age of bread-and-butter!

Their interesting guest was daily becoming stronger and better in health, and had begun to move about with the assistance of a crutch. No weariness assailed him now. He would answer Miss Maria's playful sallies with a corresponding degree of vivacity, watching whilst the slight figure of Gabrielle as she arranged her flowers or tended her birds.

One day the party adjourned to the sitting-room to which he had been brought after his accident, and in which he had passed so many tedious hours.

Shelves were standing in a recess near to the fireplace. "Seemingly placed there as a receptacle for rubbish," remarked Gabrielle, laughing, as she drew forth balls of twine, bits of bass, and old rusty knives and scissors, left there since last summer, when the floral decorations had been an object of greater solicitude to her than now. "Here, be of some use," said she, handing him an overfilled rosewood box, which from its dusty appearance looked as if it had not been touched for months. "Open it, and sort all these things for me, please."

"Had you not better send for one of the housemaids, my dear?" chimed in Miss Maria. "You will only soil your dress in pulling about this rubbish. Don't you think so, Captain Travers?"

But no reply from the lips of the hitherto attentive listener appeared forthcoming. Captain Travers, in obedience to Gabrielle's request, had opened the dusty box, and was busily engaged in ransacking the contents. Piles of old letters, tied up in bundles with faded ribbon, first met his eye, addressed to Gabrielle's mother whilst in London.

How his mind ran back instantly to bygone days! The little dingy room, the tawdry furniture, the querulous invalid, and, lastly, the form of Gabrielle herself, not robed as now, in dresses which a princess might have envied, but clad in a simple white frock, such as a girl might have worn at school.

Impatiently he turned over the rest of the contents of the box. At the bottom, underneath the letters, pincushions, and various knick-knacks, he discovered a small morocco case, not much larger than an ordinary watch-case. Listlessly (his thoughts still running on the time when she was free) he touched the spring, but gave a sudden start when instead of finding, as he had expected, an empty case, a portrait of Gabrielle met his eye.



It was simply a small coloured photograph, done on glass; still strikingly like her, as he had known her in former days.

She had been taken standing in her favourite attitude, the head a little on one side, and with her hands clasped in front, holding a bunch of roses.

It was a happy likeness, taken in a happy moment.

This it was that had absorbed his attention when he had, so uncourteously, left Miss Watson's question unanswered. In fact, he did not hear her, so engrossed was he by the wish which at once possessed him of abstracting the portrait without attracting Gabrielle's attention.

The theft once contemplated, Captain Travers was not long in putting it into execution. One glance at the original, and the little case was hastily closed, and, ere a second had elapsed, found a safe and snug shelter in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"What is that story relative to Pandora's little casket, Mrs. Watson?" he said, quietly handing her the workbox as she turned to answer his question. "What did she leave in it? Hope, wasn't it?" he continued, smiling; "and, by Jove! it was the best thing to leave, after all, if the next comer only knew where to look for it."

As Captain Travers resumed his usual recumbent position on the sofa, he placed his hand on his breast and felt the hard case he had so adroitly purloined, fancying that he had done it very cleverly because Gabrielle had not seen him.

She certainly had not, but another person had; and if, as he secreted his treasure, he had only glanced to the left instead of to the right, he might have perceived the inquisitive eyes of Miss Watson light up with an expression very similar to that which is seen in a cat as she espies some unfortunate caged bird, and feels sure that she has only to stretch forth her talons to secure her poor unsuspecting victim.

She had witnessed the transaction and treasured it up in her memory, to bring it to light at a fitting opportunity.

Mr. Watson was expected that afternoon. This would make the eleventh day of his absence, and Gabrielle felt as if one day only instead of eleven had passed since he had taken his departure.

No early dinner could be thought of to-day, or indeed on any future day, and the unaccustomed freedom from restraint which had reigned during his absence was also to be looked upon as a thing of the past.

No autocrat exacted a greater show of deference from his household than did the master of Fernside, and his wife felt a chill creep over her as the hands of the clock advanced towards the hour of his expected arrival.

Domestic happiness having failed him, he had fallen back on his pride; not a good, honest pride, which makes its possessor scorn to lower himself, but a narrow-minded, petty pride, exulting in wealth, station, and a life of foolish uselessness.

He reasoned, as such a nature might, that Gabrielle, having been so suddenly raised from the depths of poverty to her present exalted position, would never entertain a thought derogatory to her as his wife, from the mere fact that by so doing she would risk the loss of that position!

Many a time he had worried her, as we know, about the attentions paid to her by Mr. Vavasour and others of their acquaintance, simply from the desire to find fault, or vent his disappointment upon her in one way,

if he could not do so in another; but it never seemed to occur to him that his wife might view things in a different light from himself, or that she could ever fail in her duty to him.

The late dinner that day passed off formally enough; even the Miss Watsons, much as they revered their brother Bernard, felt that increasing years did not improve his temper or render his manners more attractive; and Gabrielle glanced across the *épergne* once or twice to see if the pleasures of the table (as was sometimes the case) would cause any of the stiff muscles of his face to relax.

The last interview with poor scapegrace Charlie, however, still rankled in his mind, and some days elapsed—during which period the whole household felt the unpleasant effects of his spleen—before he quite recovered his serenity.

About three weeks after Mr. Watson's return, Doctor Jones informed his patient that, as he could now move about the room tolerably well without the aid of crutches, his often-expressed desire to relieve his hosts of the trouble he had for so long a time imposed upon their household might be gratified; in plain words, he was out of the doctor's hands, and had no further excuse for lingering at Fernside. There was nothing left for it, therefore, but to get ready bag and baggage, defray the medico's account, which, *par parenthèse*, exceeded his half-year's income (a sojourner in a palace replete with comfort and luxury cannot but expect to pay largely for all his luxuries, doctors included), and then bid adieu to the place.

The day upon which he had decided to take the final plunge turned out to be so dismal and rainy, that, yielding to the entreaties of his hosts that he would not leave until the weather cleared up, he agreed to defer his journey to town till the morrow. But it was fated to be again postponed, for on the succeeding day, and for a whole week afterwards, it poured incessantly, until the entire village seemed in peril of a second deluge.

"No chance of a move yet," was his daily remark, as each morning rose blacker and wetter than the last.

But bad weather has its limits even in our own misty climate, and on the evening of the seventh day, the weather proving more propitious, he decided upon departing the next morning.

He had hitherto adhered to his good resolutions. Still it was a trial to see the cloud which came over the fair face of his early love when his departure was discussed amongst them, and to feel that the task of comforting her was not for him.

On the other hand, Gabrielle seldom gave him an opportunity of breaking his promise, but had generally contrived that one or other of the Miss Watsons should bear her company when he was present.

He had chosen an early train to leave by. Breakfast was partaken of, therefore, in company with his host only. Hard as the struggle had been, he had kept his promise to the last, and had bidden farewell Gabrielle in the presence of the Miss Watsons (after thanking them together for all the attention and kindness he had received at their hand the evening before).

As he stood outside the ivy-covered porch at the entrance, the d

carded crutch carried in his hand to assist him to mount the steps of the carriage, he smiled cheerfully as he again thanked his host for three of the pleasantest months he had passed in his lifetime.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Watson, pompously, to his sisters, as the carriage disappeared down the avenue, "I fear there was more politeness than truth in that last remark of Travers's; as for 'three of the happiest months of his life,' when we consider his broken leg, we must take that assurance *cum grano*, and presume that he has not been quite so much bored as he perhaps expected."

But Gabrielle, who stood at the window of her little morning room—where, unseen, she witnessed his departure—fancied, as she heard the courteous words, and saw the forced gaiety that accompanied them, that if for "three of the happiest months" he had even substituted "the three happiest," it would perchance have even better expressed his real thoughts at that moment.

So Captain Travers departed on his journey, accompanied by the good wishes of the household. The last vision of him was a grey over-coat and a crutch, which, placed at his right side, projected conspicuously from the back of the little carriage in which he had chosen to drive himself.

On that same morning, the mistress of Fernside was afflicted with a severe headache, and incurred the anger of her lord by not making her appearance until the luncheon-hour.

The halls of Tara were deserted. The harp was no longer heard; and the sounds of mirth and revelry were stilled.

In common parlance, Fernside had returned to its ordinary state of dreary quietude—the sisters having also taken their leave shortly after the departure of the interesting invalid.

Miss Selina was as full of faith in Captain Travers's appreciation of lovely women of mature age as ever, and loud and often were the praises bestowed on his courtesy, good looks, and general bearing.

Her sister Maria was more reserved on the subject; doubtless, the little episode of the picture, which she treasured up in her still unfettered bosom, had caused this alienation of her tender sentiments. She kept it to herself, however, and, in accordance with the feline traits of her character, determined to be wary and circumspect, watch her opportunity, and pounce with unerring claw upon her victim.

Gabrielle herself hardly knew, as the days wore into weeks and the weeks into months, how she got through that long dismal winter. At first she thought it unendurable, so dull and sad at heart did she feel; but as time flew on, a feeling of apathy crept over her, and night and day passed alike unheeded. Her body was at Fernside, waking, eating, sleeping, like an automaton; but the life of the body—her mind—was elsewhere.

Sorely she needed a friend—some good physician, who, in binding up her wounds, would have helped to free her mind from its present thralldom, and look trustingly to the future. But, unhappily, no angel visited her, and Gabrielle lived *years*, as it seemed to her, instead of months, throughout that dismal, weary winter.

In the spring they were to be in London, and a wicked feeling would

sometimes cross her heart that *he* might be there, and that possibly they might meet once more.

She tried sometimes, in her penitent moments (for fearfully she upbraided herself for harbouring such thoughts), to conciliate her husband; and often against her inclination did she propose to accompany him in his drives or rides round the farms; but her attempts met with little success. It was not from a feeling of hypocrisy or deceit that she acted thus; she really, at times, felt pained at the state of complete estrangement at which they had now arrived, and shuddered as she thought, "In what is it to end?"

When the first crocuses and early violets made their appearance, Fernside was shut up, and Mr. and Mrs. Watson departed for London. There they took a house in company with the maiden sisters, who were to remain with them as guests until the caprice of its master should break up the establishment and oblige them to resort to the sea-side, or elsewhere, for the autumn.

## XV.

### IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

FROM the time when Captain Travers had parted so unceremoniously with his wife in the little cottage at Wilmington, to that of his arrival in town from Fernside, more than three months had elapsed.

He had gone up to town on the morning after the sale of Stafford Hall, with the intention of driving straight to one of his old bachelor quarters; settling there for a time, and consulting with Mr. Gore, whom he believed to be in London, upon the state of affairs before applying for the appointment he hoped to obtain through the influence of some friends in office.

The first of these projects was easily enough accomplished; and, doubtless, the bland, ringleted lady who owned the house in Norris-street, before which the cab (containing a couple of Russia leather portmanteaux and hatbox) had drawn up, had been enchanted to make over her best suite of apartments, with its latch-key, to the "handsome captain as used to be so uncommon free of his money."

This matter settled, Captain Travers had bethought himself of dinner, and thereupon had lounged into the club to put the thought into immediate execution. It was considerably past the usual dinner-hour of the habitués, and but few of the small oblong tables, neatly covered with their snowy cloths, were occupied; there was, consequently, an absence of the bustle usually exhibited earlier in the evening. One of the club waiters, who stood in readiness to receive orders of any member who might choose to dine at that time, had quickly attended to his wants; and whilst the repast was being got ready, he had strolled into the reading-room to see who of his acquaintances were in town.

There he had lighted upon the identical Captain Talbot, who was destined, a month or two later, to receive the spare form of the tearful Sawney in his unsuspecting arms.

From the conversation which had ensued, Captain Travers learnt not only that Mr. Gore was out of town, but also that the person by whose influence he hoped to succeed in obtaining the appointment had been called suddenly to the death-bed of a near relative.

Under these circumstances there was nothing to be done but to wait patiently for their return; so, after having hurried through his dinner, Captain Travers had sauntered towards the door, where he again had encountered Captain Talbot, and these two gentlemen having lighted their cigars, had descended the steps of the club, arm in arm, to take a stroll along the well-lighted pavé.

The garish light of early day was faintly illuminating the outside of the door in Norris-street, contending with the dimly-burning lamps which should gain the supremacy as the "handsome captain" inserted his latch-key into the lock on his return to his quarters.

"I must look up Gore at his club the first thing to-morrow morning," were his reflections, as his sleepy head fell on to the pillow, "and if he really isn't in town, hang me, instead of going back to Wilmington, if I won't go off straight to Catsworthy and pitch into that fellow Gregson's son. I'll bring the rascal——"

But here, "tired nature's sweet restorer" seizing upon him, the remainder of his lucubrations, unfortunately for those who might be interested in them, were buried in oblivion.

A week after this he was at Catsworthy, and in three days more he was waiting, with feelings he could hardly define, the approach of Gabrielle in the breakfast-room at Fernside.

On his return to London after his accident he secured the same lodgings, and, taking a cab to the club, inquired for his letters. Amongst others were two from Sybella: the first to inform him that she was about to come up to London, and the second, written after she had been living in London a short time, to ask his advice relative to her plans for taking unfurnished apartments.

The latter was addressed from a house situated in a street leading out of Piccadilly, and was sent a day or two before the conversation between Sybella and Miss Saunders (previously narrated) took place relative to the expense they were incurring by living in furnished lodgings; consequently, it had lain there for more than two months.

"This is a strange freak," soliloquised Captain Travers, as, with a frown on his brow, he slowly bent his steps early the next morning in the direction indicated. "What the deuce does she mean, I wonder, by kicking up her heels in London? At any rate, I fervently hope that old Hydraulic Machine has been kept as a sort of chaperone for her. I don't half like it." And Captain Travers forthwith assumed an air of marital authority. "Sybella was his wife, by Jove!" and so on. And in the exercise of his just ire, the recent little episode at Fernside doubtless escaped his memory.

Having arrived at the house from which his wife's last letter had been addressed, he knocked at the door.

"Mrs. Travers?" was drawled out by a scared, stupid-looking individual, as he demanded to see his wife in a quick, irritable tone. "I'll ask missus." And, retreating as she spoke into some obscure portion of the lower regions, the girl returned after ten minutes had elapsed accompanied by the proprietress of the mansion herself.

"And pray may I be speaking to Mrs. Travers's gentleman?" inquired the landlady, with asperity, looking up at the tall military figure which stood in her doorway, impatiently tapping the ground with a

heavy cane which (more for use than for ornament) he had taken with him.

"I am Captain Travers," he replied, sternly, "though I don't know how the deuce it can signify to you who I am. Tell me where is Mrs. Travers? If she has left your apartments, give me her address at once. You have kept me waiting nearly an hour already."

"Give you Mrs. Travers's address at once!" rejoined the now irate landlady. "The truth is"—and her countenance became visibly redder as she spoke—"me and Mrs. Travers we didn't part the best of friends on account of the paint, which I never did, sir, before, take in any lady calling herself such as gained her own livelihood, and the paintings was my objection."

"Where did Mrs. Travers go on leaving this house?" demanded her listener, angrily. "Surely you can inform me of that. Your objections or your antecedents are not of the slightest importance to me; I want nothing from you but my wife's address."

"And that's what you won't get from me," resumed the woman, retreating (as she bellowed out the words) into her sanctum below, "seeing as I don't know it myself; for I takes no account of such trumpery lodgers."

Here was an unlooked-for dilemma; but as standing on the door-step of a lodging-house which his wife had quitted more than two months back would not help him in his search, Captain Travers called a passing Hansom, and, after giving the driver three different directions in one breath, decided finally on returning to the club and thinking the difficult matter over at his leisure.

Many a time, when he had felt the irksome restraint which an unloved partner had brought upon him, had he bitterly exclaimed, "Would to goodness she was gone, and that I was rid of her for ever!"

At such times he would chafe and fret under the bondage which he had brought upon himself by his sudden and inauspicious marriage.

And now, with the usual inconsistency of mankind, he was actually fretting and fuming because he seemed, in an unaccountable and mysterious manner, to be likely to obtain his wish.

"By Jove! what a fool I was," he called out, pettishly, returning Sybella's letters, which he had been again glancing through, into his pocket. "What a fool I was not to think of that before! of *course* I shall hear the address there at once. Here, cabby." And the driver, bending for the third time with his ear at the little trap-door, received the order to go as fast as he could to one of the principal bankers in the City.

It was past noon as, alighting from the Hansom, Captain Travers, with a hurried step, entered the large door of the establishment, letting it swing back so far in his impatience as almost to annihilate an old lady who was about to enter immediately after him. Several clerks from behind the counter were attending in an uppish, unconcerned manner to the numerous applicants standing in front of them.

"What is it?" drawled out a young, tallow-faced-looking gentleman shovelling up as he spoke, trowel in hand, masses of the glittering coir of the realm with as much indifference as if it had been pounds of brow sugar for the workhouse.

"Mrs. Travers's address? Here! Smith." And a fac-simile of the

first speaker in manners and complexion coming forward, the inquirer was ushered into a small dingy room, situated at the back of the establishment, until one of the principals could be summoned to give him the information he sought.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, as he slowly regained his Hansom, a baffled, uncomfortable look on the generally careless face of the ex-dragoon told plainly that the interview with the bland Mr. Jackson had not been, on the whole, satisfactory; and many were the expressions of disgust, mingled with words not pretty or mentionable to ears polite, which issued from his lips alternately with the angry puffs of smoke from his cigar as he proceeded in search of his friend Gore.

Captain Travers flung the fare at the head of the unoffending cabman as he swung himself out of the vehicle at the entrance to the chambers occupied by Mr. Gore, and, on inquiring for that gentleman, learned, to his satisfaction, that he was in town.

"By Jove! Travers, what an awful sell!" exclaimed his friend, after Travers had detailed his adventures.

Mr. Gore was lounging as he spoke in a brocaded dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, lazily smoking the calumet of peace, in which occupation his companion did not, however, at that moment, show much inclination to join him.

"Now, my dear fellow, it is of no earthly use your tramping up and down the room in that manner," he continued. "My landlady will think I have come to a tussle with a bailiff, or some such thing. Sit down, can't you, and we will try and talk the matter over quietly. You say you went to the lodgings which your wife addressed her last note from, and that an infuriated old beldame could not, or would not, give any information as to where she had gone. It's most probable that she could not; these kind of gentry don't trouble themselves much about their late lodgers' addresses, unless they chance to have left their rent unpaid. Now for the banking part of the business. You placed the entire income at her disposal, giving no orders about quarterly payments, or, in fact, anything else; and this what's his name—Jackson—says that two months ago she came herself and drew out her year's income, leaving no notice whatever of any intention of changing her residence. Well, I must say, Travers, she appears to have a lot of pluck in her, that little wife of yours. You deserted her for months, and now, in her turn, she has gone off and left you; though why you should conclude that she has disgraced herself whilst so doing I cannot imagine. She would not have wanted the money, if she had been up to any game of that kind. Now there is but one course open to you, and that is to have patience, unless you would like to make the affair public, in which case you can appeal to her feelings in the first column of the *Times*. Let me see, I could do that business nicely for you. 'Sybella! Return to your now penitent and disconsolate husband; all shall be forgiven and forgotten.'—Signed simply, Jack. That would bring her if nothing else did. Grand reconciliation! rapturous meeting! embrace of the long-parted lovers! delicious dénouement!" continued he, maliciously, seeing the increased wrath of Captain Travers at his badinage.

To what length the unusually facetious attaché would have carried his jokes at his friend's expense it is impossible to say, for almost before the

last words had left his lips Captain Travers advanced to where he was sitting, seized the hat and cane he had thrown on the table at his entrance, and exclaiming angrily as he did so, "Gore, I never thought you a fool till this moment!" left the room ere a reply could be forthcoming, and strode as rapidly as he could down the street in the direction of the club.

"Poor fellow!" mused the diplomat, as the door slammed after his visitor, "I really believe absence must have made him fall in love with his own wife. Well, we never seem to know what we want in this world," continued he, as he rang the bell for his servant. "I had a precious deal of trouble at first to induce him to look at her with anything like complacency, and after his marriage it was clear that he would have been delighted for anybody to have taken her off his hands, but now that she appears to have vanished, he seems, egad, as if he wanted to get her back again. I wonder what has become of that little Miss Esmond, who married an old chap from India, or somewhere? Travers might just as well have married *her*, for all the good his wife's 'castles in Spain' have done him. Here, Smith, look sharp! bring me my things; I am going to dress at once."

Captain Travers still remained in London. No news had been heard of Sybella, although he had gone down himself to the lodgings which she had first taken at the suggestion of Miss Saunders; but he was told that no one had written since the lady's departure, so that he again found himself checkmated in his search.

He was beginning, with his usual indolence, to weary of the whole affair; he had come to town full of good resolutions, but, with the gradual recovery of his usual health and strength, and his wife's unaccountable disappearance, their influence began imperceptibly to wear off.

"Hang it! when I intend to do a good action I am prevented carrying it out," he said, gloomily, one morning to the remorseless Raymond Gore. "I am getting tired of playing *Coelebs*, as you call it, and the instant I get this appointment from Lord Westgate I shall be off, and madame may follow or not, as she pleases. I say, Gore, old fellow, I want to have a word with you, though. The fact is, I am getting awfully screwed for money. That doctor's bill swallowed up all my ready tin, and this hanging about town after promises which take a long while fulfilling has made it necessary for me to do something to replenish my coffers. I went to that confounded old Solomons yesterday, who, having heard of the smash, was not quite so delighted to see me as usual. He began at once about the tightness of the money market; but I just stopped the old scoundrel short, and told him that I must have three hundred pounds. I soon found out that the day was gone by for that; he would not listen to a loan for even a smaller sum without security; and what I wanted to ask you, old fellow, is, if you would mind lending me your name to a bill? Of course I should not ask it were I not certain that before six months are over this matter of the appointment will be settled, and I can then take it up easily. As I must have the money I said he should have the security, and that I would send him my answer to-morrow. Well!"

I don't know which can be the most unpleasant part of a transaction of this kind—the having to solicit the aid of your friend in such a matter,



or the uncomfortable feeling which must arise in the breast of that friend when he has the inclination to refuse, but is at a loss how to do so in a becoming manner.

This was very much the position of the two friends. Damon had blurted out his requests with an appearance of sang-froid, but, cool as he seemed, it required a good deal of courage to ask this favour; and he now awaited the reply of Pythias, who (unlike him of old) was feeling fearfully uncomfortable, and in no very enviable frame of mind at the dilemma he found himself placed in.

Although he had often raised money in his extravagant moments, Captain Travers had always resorted to certain gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion who knew his prospects, and who lent him such sums as he required on his own responsibility; and, as they had always been repaid—a coup at billiards, the generosity of his father, or the odds against the favourite generally furnishing him with the means—he never before had been actually at a loss for a supply.

The case was altered now, and Mr. Gore knew this quite as well as Mr. Solomons did, as he pondered for a second before he answered.

"You know, my dear fellow," he began, "I am very willing to serve you—nobody could be more willing—but you know I shall be in an awful fix if you are not prepared when the time comes. However, it's for six months, you say. Well, I suppose you are sure to get this appointment by that time?" And, as certain little favours of which he had been the recipient in former days rose to his memory, he said, "But don't let it exceed three hundred pounds, Travers."

"Thank you, old fellow!" replied his friend, as they parted. "I'll do the same for you another time."

A morning or two after the loan had been effected, Captain Travers met Gore on his way to Downing-street.

"I have the answer from Lord Westgate's secretary at last," said he. "He promises me the appointment before three months are over; Curtis, the fellow out there now, wishes to resign, and I am to have it on his resignation. I begin to think, now-a-days, that a thousand a year is not such bad pay, and there are other things besides the salary, I hear, to be got out of the berth. Things are changed with me now," added he. "I used, in my luckier days, to think it impossible to live decently upon such an income."

"Luckier days!" exclaimed his companion. "Why, what on earth can be luckier than the fact of your getting this appointment at all? Here you have a thousand a year more than you ever had in your bachelor days, and comparatively nothing to do—indeed, I might say positively nothing to do, for whatever work there may be I'll trust you for leaving undone! Ah! it's a monstrous fine thing to be a father-in-law (or whatever you are) to a three-tailed bashaw, and I always wish I had been lucky enough to have been born a connexion of the prime minister's, or anybody else's at the head of something or other! In this dear Old England of ours, with its immaculate rulers and its rolls of red tape, 'tisn't, What are your merits? or, Are you the right man for the work? No; instead of the right man, we take the first man on our list for promotion—namely, the next near connexion who requires providing for. Ah! perhaps some of these days I shall be a Jack in office, and

then it will be my lot to make better and abler men pull the chestnuts out of the fire, as others have done before me. Well, Travers, I must be off, as I have to be at the F. O. by two o'clock. I wish you all luck with your appointment, my dear fellow! By-the-by, I met Sackville just now, and he told me that there are rumours of a dissolution ere long, so look sharp and secure it beforehand, that's all."

The months flew by, and Captain Travers was still loitering in London, the place he was waiting for not being yet vacant.

He had heard no news of his wife, but as he had remained in daily expectation of being gazetted to his appointment, he had postponed setting earnestly to work to discover the place of her abode until after that event should have come off.

Parliament was expected to meet early in the spring, and many families were already flocking to town. Among the fashionable arrivals in the *Morning Post* appeared the names of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Watson, from Fernside, at No. 8, — square, for the season.

## XVI.

### AMONGST THE BREAKERS.

THE London season was now at its height. Gabrielle had plunged recklessly into its gaieties, and night after night had she returned home tired and flushed from some ball or concert, at which Captain Travers, too frequently for her peace, had (as our neighbours say) assisted.

The continual excitement was beginning to tell upon her. Greatly as she had longed, and, in the wickedness of her heart, even prayed to meet him again, she had become painfully conscious of the error she had committed in allowing him to renew his intimacy with her, and yet knew not how to put a stop to it.

The approaching dissolution of parliament was still the subject of conversation, and an idea had entered her husband's head that, should that event take place, he would stand for the borough.

He had been worsted in one election before, and had lost much money in the contest. Defeat, however, appeared only to have whetted his appetite, and he spent many of his evenings at the House in company with certain members of his acquaintance, watching the progress of events, and preparing himself for the position which he trusted soon to occupy as the duly elected of South Wakenham.

Every other idea seemed obliterated by this all-engrossing hobby, which at least served to keep him in town, much to the delight of the Miss Watsons, who shared their brother's establishment, and the advantages it brought with it.

Although Captain Travers was continually meeting Gabrielle, he never entered her house, and, if invited there, a ready excuse was always forthcoming. With the usual sophistry of his kind, he sought, by casting portion of the blame on her husband for leaving her so much to herself, in some measure to palliate his own conduct. Intoxicated by her loveliness, his selfishness again assumed the mastery over him, and when he met her in town he quite forgot the pledge given at Fernside, and tried by every means in his power to make her forget it also.

But in the midst of all this excitement—in the midst of scenes which at one period of her life she would have bartered some of her best years to have participated in—she felt at times very miserable, and the oppressive feeling that she was living a life of continual deceit towards the man whose roof sheltered her, and to whose fortune and position she owed all she possessed in the world, was fast wearing away the bloom from her cheeks and the light from her eyes.

She at length summoned up courage to ask her husband to allow her to quit London. The heat was too much for her, she said. Might she go to Bognor, or return to Fernside?

To each of these proposals Mr. Watson at once refused to assent, reading her at the same time a lecture on her fickleness and love of change, which he ended by saying, that as he intended to remain in London, she also must remain.

Captain Travers on the previous evening had told her that he could not exist away from her presence, and had accused her of cold-heartedness and of a wish to trifle with his feelings; in short, Gabrielle felt that she could not, dared not, meet him again.

Stay in London she must, however, in obedience to her husband's will, but she determined henceforth to renounce all balls and parties; and she wrote a letter to Captain Travers, telling him how grieved she felt at his conduct of the night before, and informing him at the same time of her resolution not to meet him again.

There was a grand *fête champêtre* a day or two afterwards at the Countess of Dashmore's villa at Twickenham; but, much to the disgust of Miss Selina (who still, by dint of stratagem, could sometimes manage to entrap an unwary partner), the invitation was declined.

"Call at Simpson's, in Oxford-street, the stationer's," Gabrielle said to her servant that afternoon, as, accompanied by the Miss Watsons, she prepared to ascend the steps of her carriage, and having arrived at the shop (which was also the post-office), under pretext of entering to make some small purchases, she slipped her letter into the letter-box outside.

Quick as the movement was, though, it did not escape the notice of Miss Watson, who, whilst remaining in the carriage, could command a good view of her sister-in-law's actions.

The shopping part of the business being completed, Gabrielle placed her foot lightly on the step, and again resumed her seat, feeling already easier at the grateful thought that she had had strength to do her duty.

Notwithstanding all her brave resolves, however, Gabrielle was essentially of a weak nature. Even now, although her letter to Captain Travers breathed a right feeling, and showed a deep sense of the enormity of the sin she was tempted to commit, she had, nevertheless, tampered with her feelings by winding it up with an entreaty to be informed whether he did not think the course she had taken the best for them both.

It would make the parting easier, she thought, if he wrote to her his approval of her conduct, and she would have too much to endure any way to deny herself that little indulgence! Unmindful of the fact that by so doing she was again opening a way to the tempter.

Gabrielle had yet to learn that in all attempts to resist evil there must be no manner of compromise; resorting to half measures is simply to play with our chains, and leads only to a more hopeless entanglement.

The note which had been posted in Oxford-street was directed to his

club, and was delivered to Captain Travers by the porter as he entered the hall on the evening of Lady Dashmore's fête. He had driven down to Twickenham early, fully expecting to meet Gabrielle, and to contrive, during the interval of the dances, to get an uninterrupted conversation with her in the seclusion of one of the numerous shady walks.

A large well-kept garden, bordered thickly with clusters of leafy shrubs, where you have but to turn to the right or to the left, as occasion offers, to find yourself in some pleasant nook, as free from observation as if quietly seated in your own drawing-room, is not the worst possible place to select for a clandestine meeting; so thought Captain Travers as, in a cabriolet lent him by a friend, he spun down at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

"Put up the mare; I shall not require her till late in the evening," he had said to the atom of humanity standing at the head of the sleek glossy bay, who was champing the bit and arching her head, as if proud of the style in which she and her driver had bowled along the road.

Captain Travers entered the saloon, and strove to amuse himself as he best could until Gabrielle should make her appearance.

The hours wore on, however, and, perceiving no signs of her or her party, he had reluctantly to resign all further hope of seeing her that day. He had been calculating on the results of this fête, and felt proportionably disappointed. The frequent sound of the whip as it was impatiently whisked in the air above her, and the jerk of the reins when no occasion called for it, told the bright bay, as she shot homewards, that matters did not wear so pleasant an aspect as they had done in the morning.

She still arched her pretty head as they drew up before the club door, but the foam about her flanks, and the distension of the clear, wide nostril, testified in an unmistakable manner to the vexation of her driver.

If Gabrielle had supposed that the contents of her note would induce Captain Travers to put a termination to all intercourse with her, she was woefully mistaken.

The recipient of this foolish and thoroughly feminine epistle was, at first, puzzled at its true meaning. He showed no signs of it, however, but crushing it, envelope and all, in his hand, thrust it into his pocket, and glancing up at the clock to see if there was yet time to answer it by the last post, strode towards the writing-room, and seated himself at once at a table near the window.

He had just passed a most disagreeable and unsatisfactory afternoon; for nothing is more annoying or more trying to the temper than to wait for hours in a fever of expectancy for a person who has failed entirely to make their appearance.

And then this note from Gabrielle; what was the object of it?

As, before replying to it, he again read it over, he could have vented his rage aloud, had not one or two of the tables possessed occupants who appeared, by the evident labour with which they were performing the part of scribes, to be not over-flush of ideas.

Under these circumstances, any interruption might have been resented, even had the ominous word "Silence!" not been placarded at intervals on the walls. So he had recourse to the never-failing consolation of pulling his moustaches, and apparently to some purpose; for, before he had indulged in his favourite pastime for many minutes, a smile crossed his face,

and, after carefully reading the note once more, he seized his pen and wrote as follows :

"I will do all you wish, and leave London at once, if you will only meet me to-morrow at three o'clock, for five minutes, at the Pantheon Bazaar. I *must* see you once again.

"J. T."

He addressed it (as Gabrielle had requested) to the same post-office from whence she had despatched her own letter, and, taking up his hat, walked out and dropped it into a pillar post which stood near the club.

Gabrielle called for it herself the next morning, having contrived to drive out early and alone for that purpose. Her first impulse was to refuse the writer's request, but eventually she made up her mind to see him for the last time ; so, after her return home, she ordered the carriage to come round at three o'clock, determined to get rid of her sister-in-law's companionship again on some pretext or the other.

This early and solitary excursion of hers, however, was the subject of much ill-natured comment on the part of the two sisters.

"Really, Bernard ought to look after his wife himself," grunted out the elder, as she sat in a large arm-chair nursing a cold caught the evening before, which made her more than usually ill tempered. "What could be her motive in declining your offer to accompany her, Selina? Well, if I were Bernard, I would pay a little more attention to what is going on. There is that Captain Travers, you are both so fond of, dangling after her everywhere. I can see through it all," she continued, sniffing and using her handkerchief. "A nasty intriguing fellow!"

Miss Watson, senior, could not forgive her brother's wife the admiration she excited, and felt spiteful about it from the state of total eclipse, probably, in which it placed her own more mature charms.

The sound of the wheels as the carriage drew up to the door had put a stop to all further remarks on the subject ; but Gabrielle, on entering, was closely questioned by the sisters as to where she had been, and what purchases she had made.

She gave suitable replies to both these questions, but finding her sisters-in-law importunate, left the room on the plea of wishing to change her dress before luncheon.

No sooner was she gone than Miss Watson also left the room, ostensibly for the purpose of adjusting her own toilette ere they descended to the dining-room ; she followed noiselessly, and as Gabrielle, lost in thought, was slowly passing along the corridor, she did not hear the step of Miss Watson behind her. Her heart felt heavy misgivings, and she sighed as she put her hand mechanically into the bosom of her dress to feel if the letter was safe.

"In changing my dress for luncheon I must remember to put it away," she thought ; and her fingers closed upon the note, which she withdrew from the place where she had deposited it after a first hasty perusal in the carriage, but not having been properly inserted into the envelope, the note, without her perceiving it, fell lightly on to the ground, and the envelope alone remained in her hand.

She had entered her dressing-room, and was about to place the note in

her desk, when, for the first time, she became aware of its absence. A sudden heat ran through her entire frame. Had it been left in the carriage? Could she have dropped it on the staircase? It could, surely, never have fallen in the hall!

The missing note, however, was in neither of these places; and the hot blood would have rushed still more quickly through her veins had she been aware that, at the very moment she was racking her brain with vain attempts to recollect all the circumstances under which it might possibly have been lost, it was lying snugly in the recesses of Miss Watson's pocket, and that that amiable lady was, even now, exulting in thought at the manner in which she would astonish her brother, on his return, by the revelations she meant to pour forth of the stolen picture—the numerous interviews—the letter posted so cunningly by his wife—and, finally, the compromising note bearing the insignia of his club, as well as the initials of the writer!

What infamous conduct! What dreadful treachery! Her brother ought to be informed of it at once. And the rancorous old spinster smiled maliciously as she again looked at her prize. It was her duty to expose her sister-in-law's conduct, and no consideration should induce her to swerve from it! Whereupon, Miss Watson descended into the dining-room, with the self-approving feeling of one about to sacrifice herself on the altar of sisterly affection.

The animus which she had long cherished against Gabrielle not only added considerably to the zest of her task, but appeared entirely to obliterate all womanly kindness in her heart.

Oh! woman, woman! when will you learn to be really kind and charitable one towards the other!

Alas! I fear that amongst her own sex (unlike angels in this respect) there is more satisfaction felt at the sad fall of one pretty woman than at the consoling spectacle of ninety and nine spotless dames who were never detected in the slightest breach of decorum!

It wanted but a quarter to three, and Gabrielle had not, as yet, signified her intention of driving out alone. Unfortunately, too, for her project it was Saturday afternoon, a day on which Mr. Watson always honoured the family circle with his presence, so an additional obstacle was thrown in her way.

The sky was becoming overcast, and Mr. Watson, as the party re-entered the drawing-room, gave it as his opinion (in his usual authoritative manner) that there would soon be a thunder-storm. Gabrielle glanced towards the clock as her husband was beginning a prosy account of his engineering projects, and a horrible sensation stole over her as she saw the minutes rapidly pass, and thought of her appointment with Captain Travers.

"Oh, that it were ended!" she ejaculated, as she looked out at the still threatening clouds.

Her only desire now was for freedom. The daily thralldom she had endured had been too much for her, and she hoped that after this last interview she would be restored to herself. She reflected that if she could not get away immediately, in all probability she would be prevented going at all; as the time therefore approached, the suspense became intolerable.

But Mr. Watson's recital was not half ended, and the large heav

drops were already beginning to fall with increasing rapidity on to the slate flooring of the balcony in front of the windows.

Boxes of mignonette and other sweet-scented flowers were placed outside, and the air, already humid with the coming shower, wafted the fragrant odours into the apartment through the open windows.

Mr. Watson only interrupted his narrative to remark, as he glanced at the pavement, that the rain he had foretold had come at last. His wife, who was sitting opposite to him, could almost have screamed as the appointed time passed by. Her thoughts took the direction of the Pantheon, where, as he paced up and down in the company of old women and children from the country, attentively scrutinising dolls and doll-houses, or complacently staring at the guinea-pigs and squirrels offered for sale in the conservatory, Captain Jack would, doubtless, be anathematizing her for her unkindness.

"It is raining fast now, my dear," remarked Mr. Watson. "When it clears up I shall ask you to put me down at the club, as you will, doubtless, pass close to it in your shopping expedition."

Gabrielle, having no pretext for refusing, gave a subdued assent; but, as she did so, a vague kind of presentiment, like the chill which precedes a storm, came over her—the forerunner, as she dreaded, of a tempest, in which her own fragile bark might, possibly, suffer shipwreck.

The state of the weather kept them at home until quite late in the afternoon. Gabrielle was anxious to avoid the Park, as she feared that Captain Travers might be there with upbraiding looks on his countenance; so, after setting Mr. Watson down at his club, they drove to a nursery garden in the Fulham-road.

"You *must* come to Mrs. Graham's drum to-night, Gabrielle," entreated Miss Selina, as the carriage drew up before their own house; "we have refused once before, and I have been counting on her party for the whole week."

In sheer weariness of spirit her companion assented. The thought crossed her as she did so that, in many instances, the younger sister had proved kinder than the elder to her foibles, and it moved her to be lenient on this occasion.

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The night was far advanced as Gabrielle, attended by the evergreen Selina, prepared to ascend the staircase on their return from the soirée. A mistake in the orders given by Mrs. Watson to her coachman had caused them to be unusually late.

The door of the dining-room in the temporary abode of the Watsons opened on to the hall, at the right of the staircase; and not more than three or four steps of the latter had been ascended, ere the voice of her husband arrested Gabrielle's attention.

"You can all of you retire," said he, addressing the attendants as he came out of the room; and when, in obedience to his order, they had beat a rapid retreat, he added, looking up at his wife, "I shall feel obliged by your giving me a few moments' conversation, Mrs. Watson, before you go up-stairs."

"Will the conversation not keep till to-morrow?" she inquired. "I am extremely tired; or, if you particularly wish it, I will wait up for you in the dressing-room."

Selina had gained the first landing by this time, and as Mr. Watson

reiterated his desire to speak to his wife immediately, Gabrielle descended into the hall, and she and her husband stood face to face.

The gas-lights had been turned down, but still gave forth sufficient light to enable her, as she approached him, to discern his features. They were convulsed with rage. She stood transfixed before him; but, ere a word was uttered on either side, he grasped her arm with no gentle touch, and drew her across the hall into the dining-room.

When there he closed the door, and Gabrielle awaited in silence some explanation of this unlooked-for burst of passion.

Words seemed almost to be denied him, as, pacing up and down like a wild animal, he passed before her bewildered eyes.

Never had she seen her husband in that state before, for he was not usually given to violent outbreaks of temper, the annoyances of life being ordinarily received by him in a sullen, rather than in a violent, manner.

His pent-up rage at last burst forth, and, not content with accusing Gabrielle of unfaithfulness and other domestic crimes, spurred on by his mortified self-love, he directed against her a torrent of invective which might have led one to suppose that he had passed his life in East London instead of the East Indies.

It appeared that Miss Watson had taken the opportunity, in Gabrielle's absence, to pour into her brother's ear an account ("nothing extenuated, but all set down in malice") of the suspicious facts she had collected from time to time against her, producing the lost note by way of proof.

From his sister's statement, Mr. Watson had some reason to believe his wife to be simply a vile woman, carrying on an intrigue beneath his very roof; but, even had it been so, his language to her was scarcely excusable.

"Wretch!" he hissed out, when the object of his wrath attempted, at last, to explain that, however much appearances had been against her—however faulty and foolish she might have been, guilt, such as he supposed, she was entirely free from—"wretch! you are not worthy to live under an honest man's roof!"

She might well have retorted that, however sinful her thoughts, however careless of his feelings she might have been, her folly had been encouraged in a great measure by his own coldness and neglect.

She refrained, however; but at the last reviling epithet she slowly raised her eyes, and the look of ineffable disdain, mixed with disgust, which she cast at him, told more forcibly than a flood of rhetoric could ever have done what her feelings were at the moment.

He was wild already—wild with rage mingled with despair; but the glance she gave him seemed to madden him completely, and, as she opened the door, he seized her again by the arm, almost making her scream as he drove his nails hard into her fair skin, gasping out at the same time, "You dare to look at me like that—you dare!" and, in a moment of concentrated anger, he forgot that he was a man, and thrust her from him with such force against the half-opened door, that Gabrielle, with a sharp cry, fell full length at his feet across the broad flags of a hall.

"Let me go away," she murmured faintly, as, raising herself, she leaned against the wall. "I wish to go. I hope never again to see your face. You have been cruel and hard-hearted to me, and have made my life a misery."



The words were wrung from her in her despair. The rude, brutal treatment had exasperated her, and she now determined that no explanation should ever come from her lips.

In her desire to leave his house—in the quiet disdain with which she had listened to the abuse with which, in his rage, he had assailed her, and which he mistook for indifference—her husband read, as he imagined, an avowal of her guilt.

“Will you swear on your knees that you are not a faithless woman?” he groaned out finally, as Gabrielle, pale as death but still calm and collected, stood up before him. “Will you swear to that?” he added, trembling with emotion.

“Not for worlds, since you can admit the doubt,” she replied, scornfully; “and if you, moreover, do not ask my pardon for all your brutality this night, to-morrow morning I quit your house.”

Gabrielle's hand as she spoke was on the lock of the hall door, which she had grasped as a support to her trembling frame. Surely some fiend must have possessed her husband that night, for, rudely withdrawing her hand, with one movement he threw open the door, and, holding out his arm, uttered, in a tone of concentrated rage, the word “Go!”

Without further thought Gabrielle mechanically crossed the threshold, when the door closed behind her, and she stood, almost breathless, on the broad stone steps leading up to the house.

The cool night air struck gratefully on her fevered brow; but she seemed to have no feeling, no thought for anything, save that she would never return to the wretched home from which she had been so cruelly thrust out.

She looked around; all was still; not a footfall broke the silence of the large gloomy square.

The night was dark and cloudy, and a rustling wind—foreboding rain—agitated the leaves of the tall trees bordering the enclosure in front of her.

She still stood on her husband's door-step, undecided what to do next, when she fancied she heard a voice from the interior of the house.

The noise aroused her. What if he should again open the door, and again revile and taunt her as he had already done! And, as the thought took possession of her, Gabrielle, hardly knowing what she was about, fled to the right and turned up the first street she came to. On she went like a mad thing, her head uncovered and the damp stones striking cold and hard against her unprotected feet, encased still in the thin satin shoes she had worn that evening.

Her brain was on fire, and her heart throbbed to bursting, as the taunting epithets rose again to her mind. Everything seemed strange and confused, and she hardly knew what she was doing. Was she awake, or was she asleep? Did she dream that she heard the distant rumble of the carriages in a street not far off?

At the corner of a mews a half-drunken man was staggering past, vainly attempting to balance himself as he swayed from side to side in his helplessness. “Hullo, Nancy!” he hiccuped, as he perceived her form, “what's the row?” And, in turning to avoid him, she almost knocked against his reeling form.

Poor frightened hare! again she doubled, and again she retraced her steps, almost screaming aloud in her frenzy lest the drunken man should overtake her.

She found herself in the square again, and, turning away from the direction of her own house, she fled down the opposite side.

The corner gained, a figure beneath the lamp-post met her eye; a solitary individual, stepping to light his cigar with a fusee which he held in his hand.

An exclamation of surprise, accompanied by the sound of his footsteps, greeted her as she still rushed on, telling plainly that she was once more followed.

"Where are you hurrying, and why so fast?" she heard distinctly, before a second had elapsed. "A pretty girl ought not to be out alone at night!" And the advancing footsteps gained rapidly upon her.

Gabrielle's brain reeled. Where would it end? Was she to die of fright in sight of her own house?

"Leave me," she was beginning to utter, helplessly clasping her hands, glittering in the lamplight with the jewels upon them—"leave me at once!" when he suddenly moved away as another and taller figure strode rapidly towards the scene of action. She looked up, still scared and almost senseless, in the face of the new comer, and as he hurriedly exclaimed,

"Good God! Gabrielle, what is the meaning of all this?" she recognised Captain Travers.

He had punctually kept his appointment at the bazaar that afternoon, and again and again had taken out his watch, but, after waiting an hour and a half, had edged his way through the bales of crinoline congregated round the stalls until he had gained the door, when, hailing a cab, he drove quickly in the direction of the square inhabited by the Watsons; and, not seeing a sign of any one at the windows, had returned again late at night to smoke a cigar in the cherished vicinity.

It was no uncommon thing with him to smoke an evening's cigar in the vicinity of the house where the object of his devotion resided. Many a night had he paced up and down, until the policeman pursuing his weary round would turn again and gaze after the receding figure.

Gabrielle hastily told him all that had occurred. "What I should have done had you not come up, I know not. Thanks—so many thanks—but oh! where can I now go?" she cried, as, after the first feeling of relief afforded by his presence, the consciousness of the misconception which might be put upon their meeting crept over her. Her tears flowed fast, as, standing under the shelter of a doorway, she again clasped her hands piteously as she thought on the horrors of her situation. "Tell me where to go—advise me what to do," she sobbed out to her companion.

Captain Travers was puzzled; he found himself placed unexpectedly in what he would have termed an "awful fix."

He glanced down at the trembling figure beside him; a gossamer dress trimmed with costly lace, white jewelled fingers and arms adorned with bracelets, an uncovered head glittering with diamond stars, and large burnous, which she had not had the time to divest herself of, completing the whole attire.

"By Jove!" he muttered reflectively, as his attention was drawn to the dress in which the pale anxious form standing there, breathless with agitation and fear, was apparelled.

The prize he had waited so long for was apparently in his grasp:

few words only, and Gabrielle must accept the alternative of a journey with himself to a foreign land; and he flattered himself that it only required the first few words to bring it about.

A large tear fell upon his hand as he stooped to pick up the handkerchief which she had let drop in her agitation.

He had felt her tears before, when, in sorrow for him and his agony, she allowed them to bedew his unconscious face at Fernside, and his heart softened at the thought. He would never give her the right to reproach him. The bird was snared, but he was too true a sportsman to kill his game unfairly.

So he took her hand within his own, and, although the heart was oppressive at the time, it felt cold and chilly.

"Dear Gabrielle," he said, soothingly, "by your own account you cannot have left the house many minutes; will you take my counsel—the best and the truest, believe me, that I can offer you—will you go back at once, and knock for admittance? See, the lights are still burning in the room down-stairs." And the worldly sinner sighed deeply as he thought what he should probably lose by the advice he had just tendered. "I will see you to the door," he continued, "and then retire."

Gabrielle could not guess what was passing in his mind; but she believed in him, and, with the humble submission of a child, accepted his view of the case, and began to retrace her steps, promising to sue for an entrance into the detested home from whence she had been so ignominiously expelled. The light still flickered in the dining-room; and, after Captain Travers had conducted her to the door-steps and rang the bell, he retired quickly from the house.

He had unquestionably done a good action. His love for the helpless, cast-out woman had, for the moment, overruled all feelings of self; but I doubt if he felt so much consoled thereby when he reflected on the reception which Gabrielle was likely to meet with in that accursed house.

"Who would believe this night's tale of the ungodly wretch, Jack Travers!" muttered he. "Poor darling! I only hope the old brute will not ill treat her again." And as he pictured to himself her probable sufferings, he longed now that, by his own act, he had given her up, for the power to leave her altogether and go abroad.

He turned, as he neared the street leading out of the square, and saw, to his surprise, that Gabrielle's figure was still there, gleaming out, in its white diaphanous robes, against the closed door.

He slackened his pace at once. "I will see the game out, at all events!" he ejaculated, keeping himself for some time in the shade of the nearest house so as to escape observation.

After watching for a few minutes without any signs of Gabrielle having obtained admittance, he began to get impatient on her account, as well as on his own; and the spattering of the heavy drops of rain as they fell on the pavement, also told him plainly that, unless shelter was soon obtained, a complete drenching would be the inevitable result.

Had he possessed (which he did not) the patience of Job he could have held out no longer. The sight which he witnessed from his hiding-place of the figure of his early love standing on the door-step in the rain, her head buried in her hands, was beyond his endurance.

He therefore rapidly retraced his steps, and, approaching the house

once more to reconnoitre, observed that the light which he had seen in the lower room had vanished, and that the whole mansion was in a state of gloomy repose.

As he was ascending the steps, Gabrielle started up, and welcomed his return with unfeigned joy.

"Take me to some hotel," she said. "I know no one to whom I could go at this hour, and I must go somewhere."

It was now past three o'clock, and the day was beginning to dawn. In answer to Gabrielle's demand, Captain Travers hailed a drowsy-looking cabman, who was returning to the mews for a fresh horse, and lifted his companion in without resistance on her part. No hotel would take her in at that hour, and in that dress, he knew well enough; still, he calmed Gabrielle by assuring her that probably one could be found. He ran over in his mind all the hotels he knew of, but could think of none which might possibly receive her (without, at least, giving rise to a sufficient degree of scandal), and a perplexed look came over his face as he pondered what course to take.

The cabman had not seated himself on the box. No fear of his jaded steed attempting a run without him; so he paced up and down the pavement while awaiting his orders.

"Well, this is a rum start," muttered cabby, at length. "I'm blest if they either of 'em know where they are going to." And he glanced furtively at Gabrielle's face as the lamp in front of them threw its glare over her.

But his fare was just as welcome, for aught he cared, to take their shilling's-worth out in standing still, as in rattling over the stones. He therefore waited contentedly the issue of events.

"I know really of no other means," said Captain Travers, as they concluded a lengthened consultation. "Trust me, you can remain in the sitting-room unmolested until to-morrow; and being in that dress I know of no other alternative, unless you wish to be discovered here by the milkmen in the morning. I shall go myself to Gore's and pass the rest of the night there."

Gabrielle resisted the proposed plan energetically at first; but (as her companion again pointed out the utter folly of remaining in the street all night) ended in giving a hurried assent, and Captain Travers told the cabman to drive to Norris-street.

As they alighted at the door of that establishment, he informed Gabrielle that all the inmates were in bed, and, therefore, that all fear of annoyance from any indiscreet curiosity on their part was impossible; and, as he opened the door with the latch-key, and pointed out the *locale* of his sitting-room, he clasped Gabrielle's hand fervently, and took his leave, telling her that he was sure to get a bed at Gore's. But after he had left her, and the door had closed upon him, he continued pacing up and down the street till the cries of "Milk below," and the sound of the bells summoning the early church-goers to an eight o'clock service, obliged him to retire. He then went off to his friend Gore's, to pass the time in making his breakfast and toilette, until the arrival of a fitting hour when he could present himself to the unfortunate inmate of his chambers, and advise with her upon her future course of action.

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A CRISIS APPROACHES.

"WELL! I think Prince Prettyman has huffed. I hope he may not come back again."

"Why should you hope that, my lady? What is it to you?"

"A great deal to me. A jealous, suspicious, finiking, fine gentleman! Can't you see that the girl would be wretched with him? But men *are* so abominably stupid!"

"My old father used to say, 'It's ill burning your mouth with another man's brose;' and, for my part, I think he was right. I hope you're not meddling too much, my lady. I suppose the girl engaged herself of her own free will, and, for my part, I see nothing amiss with young Errol, except that he appears to be very much in love, and, as a natural consequence, he is inclined to make a fool of himself. In any case, I beg you will refrain from interfering. You want the girl and her money for Home; pray let him take the trouble to do his own wooing; I don't choose."

"*You* don't choose! I declare, Sir Thomas, you are a perfect nuisance. I do not deny that I should be glad if things were to come round pleasantly, but I hope I know better than to go further than I should; and, indeed, my wish to get Laura free of her present affair has no rise in any solicitude for Home's success, but merely springs from the love I have for herself, and the certainty I feel that she could never be happy with that young Errol."

"Don't turn match-maker in your old days, my lady, and for another woman's daughter, too; it's a thankless office, and generally a mischievous one."

"Don't trouble yourself about me. I really have had nothing to do with the affair beyond wishing that such and such things might happen; the gentleman's own absurd jealousy and bad temper have done the whole mischief. However, I do think the matter is so far settled now; for the rest, Colonel Home and Laura must manage their own concerns."

"Yes; and Home goes away this evening!"

"Oh! there are a good many half-hours between this and evening. He may stay now."

"I don't mean to ask him, and I desire *you* will not!"

"I do believe you care for nobody but yourself!"

"That's as may be; but when a man has a half-crazed wife, it behoves him to see that she behaves herself properly. If Home really cares about the girl, and is the man I take him for, he will do nothing till she shall be quite free of the other chap (if free she is to be, which I doubt), and then he knows where to find her. It seems to me that it is not right or honourable to be breaking and making matches in this way; people know their own affairs best; at all events, I will not have you mixed up

in it. The girl is a very charming, sweet girl, and Home is the finest fellow in the world, in his way; but, for my own part, I fancy he might not make the very best of husbands, and, in fact, it's best to let things alone."

"Very well! Let Laura marry Johnny Jessamy, and die of a broken heart, and let Home go his own way, a disappointed man, and perhaps he will die too, and then I hope you may be pleased with your work."

"My dear old woman, Home is no silly boy; he would forget all about Laura in a month; the other lover is far more likely to take things *au sérieux*; and with regard to Laura herself, bless your foolish heart! she is the sort of little pliable thing to be happy enough whatever way things go, provided her husband gives her plenty of sweet words."

"Let me tell you, you don't know her at all, then. Sweet words, of course, she would want, but sweet words alone could not long deceive her."

"Even so, Errol is the very man for her. I was speaking to Hans Carey yesterday—he is staying at Beechey with the Hammonds, and he knows the Errols well (the Careys had Feltham, you know, during the absence of the Errols in Italy), and their present residence is within half an hour's drive of the Abbey—and Hans says that there is not a nicer chap in the world than Arthur Errol; just a little too womanish and soft, but that's a small fault, and I think Laura will have done very well for herself if she marries him. By the way, here comes Carey himself. I told him Laura was here, and he said he would ride over to see her to-day or to-morrow."

"That will bring her down," said my lady, with a pleased expression. "She has been shut up in her own room ever since breakfast, pretending to write letters, and she said she had a headache, and would not come down to lunch, but it's my opinion she is keeping out of Home's way."

"If she be, she is doing quite right. I fancy my gentleman has been making a good deal of love to her in a philandering 'I-would-an'-if-I-might' sort of way, but I don't think he is at all in a hurry to settle in life."

"Mr. Carey" was announced at this juncture, and presently Colonel Home came in. Mr. Carey and he were old acquaintances, and had many friends in common; another bond of union between them soon came to light in the fact that in a week's time Mr. Carey was about to become a guest in the same house whither Colonel Home was now going, so that they had no lack of topics of mutual interest, and in the midst of an animated conversation Laura entered. She had known Hans Carey all her life, and liked him warmly, as did almost every one who knew him; indeed, the whole Carey family, consisting of an old lady with two sons and three daughters—popularly known as "Mother Carey's chickens"—were universally and deservedly high in favour with those who came within their influence. They had a very fine property in the same count as Charlwood, and their old family mansion had been a source of no small pride and pleasure to them, as it had been a singularly perfect specimen of the old black-and-white wooden houses, of which so few are now left. Modern additions had been made to the edifice from time to time, but they had always been made at the back, so as to leave the picturesque front unspoiled; but, alas! one stormy night the old house took fire, and was burned to the ground, and "Mother Carey and her chickens" had be-

come the tenants of Feltham Abbey while a new house was being built for them. Hans Carey had always been fond of, and sorry for, Laura; he was forty-five years old, however, and one of those men of whom it may safely be predicted that they will never marry, and he was, therefore, exceedingly surprised to see that Laura greeted him by a very deep and brilliant blush; there was also a peculiar *timbre* in her voice, and a general agitation of manner, which added to the bewilderment of the simple-hearted gentleman, and all the while the *real* cause of Laura's subdued flutter, seeming to observe nothing of it, saw it all, and, after his kind, drew not a little pleasure from the covert contemplation of the flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, the meaning of which he was not slow to read.

"Do you never mean to come back to Charlwood, Miss Charlton?" asked Hans Carey. "I saw Mr. Charlton on Monday, and he said it was perhaps better for him that you should break him gradually in to doing without you. By the way, I saw Errol in Whitecliffe this morning. He says he had meant to go to Feltham to-day, but has changed his mind."

"Yes," interposed Lady Lenox, "he mentioned last night that he meant to return home to-day, but gentlemen change their minds quite as often as ladies, Mr. Carey."

"Quite right too," put in Sir Thomas, "else you would quite leave us behind. A very eccentric old brother of mine used to say that, to hold one's own with a woman, a man must either change as often as a weather-cock, or else remain firm and immovable as a rock. He rather thought the latter course the best, as you preserved your dignity, and your feminine opponent, having shifted to all points of the compass, was certain by the law of rotation to come round to your side at last."

"If that was Mr. Lenox of Glen-Barra, it served him quite right that no woman ever took pity on his solitude," answered Mr. Carey. "He deserved his fate."

"He was quite satisfied with it, at least," replied Sir Thomas, laughing; "but, in my opinion, all young fellows ought to marry. The independence of an old bachelor's life is, at the best, a dreary, lonely sort of thing. Don't you agree with me, Miss Charlton?"

"I have not given the subject sufficient consideration to be able to answer you," said Laura. "I dare say the unmarried people have arguments for their side of the question."

"Of course! One can argue for anything, if one be of a disputatious turn; but, in this case, I hope you will allow that the supporters of matrimony have, and ought to have, the best of it."

"Don't plague the girl, Sir Thomas," said his wife, briskly. "What should she know or care about such things? You'll stay and dine with us, Mr. Carey?"

"Thank you very much. I cannot to-day, as my friends have some people to dinner, and, even as it is, my horse must do wonders to get me back in time to dress."

"Whenever you can come to us, we shall be glad to see you," returned the lady. "Laura has quite brightened up at sight of you."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mr. Carey, colouring and smiling with pleasure. "I fear I should regret her having left off being a child, if she had also left off the habit of regarding me as her very particular

friend. She always called me so when she was a child," he added, turning to Lady Lenox, "and I mean to try and keep my privilege."

"At least till she marries," said her ladyship. "Girls are apt to take on a set of new friends then as they take to their new outfit, and the old ones, like their old dresses and bonnets, are liable to sink out of memory as they do out of sight."

"I hope not. Miss Charlton, it must be a distinct clause in your marriage-settlement that I am to be retained as your especial friend."

"That you always shall be, Mr. Carey. I never was ashamed of saying that I was very fond of you, and I have just as little scruple about making the same declaration now. I never mean to give up my real friends, and you are one of the very best I have ever had."

"A frank and flattering declaration!" observed Colonel Home. "I hope you have a suitable answer ready, Carey."

"No, I should grow sentimental if I tried to say what I feel, and for a man of my weight to take to sentiment, would be to make himself ridiculous; but Miss Charlton knows very well all that I would say if I could, and I shall take an early opportunity, when you have gone away, to come here, and, freed from the fear of your *persiflage*, I shall have a better chance of expressing myself properly. I shall see you in a week or ten days, Home, and now I must be off."

He made his adieux, and, with many promises to return in a day or two, he mounted and rode away.

"Where are you going, Laura?" asked Lady Lenox, as Laura turned to leave the room, before the return of Sir Thomas and Colonel Home, who had gone to see Mr. Carey off. "Please do not allow Colonel Home to see that he is of so much consequence that you dare not remain in the same room with him for five minutes."

"I was writing letters."

"Yes, and you have written quite enough. Three hours a day are quite enough for——"

She came to a sudden stop, for the gentlemen entered at that moment.

"Laura!" she went on, "my vases and baskets want fresh flowers sadly. Will you be kind enough to make a tour through the greenhouses and gather some flowers? I shall have all the things ready filled with water for you in the little breakfast-room, and I hope you will arrange the flowers for me. You may cut what you please, for I have chosen my time well. Jervis is gone after some silver sand, so you need not fear any black looks."

She handed Laura a light basket and pair of scissors, and glad of the commission, the girl was not slow to take advantage of it.

Her ladyship threw one glance at Colonel Home, who was to all appearance deeply engrossed by some stereoscopic slides. When he had gone quite through the collection, he looked suddenly up and met one glance from the keen grey eye of his hostess. He smiled a sad half cynical smile, and walked to the window.

"My last day," he said, looking at his watch. "Only five hours left."

No reply from the lady, he went on:

"I suppose if I were to attempt to tell you how deeply I feel all your kindness to me, you would grow angry with me, as you always do on such occasions?"



"I hope you may not try me."

"Well, I will not, but I have been very happy. I have had less of the feeling of advancing age on me than I have known for years."

"I cannot wonder you feel old. Five years short of forty is a great age in these days," said Lady Lenox, ironically.

"*That would* indeed startle me, but I want some years of that still."

"Yes, but when we were talking of Mr. Carey yesterday, you said he was quite a settled old fellow, and Sir Thomas says he is five-and-thirty, so that I conclude you consider *that* a good old age."

"But, my good friend, men who have knocked about in the world, and who have had no home, in the true sense of the word, are old sooner than their more fortunate brethren."

"Whose fault is it that you have no home?"

"I dare say you think it my own fault; but how is a man to marry on eight hundred a year, particularly when he has got such a place as 'Thornicroft?' One scarcely likes to sell a property that has been so long in the family, but, to a man of my income, it is a real misfortune to have a standing reproach in the shape of an uninhabited country place belonging to me."

"You might have married girls with money many a time."

"Fie, Lady Lenox! Do you take me for a Mormon?"

"I will reconstruct my sentence, then. You have flirted outrageously with scores of girls. Some of them have had money, and you might have married one of them."

"N—o," said the colonel, in a slow, musing way. "As a rule, girls with money are exceptionable; it is a strange fact, but a fact all the same, that money as a positive possession does not agree with the female human animal, except in limited quantities. Moneyed girls are so often bad style, or positive frights, and I should object to a wife who was not both elegant and pretty."

"I have known plenty of girls who were rich, and pretty, and elegant."

"Ah, you see, I have not been so fortunate. I don't think I ever met one who was all three."

"Do you mean to say that Laura is not?"

"Pardon me, she is out of the question. The highest praise you could give her would not be greater than I think she merits, but she is a phoenix, and she is appropriated."

"You best know whether you have made her more content with her lot, then, and it is my opinion that she will never be married to young Errol. But I'll have no more to do with you; manage your affairs your own way; and just now I'll go and get all the vases made ready for Laura, for I don't suppose it will be long before she comes back."

She rose as she spoke and hurried out, and the colonel smiled to himself.

"Dear, transparent, match-making old woman!" he thought, "I wonder what I shall do. In the first place, I think I shall go after the girl; I have scarcely seen her to-day, and I go away to-night."

With some such thoughts as these he sauntered into the hall, took up his hat, and walked off in the direction of the greenhouses. He found Laura busied amongst the rare and beautiful flowers, which were the pride and glory of Cragmere; the light basket she carried was almost

full of exquisite pink-and-white heaths, exotic ferns, and lovely waxen creamy roses. Her face was turned from the door by which Colonel Home entered, and he was close to her before she saw him.

Poor Laura! Surprise, pleasure, perplexity, and, in short, what the old novelists were wont to call "contending emotions," made the colour come and go on her face, and her eyelids fall over her troubled eyes, and she vainly strove for some simple commonplace words which should dispel the awkwardness attendant on a silence which her companion made still more uncomfortable by his very expressive eye-language. The gentleman was indeed an adept in the use of his beautiful eyes, and on the strength of their velvety softness, long-cut orbits, and sweeping black lashes, had all his life been credited with a depth of sentiment and tenderness which, I regret to say, were wholly foreign to his nature. He was by no means an actively bad man; he would have knocked down any man who might have been bold enough to doubt his honour, and in truth his impulses were, for the most part, noble, generous, and lofty; but a Red Indian also has often very fine impulses, and the heathen Greeks and Romans were grandly heroic. I am afraid that Colonel Home's good points savoured strongly of heathenism; and for the rest, he loved himself so fondly that self-gratification was his starting-point as well as his goal; he was not the first either of mankind or woman-kind who has won a reputation for a deep and tender nature by reason of having beautiful eyes, and now he stood gazing at Laura with a wistful, pleading expression, which almost brought tears into the foolish girl's eyes. In her agitation, she stretched forward for a branch of datura, utterly ignoring the fact that she could not by any possibility reach it; but the scissors were gently taken from her hand, and the branch, with its dead-white scented bells, laid in her basket, and then the basket itself was set on a bench, and the colonel opened the campaign.

"I felt that I must see you once more alone," he said, softly. "I could not leave this place, where I have been so blindly, so madly happy, without once again telling you that—but, Laura, you know, your heart must tell you what I would say, but perhaps had better leave unsaid. You belong to another" (quite as well if you had thought of that earlier, Colonel Home), "and regrets are vain and useless."

Laura was trembling so that she could scarcely stand, there was a mist before her eyes, a rushing noise in her ears, and her miserable agitation was so apparent that even the colonel, experienced as he was in such scenes, and wonderfully master of himself, felt really sorry for her. She tried in vain to command her voice, but the very consciousness she felt that her rapidly-changing colour and visible trembling were betraying her, only added to her confusion. Her companion paused for a moment, and then went on:

"Will you not say one word to me, Laura? Say that you will not think unkindly of me, that you forgive me; that, and the knowledge that you at least are happy, will teach me to bear my lonely lot as best may."

Laura made a great effort, and managed to raise her eyes. In a minute or two she found voice to speak, and her clear sense of right and womanly instinct lent her fitting words.

"You must not speak to me in this way, Colonel Home. I have nothing to forgive, nor shall I ever think unkindly of you."

The colonel was rather thrown back by this speech, which bespoke much more self-command than he had any reason to expect; but being a master of the art of fence, he was resolved to remain in the ascendant, and replied, in his low sad voice:

"Thank you a thousand times; I shall at least have the comfort of feeling that, whatever may be my own misery, I shall not need to reproach myself for having cast even a passing shadow over your life. It is not probable that we shall ever meet again in this world; but you shall never be forgotten while I have memory to remember anything. And now, will you not give me your hand? Our real farewell is here. When I next see you, it will be in the presence of others, and I felt that I could not bear to say good-bye to you merely as I did to the rest."

Laura hesitated a moment, and then held out her cold trembling hand, which her companion took and held in both his own. His voice was little more than a whisper, as he said:

"Oh, if we had but met earlier!"

And what more he might have said or done must be left to conjecture, for just then a door opened a few paces from them, and Arthur Errol, with a flushed face and angry eyes, entered on the scene.

What a sight for a jealous lover! Laura's hand was still held in both those of her companion, and, from her burning cheeks and visible agitation, the subject-matter of the conversation was indicated with tolerable correctness. Arthur paused for a second or two. Colonel Home looked full at him with a most provokingly satisfied expression, and then quickly taking the flower-basket from the bench, he said:

"Your basket is quite full now; I shall carry it to the breakfast-room for you. How do you do, Mr. Errol?"

Arthur took no notice of the friendly inquiry, but strode towards Laura, saying, in his severest manner:

"I wish to speak to you alone, Laura; can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Certainly," she faltered.

"As Mr. Errol is pleased to forget the manners usual in our circle, Miss Charlton, I address myself to you, when I say that I am going into the house, so that you need not be exposed to the rain, which is just beginning."

Arthur had taken Laura's arm in his, and was opening the greenhouse-door as the colonel spoke, and, before Laura could answer, Home had passed through the doorway, and was seen going towards the house.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A SCENE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

FOR some minutes after they had been left alone, Arthur said no word to Laura. Then, abruptly turning to her, "You thought I was gone, Laura?"

"Yes," she said.

"I meant to have been away this morning; but when a man's whole happiness hangs on one event, he does not like to throw away his chance without making every possible effort to keep it, so I deferred my going

until I should have seen you again. I was directed here to you ; and I was for a very short time outside that door before I came in. You may think me dishonourable if you will, but I did not wilfully play the spy on you. Any man seeing his plighted wife, as I saw you just then, must have felt as I did—too much shocked and distressed to be complete master of his actions.” He paused for a minute, and then went on : “Have you nothing to say to me? No excuse to offer? True, pure, blameless, as I have believed you, are you so utterly heartless as not even to wish to lessen the pain you have caused me?”

Laura released her arm from his, and, taking her place on a rustic chair, passed her shaking hands over her face, with such a helpless bewildered misery in her eyes, that any one but an angry lover must have pitied her. But Arthur was too full of his own sorrow to feel much compassion for hers. Weak natures are generally the hardest when stung by their own pain. I had rather have any one for my judge than a good, feeble-natured man, whom I had hurt or injured. And Arthur was in his least placable mood just now ; he approached Laura again.

“Will you not speak to me?” he said. “Is it nothing to you that I have wasted all my love on you, and you took it, and welcomed it, till you tired of it and me; and then the first *roué* that comes in your way, you admit attentions and familiarities from him, which would never have been offered to you had you remembered what was due to yourself and me. Oh, Laura! how I have been deceived in you!”

“You are very hard to me, Arthur,” she said, raising her hot tearless eyes to his face. “I feel myself very culpable ; but it was in pledging myself to you when I little estimated the real importance of what I was doing, and even since then, when I knew that my affection for you was very different from the love of a woman for the man she was about to marry, I deeply blame myself that I did not at once tell you of my doubts and troubles.”

“Why did you not? And when did this opportune knowledge first break on your mind? I presume that Colonel Home’s teaching has had something to do with your enlightenment.”

“You are very wrong to insult me, Arthur; be as harsh to me as you please, I have in some measure deserved it, but you can have no right to couple Colonel Home’s name with mine. I said nothing to you, because I felt so strong and deep an affection for you, that I was unwilling to pain you, and I hoped that I might get back to the old state of content; but I now know how wrong I have been.”

“Tell me the truth ; say at once that I have lost your love.”

“You have lost nothing you ever had, Arthur ; my feelings towards you are quite unchanged.”

“Do not try to deceive me ; that villain has stolen your heart from me.”

“No, no!” she cried ; “you are as dear to me as you ever were—dearer, perhaps, for I know that I have made you suffer, and that is no slight punishment to me ; but is it not better that I should know my feelings now, than later? How could I become your wife with a lie my lips and in my thoughts? You are far too good for me. I am weak and erring, and so very miserable.”

“You would never have found out that I was not enough for your happiness had you not been helped to the knowledge. I know whor

have to thank. Why did you not discover all this before my life was bound up in you? Why did you not?" he asked, fiercely.

"Pray do not, Arthur; you frighten me. I was but a child in such things, and I said whatever I thought would please you and your mother. Oh! what will she think of me?"

"What indeed! And how shall I tell her? One thing more you must answer me. I have a right to know if you are pledged to that man?"

"Indeed I am not, nor has he ever asked me to become so."

"And for the chimera of his idle flatteries and unmeaning flirtation you cast me off?"

"I do not cast you off, Arthur; but I do owe you the truth, and you shall have it. If it had been merely a question of my own unhappiness, you should never have known that I was less satisfied with my lot than I had at first been. I would have sacrificed myself for your sake and your mother's, for I well know that what pains you must deeply wound her; but I felt that no good or happiness could come from a love founded on deception, and you would very soon have found out that I had betrayed you. If it be any comfort to you to know that I am as miserable as you, you may be assured of it."

"Oh! *you* can have no cause for misery. Your new lover has, perhaps, not yet explicitly declared himself; but from what I saw, as I came in, I should judge that not even he, well used as he is to casual and ephemeral love-making, cannot in honour leave you long in doubt."

"You are very cruel, Arthur; and I would not bear such insinuations, did I not know that I have injured you."

"Injured me, indeed! But, Laura, you will sorely repent this; instinct rarely deceives us when we love. You will marry that man; but he is a selfish, heartless wretch, who will never make you happy. Some day you will know how to judge between us; for a time you may, perhaps, think yourself sufficient for that world-worn heart; but not for long. Laura, I have never loved any woman but you, and I am sure I shall never love another. Is there no chance that I may win you back again? Cannot my devotion hope for some little return?"

"It is wholly useless, Arthur, to hope for the return you desire. I almost could wish that my eyes had never been opened, but having been so, I cannot do otherwise than as I now do."

"And that is——"

"And that is to tell you that never man had a truer or fonder friend than I would be to you, if you would but let me. More than this I cannot give you."

"And *that* I will not take from you. You must know it is an idle mockery to offer me your friendship, when I was sure of your love, as sure as I was of heaven. No; your heart is gone from me, let the rest go with it. God knows I wish for your happiness, Laura, but—— Well, it is all over now—all, and I hope we may never meet again!"

"Do not say so, Arthur; oh, do not quite give me up! If I have altogether lost your regard and esteem, I have lost some of the best things of my former life. Can you not have some pity for me, for indeed I am very wretched? I own my great faultiness, but I was so young and ignorant!"

"I do pity you from my heart; but, Laura, you have done me a grave injury, and the wound will not soon heal, if indeed it should ever do so. I cannot now think or speak calmly, and I had best go away; to stay any longer would but pain myself and you. Good-bye, Laura. I never thought to leave you thus. I would say that I forgive you, but—oh! I cannot—I *cannot*."

And here his forced composure utterly broke down.

Poor wretched Laura! At that moment had Arthur, instead of resigning her, but pleaded his cause with sufficient energy, it is possible that she might have yielded to his grief; yes, she might, although her after-thoughts might have bitterly punished such weakness. But Arthur was of a temperament to lie down under the blows which fate might deal him, and he was not of those who would hold a debtor to the letter of the bond, when the spirit in which it had been executed had passed away. No, he caught Laura to his heart, held her there for an instant, gave one long look at her face, and went away.

The rain had ceased, and the afternoon sun shone out through the breaking clouds. As Arthur crossed the lawn, on his way to the stables, he was met by Lady Lenox, who stopped him.

"Will you not stay and dine with us, Mr. Errol?"

"Thank you very much; no, I cannot to-day. You will not think me very rude, Lady Lenox, but I am going away directly. Pray excuse me; you will understand it all by-and-by."

"Well! I see you wish to be gone; I will not keep you against your will; but remember, we shall always be very glad to see you."

"Thanks! If I should be in this neighbourhood again—but, indeed, it is not probable. I think this is a final good-bye, Lady Lenox."

"I hope not. Good-bye, then!"

And so Arthur went. Pending his interview with Laura, there had been a conversation between Lady Lenox and Colonel Home. The latter had entered the breakfast-room carrying his basket of flowers, and he there found his hostess arranging an army of baskets, vases, and flower-glasses.

"Oh! you are there, are you?" she said.

"Yes, I am here."

"And whence have you come?"

"I have been in the arched greenhouse."

"With Miss Charlton?"

"Yes, with Miss Charlton."

"Oh! do you know that Mr. Errol has come, and has been sent out there to his lady-love?"

"I saw and spoke to him, but he had not the civility to answer me, an ill-bred muff!"

"Poor fellow! It is not easy for people who take things in earnest to command their good breeding when they see matters going so very wrong with them."

"In what way do you mean?"

"No matter; we shall see. What did you say to Mr. Errol?"

"I asked him how he did in my very best manner, and he thought I to be rude and sulky."

"How very extraordinary! I always thought him especially polite

"Not to me."

"There may be reasons for that, however. In what state of mind did you and he part?"

"I assure you I do not trouble myself about his state, and of my own you can judge, seeing that I have but just left him."

The old lady glanced quickly up at his face, and as he met her bright eyes he smiled a half smile.

"Yes," he said, "it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands! I am quite sure the young fellow would cheerfully assist at my obsequies, and I confess I think him an insufferable puppy."

"Very good! You are quits, then. But pray have you condescended to think of the probable result of all this? I can tell you, I am by no means easy as to my share in it, and I shall never forgive myself if my dear sweet little Laura should get into trouble between you."

"Now, my lady, have you not disliked that Errol from the first?"

"I *did* dislike him at first, but I fancy he was better than I thought him; at all events, I had no right to act the *Deus ex machina*, and I am sorry I allowed myself to be led away by my regard for you."

"Pray repent nothing you have done or hoped in my behalf. I hope I shall never disappoint you."

"I hope not—I *do* hope not!" Then, after a long pause, "I think I shall get my over-shoes on, and go and see after that poor girl."

"Do! And, Lady Lenox, if you can manage to let me have five minutes alone with her, I shall be much obliged."

She nodded her queer old head, and left him. When she had seen poor Arthur ride quickly away, she entered the greenhouse, where Laura, as soon as she saw her, rose, and pretended to busy herself in twining the young shoots of a wax-plant into the wire trellis-work which supported it. The old lady ignored all evidence of her young friend's agitation.

"I am coming to see after you, Laura," she said. "I have everything ready for you, and if you do not come the flowers will suffer. Sir Thomas *will* always keep a fire in that room, and the air is so very close and warm there, especially to-day, for I am sure there is thunder at hand."

"I dare say there may be; it is so sultry," answered Laura.

"Come, then, my dear. If the rain comes on again before we get in, we shall be prisoners here till dinner-time."

"I am ready," said Laura.

And she followed Lady Lenox into the open air, where the heavy scent of the beds of heliotrope, steeped in the warm rain, rose, mingled with the odours of verbena and mignonette.

"What a delicious perfume!" said the old lady. "Let us make a tour of those pelargonium beds; they are in great beauty just now, late as it is. But Jervis is so very careful! I do think we have the very best gardener in the county!"

"To judge by results, I think you have," replied Laura.

Lady Lenox wished to give Laura time to become calm, and prolonged her inspection of the flower-beds for several minutes, talking incessantly all the time; then she began slowly to walk towards the house.

"You will put only white flowers and drooping branches of maiden-hair fern in the tall scarlet vase, my dear, and in the white vases I

should like those golden-yellow calceolarias and red geraniums, with not many white blossoms among them, and what foliage you please. You can follow your own fancy with the rest; but those three vases are my especial pets. Now, change your boots at once."

Laura went slowly up the staircase, and her ladyship went on into the breakfast-room; Colonel Home was standing leaning against the mantelpiece.

"Poor little thing!" said the old lady. "I suspect it is all over, but I cannot tell, for I fancy she would look more relieved if she were quite free."

Colonel Home did not answer; indeed, he had but a very vague consciousness of what she said, for the truth was, that his private reflections were far from comfortable. He had by no means contemplated anything more serious than a *passe temps* when he began his attentions to Laura; it had always been his habit to endeavour to make himself first with any woman into whose society he might happen to be thrown, and the fact of Laura's pre-engagement had added a piquancy to the amusement, while at the same time it seemed to guarantee that he should be safe from any ulterior consequences. But he had gone too far, and could scarcely understand how it was that this unformed innocent girl had contrived to inspire him with what he called love.

"The girl is a sweet creature, certainly," he thought—"a million times too good for that milksoy; and if (as I am pretty certain) she cares nothing for him, I have done them both good service by being the means of separating them. And if a man were bound to marry every woman with whom he has a tender flirtation, he might go to the City of the Saints at once. A man at my time of life, too! and one who has gone through so much of this sort of thing! I know quite well I am going to make a fool of myself, and that I shall be sorry for it as soon as it is done. I don't think I will have anything to do with it, and yet—I know very well she loves me, and in a few years, with a little knowledge of the world, and a slight spice of self-possession, she will be a wife of whom any man might be proud. I *must* marry some day, and I dare say she will suit me very well. In fact, I suppose I am in love, although I thought *that* too old a joke to be revived. But for that old woman, I should not do it, however. Still I am a free man, and a man of honour, and, on my word, I don't very well see how I can get out of it. I wish I had never come here. I don't think the life of a Benedict will suit me at all. Here she comes! I think I shall let her give me the clue. I will try to do nothing rashly."

Thus far his thoughts; then aloud:

"I beg your pardon. What were you saying? Oh yes, decidedly! I am quite sure it will thunder this afternoon."

As he was saying these words, Laura came in. She hesitated a little when she saw him, but, controlling her first impulse, which was in favour of instant retreat, she advanced to the table, and, seating herself beside Lady Lenox, began to arrange the flowers.

The old lady talked volubly on, sometimes to Laura and sometime the colonel. At last she started up, exclaiming,

"My goodness! if that is not enough to provoke a saint, especially when the saint wants *any* quantity of sherry for her cook, and has go



vagrant husband who goes strolling about with his hat on the back of his head and the cellar-key in his pocket. Just you look at him, Laura. I have had scouts out looking for him this hour, and here he comes with one of them behind him, and he walking as leisurely as though dinner-time were postponed till to-morrow morning."

With these words she darted like a rocket through the glass-door, which opened on the back lawn, and went to meet her recreant lord, taking good care, however, to close the door when she went out.

Laura wished herself anywhere but where she was. The silence which followed the departure of Lady Lenox was only broken by the ticking of the French clock on the mantelpiece. Colonel Home's eyes were fixed on Laura, and, although she had not once looked up, she felt that they were so.

She presently heard him walk across the room, and knew that he was standing beside her chair. The next moment he had taken her hand in his, and was bending over her.

"Laura!" he said, "I can bear this no longer. I know that you are as miserable as myself. You must know that I love you. If you have not known it already, I tell you so now, and I cannot leave this without knowing what I have to hope or fear."

"Please say no more," she answered. "I cannot listen to you."

"And why not? You are certainly suffering from great distress of mind, and I much fear that I have unconsciously placed you more than once in a painful position. Have you freed yourself from your engagement to Mr. Errol? Thus much I *will* know. Will you not answer me, Laura? Nay, if not in words, let your hand remain in mine, if you have released yourself."

Her hand lay passive in his.

"Ah! I thought, I hoped so," he said. "Then, Laura, dearest, my fate is in your hands, and remember that I never either could, or would, bear suspense."

"I cannot bear this now," she faltered; "it is so callous and unkind of me to even listen to such words, when I have just parted with one whom I have treated so badly."

"Is that all the cause you have for hesitating? My own Laura! you *are* my own. Be just. If in consideration for his unhappiness you refuse to hear me, think of my suffering, and—shall you be quite at peace yourself? *He* could never have loved you as I do. A weak, good sort of jealous, captious boy, he must, of course, feel your loss deeply. I have no doubt he thinks that death only can end his anguish; but his is not the nature to feel very acutely, nor would it be natural at his age. You *shall* say one word to me, Laura. Can you, will you, be my very own?"

Whether Laura spoke or implied the necessary word, I cannot tell; but, however she managed it, her lover, by his subsequent conduct, evidently showed that he had no doubt as to her feelings. Half an hour later, with her face hidden on his shoulder, she murmured,

"I hate myself for being so very happy; but, indeed, I cannot help it."

"No more of that, my darling," he answered; "it will be my turn to be jealous if you waste so much pity on your discarded swain. It was a

stupid, childish affair from first to last, and is not worth a thought; he will be quite as much in love with some other girl six months hence as he now fancies himself with you. I know the genus tolerably well."

Some further conversation, not generally interesting, then took place, and the tête-à-tête was only interrupted by a discreet tap at the door, followed by the entrance of Lady Lenox. One of her shrewd looks at Laura's crimsoned cheeks was quite enough to tell her the state of the case, even had the protracted interview not sufficiently enlightened her.

"Colonel Home," she said, "are you aware that we dine in twenty minutes?—and that the carriage will be at the door to take you to the station in an hour and a half?"

"I shall not go to-night," he answered, with a smile. "And here is my reason for staying." And he passed his arm round Laura's waist.

"Oh!" quoth the old lady, "I thought as much. Well! I congratulate you both, and if you do not be good to each other, and end happily, I shall never forgive myself, for I did wish for this." She kissed Laura as she spoke, and then clasped Colonel Home's hand. "Go and make your hair decent, Laura, I never saw it so untidy; and you remember, Sir Thomas is not to be kept waiting for his dinner."

Laura vanished in a moment, and the colonel only remained to say, "Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes, quite, both for you and her."

"Indeed, I think I ought to be happy," said the colonel.

"Ought to be; are you not so, then?"

"Oh yes; I shall do very well. Now don't look so angry—I only wanted to make you angry; she is a dear, soft-hearted, tender little creature, and she will suit me exactly. You shall find that I shall be dressed in fifteen minutes." And then he, too, went.

He had done what he felt bound to do, and was the accepted lover of a girl whom he did love, according to the capacity that was in him; but he had been far happier that night had he been fettered by no engagement, for he was of a temperament to value more highly that which was unattainable than that which was securely his own. He knew but little of that feeling which makes the heart we have won tenfold more precious in our eyes, merely because it is our own, and I regret to say that, as he attired himself, he thought he was little better than a fool to have so entirely committed himself; with his reflections mingled many thoughts of how the news of his engagement would affect sundry high-bred maidens, wives, and widows. But I must own that he always ended his meditations by assuring himself that Laura was indeed a "sweet, innocent thing, and devotedly attached to him." As for her, had it not been for her thoughts of Arthur and his mother, she would have been too happy: she saw only the golden head of her idol, his feet of clay were hidden by the halo of her love. I do not pretend to excuse her fickleness, if fickleness it were; I but chronicle her feelings, and her destiny—such women soon wear themselves out, you see they feel everything so strongly. And if they have some few hours in their lives of happiness so keen as to be akin to pain, their suffering, when in sorrow, sinks them to such abysses of despair, as more equable natures can scarcely imagine; and who shall say if the duck on the farm-yard pond, or the wild bird of the forest, is the happier?

## ABOUT BARDOLPH'S BOND AND DUMBLETON'S DEMUR.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

EXCEEDING wroth was Sir John Falstaff when Master Dumbleton, "a rascally yea-forsooth knave" of a draper, demurred at supplying the fat knight with satin for his short cloak, and slops. He knew Sir John of old; and was loth to part with the goods until he should see the colour of Sir John's money. Now ready money was not at all in Falstaff's line of business; not improbably it was from him that Ancient Pistol borrowed, stole, or conveyed the heroic maxim, that base is the slave who pays. What Falstaff was ready to give, in return for the desiderated length of satin, was his bond. He accordingly instructed his page, on sending him to Dumbleton's shop, to offer his bond for the goods. What more would or could that cormorant of a shopkeeper require? However, to provide against any such insulting contingency, the page was further instructed to back Sir John Falstaff's bond by another—that of Bardolph. This would be making assurance doubly sure; and the page would succeed in securing the satin, of course.

But the best-laid plans of men, as of mice, go oft awry; and the page had to come back from the shop *ré infectâ*. Whereupon the following dialogue occurred between him and his master:

*Falstaff.* What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

*Page.* He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.\*

The imprecations on the dogged draper to which this decision of his moved the disappointed knight, can well be spared. "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand," or keep him in a state of expectancy, "and then stand upon security!" Sir John is out of all patience with the tradesmen class and their ways—a set of "smooth-pates that do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them," or behindhand, "in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security." No wonder the phrase stinks in the nostrils of Dumbleton's would-be debtor. Nevertheless, we, who know Falstaff, and who know Bardolph, cannot but agree that Master Dumbleton was in the right, when instead of making up a parcel forthwith of two-and-twenty yards of satin, he declined a sale until there should be forthcoming better assurance than Bardolph; and when in plain terms

\* Second Part of King Henry IV., Act I. Sc. 2.

he declared point-blank that he would not take Sir John's bond on the assurance of another by Bardolph; for he liked not the security.

Sir Moth Interest, in Ben Jonson's comedy, being arrested by a serjeant at the suit of Master Compass, and receiving for answer to all his appeals, that he must to prison, unless he can find bail his creditor likes,—protests that he would fain find it, would they show him where. Captain Ironsides thereupon interposes a friendly intervention :

Faith, I will bail him at my own apperil.  
Varlet, begone; I'll once have the reputation  
To be security for such a sum—

the sum in question being stated by the officer as five hundred thousand pounds. Ironsides's offer draws this comment from one of the bystanders, Doctor But :

He is not worth the buckles  
About his belt, and yet this Ironsides clashes !\*

In another of Rare Ben's later and least successful comedies, there is a citable passage of colloquy between old Pennyboy, the usurer, on the one part, and, on the other, Fitton, Almanack, Shunfield, and Madrigal, rogues all. Are they come to jeer him? for "jeerers" they are, as specially designated in Jonson's list of characters. No, says Almanack, not to jeer him, but to give him some good security.

*Pen.* What is't?

*Fit.* Ourselves.

*Alm.* We'll be one bound for another.

*Fit.* This noble doctor here [meaning Almanack].

*Alm.* This worthy courtier [meaning Fitton].

*Fit.* This man of war, he was our muster-master.

*Alm.* But a sea-captain now, brave captain Shunfield.

(At this stage of the negotiation old Pennyboy holds up his nose—in a manner that betokens he like not the security.)

*Shun.* You snuff the air now; has the scent displeased you?

*Fit.* You need not fear him, man, his credit is sound.

*Alm.* And season'd too, since he took salt at sea.

*Pen.* I do not like pickled security;

Would I had one good fresh man in for all;

For truth is, you three stink.

*Shun.* You are a rogue.

*Pen.* I think I am; but I will lend no money

On that security, captain.†

Pierre, in Otway's tragedy, likes not the security of Jaffier's oath, after so recently finding Jaffier a perjured accomplice :

*Jaff.* By all that's just—

*Pier.*

Swear by some other power,  
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.‡

(And Jaffier, taking him at his word, does swear by some other power quite other,—the very opposite power to all that's just.) *As sure's de* is a Scottish adage in high repute with the homely; and thereby han-

\* The Magnetic Lady, Act V. Sc. 6.

† The Staple of News, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ Venice Preserved, Act IV. Sc. 2.

tale. The Earl of Eglintoun one day found a boy climbing up a tree on his estate, and called to him to come down. To this the boy demurred, —urging, as his motive plea, that the Earl would thrash him as soon as landed. His lordship pledged his honour that he would do nothing of the kind. Says the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, “I dinna ken onything about your honour, but if ye say As sure’s deeth, I’ll come down.”\* A tradition current at Slatford, near Edinburgh, relates, that on Prince Charlie’s men bivouacking for the night there, in a field of peas nearly ripe, the owner of the ground applied for some indemnification for the loss of his crop, and was asked if he would take the Prince Regent’s bill for the sum, to be paid when the troubles of the country should be concluded, and the King should enjoy his own again. “The man hesitated at the name of the Prince Regent, and said he would prefer a bill from some person whom he knew. Charles smiled at his caution, and asked if he would take the name of the Duke of Perth, who was his countryman.”† And to that security the rustic would not say nay.

Among the anecdotes relating to Roy Roy, collected by Sir Walter Scott in his diffuse Introduction to his novel bearing that name, is one about two Lowlanders, father and son, whose cattle had been swept away by Highland thieves, and whom Rob (for a consideration) put in the way of recovering their property. Hardly, however, in so safe and sure a manner as the Lowlanders could have wished; for while Rob with his party of seven or eight armed men lay couched in the heather where it was thickest, he bade the two applicants go seek their cattle amid a herd of others in a glen not far off, and to tell any one who might turn up there and threaten them, that *he* was close at hand, with twenty men to back him. “But what if they abuse us, or kill us?” said the elder Lowlander, by no means delighted at finding the embassy imposed on him and his son. “If they do you any wrong,” said Rob, “I will never forgive them as long as I live.”‡ The security was but little to the other’s mind; but he must put up with that, or do without. Even Master Dumbleton, had he already parted with the satin, would not perhaps have given a flat No to Bardolph’s bond.

When Mascarille, passing himself off as a Marquis, introduces his fellow-lackey Jodelet as a Viscount, to that pretty and credulous pair of précieuses, Mesdemoiselles Cathos and Madelon, he assures them of the Viscount’s being worthy of that honour, upon his own. “Mesdames, agréés que je vous présente ce gentilhomme-ci : sur ma parole, il est digne d’être connu de vous.”§ The fair cousins were too far gone in their craze to like not the security. On the other hand, when a real Marquis in another play of Molière’s—real enough in title, but a sorry coxcomb for all that—offers a like guarantee on a disputed question of literary taste, Dorante is entirely of Master Dumbleton’s mind, and thinks the security questionable :

*Le Marquis.* Quoi ! chevalier, est-ce que tu prétends soutenir ce pièce ?

*Dorante.* Oui, je prétends le soutenir.

*Le Marquis.* Parbleu ! je la garantis détestable.

*Dorante.* La caution n’est pas bourgeoise ;

\* Eglintoun Papers, i. 184.

† Chambers’s History of the Rebellion of 1745-6.

‡ Introduction to “Roy Roy,” p. lxiii. Edit. 1829.

§ Molière, Les Précieuses Ridicules, Scène 12.

by which *façon de parler*, borrowed from jurisprudence, we are to understand that the security is neither valid nor safe. A little further on, however, the Marquis—just as Falstaff backed his own bond by Bardolph's—confirms his own opinion by that of Dorilas:

Mais enfin je sais bien que je n'ai jamais rien vu de si méchant . . . . . et Dorilas, contre qui j'étais, a été de mon avis.

*Dorante.* L'autorité est belle, et te voilà bien appuyé.\*

Dorante is another Dumbleton in his panoply of impenetrable distrust.

Not impertinent as an illustration of the subject is a certain *pensée* or *maxime* of Chamfort's: "Ceux qui ne donnent que leur parole pour garant d'une assertion qui reçoit sa force de ses preuves, ressemblent à cet homme qui disait: J'ai l'honneur de vous assurer que la terre tourne autour du soleil."† Hazlitt, in his celebrated essay on a prize-fight, has an amusing story of his hearing "Mr. James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the *Hole in the Wall* was brought in question, observe—"The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself."‡ Fastidious indeed must Mr. Simpkins have thought the critic that fiked not that security.

Gibbon's narrative of the miraculous vision of the Emperor Constantine, as recorded by Eusebius, is followed by some characteristic strictures on the recorder and his record. He contends that "the learned Bishop of Cæsarea" should have ascertained the precise circumstances of time and place, which always serve to detect falsehood, or establish truth; that he should have collected and recorded the evidence of the very many alleged living witnesses, who must have been spectators of this stupendous miracle. Instead of which, what guarantee is offered to us? "Eusebius contents himself with alleging a very singular testimony—that of the deceased Constantine, who, many years after the event, in the freedom of conversation, had related to him this extraordinary incident of his own life, and had attested the truth of it by a solemn oath."§ The prudence and gratitude of the learned prelate, adds his ironical critic, forbade him to suspect the veracity of his victorious master; but he plainly intimates, that, in a fact of such a nature, he should have refused his assent to any meaner authority. Gibbon himself would evidently lend as much credit to the oath of Constantine in this matter, as he would to the five justices' hands, and witnesses innumerable, cited by Autolycus to satisfy the gaping rustics at the sheep-shearing feast. Autolycus presses the sale of a ballad, of a fish that appeared on the coast, on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. Is it true, think you? asks Dorcas. "Five justices' hands at it," protests the pedlar; "and witnesses more than my pack will hold."|| It never occurs to simple Dorcas and her mates to say, or think, they like not *that* security. The ballad, thus backed, is too good not to be true.

To return to Gibbon. He sums up by assuming that the Protestant and philosophic readers of the present age will incline to believe that, in the account of his own conversion, Constantine attested a wilful falsehood

\* La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes, Scène 6.

† Chamfort, *Maximes et Pensées*.

‡ Table-talk *Essays*, vol. i. No. xii.

§ Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. xx.

|| Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. 3.

by a solemn and deliberate perjury. But our sceptical historian is free to own that a conclusion so harsh and so absolute is not warranted by our knowledge of human nature, of Constantine, and of Christianity. Still, as regards the emperor's voucher for the marvels of the bishop's narrative, he certainly likes not the security.

Other of Gibbon's pointed queries to the like purport, are more pithy and better known. As where, in describing the siege of Constantinople by Amurath, in A.D. 1422, he says that the enthusiasm of the dervish, who was snatched to heaven in visionary converse with Mahomet, was answered by the credulity of the Christians, who *beheld* the Virgin Mary, in a violet garment, walking on the rampart and animating their courage. "For this miraculous apparition, Cananus appeals to the Mussulman saint [Seid Bechar]; but who will bear testimony for Seid Bechar?"\* Again, when describing the feats of Ali, on whom Mahomet himself bestowed the surname of the Lion of God,—one signal feat being that he tore from its hinges the gate of a fortress, and wielded the ponderous buckle in his left hand,—Gibbon quietly subscribes this foot-note, in spirit and in form alike so thoroughly his own: "Abu Rafe, the servant of Mahomet, is said to affirm that he himself, and seven other men, afterwards tried, without success, to move the same gate from the ground (Abulfeda, p. 90). Abu Rafe was an eye-witness, but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?"†

Sir E. B. Lytton makes Randal Leslie bethink him of this last "dry witicism in Gibbon," when, in his money-dealings with Baron Levy, objecting to the security as too bad, he is caught up by that shifty Hebrew with the exclaim, "The security too bad—what security?" "The word of Count di Peschiera," answers Leslie. "He has nothing to do with it," Baron Levy rejoins,—"*he need know nothing about it.*" 'Tis my word you doubt. I am your security."‡ And then of course Randal remembers Abu Rafe, and mentally inquires, Who will be security for Baron Levy? Master Dumbleton had never read Gibbon, being his senior by a matter of some three centuries, nor is it likely he ever heard of Abu Rafe. But identically the same query must have crossed his mind in the affair of satin for Sir John's short cloak, and slops. Bardolph will be bond for Falstaff. But who will be bond for Bardolph?

Swift wrote the following epigram on one Delacourt's complimenting Carthy, a forgotten translator of Horace and Longinus, on the excellence of his poetry:

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true,  
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.  
So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,  
To cheat the world become each other's bail.§

Gay was not far off the same mark in the couplet expressed by a certain sage fowl, not usually the impersonation of wisdom:

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,  
He bids me shun his worthy friend.||

When Gadshill, intent on robbing the travellers, promises Chamberlain a share in the plunder, "as I am a true man,"—the latter suggests,

\* Gibbon, *Rom. Empire*, ch. lrv.

† *Ibid.*, ch. l.

‡ *My Novel*; or, *Varieties in English Life*, book x. ch. xviii.

§ Swift's Epigrams against Carthy, in Dr. Barrett's collection.

|| *Gay's Fables*; The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.

"Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief."\* There is honour among thieves, as such; and in that sense Chamberlain may hope, on Gadshill's word of honour, for a bit of the booty. But the other security, that offered by the highwayman as he is a true, or honest, man, the mover of the amendment likes not at all.

It is the usurper from whom the play just quoted is named, of whom Northumberland, in an earlier play, is speaking, too credulously by far, when he assures King Richard that Harry Bolingbroke hath sworn his sinister advent hath no treasonable scope—sworn it by a number of solemn topics of adjuration, by the tomb of Edward III., by their common royalty, by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,

And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said.

This is the kind of assurance that Bolingbroke offers. And to back it, Northumberland tenders a sort of collateral security, in the shape of his belief in Bolingbroke's oath.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just.  
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.†

There are other than lovers' oaths at which Jove laughs, and mortal men too. That is a piquant passage in Macaulay's narrative of the plots against William III., where Davenport, a "virulent Tory," being caught at supper with Poussin, Lewis the Fourteenth's ambassador, at the Blue Posts, and reproached by his vexed partisans accordingly, tries to defend himself by pretending that Poussin, with whom he had passed whole days, through whom he had received the French king's present of a diamond ring worth three thousand pistoles, and who had personally corrected the scurrilous pamphlets which Davenant wrote, was really and absolutely a stranger to him, and that the meeting at the Blue Posts was purely accidental. "If his word was doubted, he was willing to repeat his assertion." But the public, which had formed a very correct notion of his character, thought, as Lord Macaulay dryly says,‡ that his word was worth as much as his oath, and that his oath was worth nothing.

John Bunyan makes Christian tolerably (or Ignorance might say intolerably) plainspoken, when he rejects the guarantee proffered by Ignorance, as to his heart and life being in complete accord, and so warranting the hope that is in him. Christian is cross-questioning Ignorance, and demurring to the ground of his hope. "But my heart and life agree together," urges Ignorance; "and therefore my hope is well grounded." "Who told thee that thy heart and life agree together?" the other demands. "My heart tells me so," is the ready response. At which Christian at once is up and at him with an adage, "'Ask my fellow if I be a thief.' Thy heart tells thee so!"§ Out on such security! The pilgrim will not make much progress who trades in securities such as that. And so Christian, as his manner is, goes on to give Ignorance a piece of his mind; and one of those dialogues ensues, which nine out of ten Sunday-readers of the Pilgrimage are so apt to skip.

Fancy turning for illustrations from John Bunyan to Alexandre Dumas

\* First Part of King Henry IV., Act II. Sc. 2.

† King Richard II., Act III. Sc. 3.

‡ History of England, vol. v. ch. xxv.

§ The Pilgrim's Progress.



Yet variety is venial if not desirable, in this kind of annotated mingle-mangle. In the adventures detailed in "Vingt Ans Après," there are repeated examples, at Cardinal Mazarin's cost, of that almost unnegotiable style of security to which honest Dumbleton demurred. As where D'Artagnan puts it plainly to his Eminence whether, on his fulfilling a certain behest, he may entirely rely on being promoted to a captaincy, and the Cardinal affirms it, "By the word of Mazarin." "I should have preferred any other oath,"\* is the Gascon's dubious *aside*. Then, again, when the three musketeers have caught Mazarin in a trap, and he is bargaining for release, he promises favourable terms "by my cardinal's word!—You don't believe me?" "Monseigneur, I have no faith in cardinals who are not priests." "Well, then, by the word of a minister!" "You are no longer a minister, monseigneur; you are a prisoner." "By the word of Giulio Mazarin, then! I am that, and always shall be, I hope." "Hum!" said D'Artagnan; "I have heard talk of a Mazarin who kept his oaths very badly, and I am afraid he was of your kindred, monseigneur."† Compare with which excerpts the conclusion of the treaty, eventually arranged, between Mazarin and the irresistible Three—exemplifying the difference between one man's word and another's—between the word of a perjured minister and that of a preux chevalier, sans reproche: "Mazarin rose, walked about for some instants . . . then stopping all at once, 'And when I shall have signed, gentlemen, what will be my guarantee?'—'My word of honour, monsieur,' said Athos. Mazarin started, turned towards le Comte de la Fère, examined for an instant his noble and loyal countenance, and taking up the pen, 'That is sufficient, Monsieur le Comte,' said he; and he signed."‡ Hamlet would take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Mazarin could trust the look of Athos for a deal more than that. At least in romance; and in French romance; and in the romances of so very French a romancer as M. Alexandre Dumas.

From the Waverley Novels at large might be drawn copious illustrations of our text from Shakspeare, more or less pertinent and puissant. "If ever Ivanhoe returns from Palestine," quoth the Palmer to the Knight Templar, "I will be his surety that he meets you" lance in hand. "A goodly security!"§ quoth proud Sir Brian, who suspects not the Palmer's real quality.—Poor old Isaac of York being promised deliverance from torture in the furnace, by brutal Front-de-Bœuf, on condition of paying that rapacious baron a thousand pounds of silver, "And what is to be my surety," asks the Jew, "that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?" "The word of a Norman noble, thou pawnbroking slave," is Front-de-Bœuf's answer.|| The pawnbroking slave has the ill manners to like not that security. Even so, in a previous chapter, had De Bracy expressed distrust of the Templar's promise to leave him his fair prey. "Psha," said the Templar, "what hast thou to fear? Thou knowest the vows of our order." "Right well," replied De Bracy, "and also how they are kept."¶ No wonder Rebecca the Jewess makes a like retort on the profligate knight. He swears by earth, and sea, and sky, that if she will come down, he will offer her no offence. "I will not trust thee, Templar," Rebecca answers; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order."\*\*\*—When Kenneth seeks to

\* Vingt Ans Après, ch. lv.

† Ibid., ch. xcii.

‡ Ch. xciii.

§ Ivanhoe, ch. v.

|| Ch. xxiii.

¶ Ch. xxii.

\*\* Ch. xxv.

introduce the Moorish physician, Saladin in disguise, into King Richard's tent, to cure the ailing monarch, "And who will warrant," objects De Vaux, "that he brings not poisons instead of remedies?" "His own life, my lord,—his head, which he offers as a guarantee."\* But De Vaux likes not even *that* security—for he has known many a resolute ruffian, he says, who valued his life as little as it deserved, and would hie to the gallows as merrily as if the hangman were his partner in a dance. Sir Kenneth is urgent, however, for the admission of so skilled a leech, especially one expressly commissioned by so honourable and friendly a foe as Saladin himself. De Vaux still holds out: "And who will vouch for the honour of Saladin, in a case when bad faith would rid him at once of his most powerful adversary?" "I myself," replied Sir Kenneth, "will be his guarantee, with honour, life, and fortune." The Scot vouching for the Turk is, to the sturdy Englishman, rather a puzzle than a solution of one. When at last the Saracen appears, the Baron of Gilsland requires, before admitting him to Richard, some trustworthy evidence of his medical proficiency. What has El Hakim to produce—what cause to show why an injunction should not issue, barring nearer approach? "Ye have the word of the mighty Saladin," he replies; "a word which was never broken towards friend or foe—what, Nazarene, wouldst thou demand more?" "I would have ocular proof of thy skill," says the baron, "and without it thou approachest not the couch of King Richard."†

In his earlier and less popular Tale of the Crusades, so called, Sir Walter had exemplified Dumbleton's distrust, in the demur raised by honest Flammoek to the purposes and promises of the wild Prince of Powys. He asks for better vouchers of the prince's messenger; who fires up at the demand: "Is it for thee, or such as thee, to express doubt of the purposes of the Prince of Powys?" "I know them not, good Jorworth," returns the phlegmatic Fleming, "but through thee; and well I wot thou art not one who will let thy traffic miscarry for want of aid from the breath of thy mouth."‡ Whereupon Jorworth hurriedly heaps asseveration on asseveration—as he is a Christian man—by the soul of his father—by the faith of his mother—by the black rood of—, "Stop, good Jorworth," quoth Wilkin Flammoek, "thou heapest thine oaths too quickly on each other, for me to value them to the right estimate: that which is so lightly pledged, is sometimes thought not worth redeeming." And he hints that some part of the Prince's promised guerdon, actually paid down, were worth a hundred oaths.

Vain are Brenda's cautionary pleadings and Norma's warning legends to loosen Minna's attachment to Captain Cleveland. "I am alike strong in my own innocence," exclaims Minna, "and in the honour of Cleveland." Brenda would fain reply, but dare not, that she does not confide so absolutely in the latter security as in the first.§—Mary Stuart, negotiating at Lochleven with the Ruthvens and Lindesays, inquires of them, "And what warrant have I that ye will keep trea' with me, if I should barter my kingly estate for seclusion, and leave weep in secret?" "Our honour and our word, madam," answer Ruthven. "They are too slight and unsolid pledges, my lord," says the Queen; "add at least a handful of thistle-down to give them weight in the balance."||

\* The Talisman, ch. vii.

† Ibid., ch. viii.

‡ The Betrothed, ch. v.

§ The Pirate, ch. xx.

|| The Abbot, ch. xxii.

Frequent are Jonathan Oldbuck's ironical commentaries, to the same effect, on the asseverations of that very transparent impostor, Dousterswivel. As where the German assures the pic-nic party of the truth of a Harz goblin story—"that is as true as I am an honest man." "There is no disputing any proposition so well guarantee'd," said the Antiquary, dryly.\* In the same capital fiction occurs this comment of the magistrate on the imprisoned mendicant's offer to pledge his word to appear when required, if allowed his freedom now: "I rather think, my good friend," Bailie Littlejohn tells Edie Ochiltree, "your word might be a slender security where your neck may be in some danger. I am apt to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited."† And therefore would his worship have the prisoner think if he can't offer some more valid security than that.

Narrators of transcendent marvels and systematic drawers of the long bow,—near of kin to Munchausen and Mendez Pinto,—who love to "angle hourly for surprise, and bait their hook with prodigies and lies," are apt to offer their own eyesight as voucher for their truth. They tell you they have seen it. And what can you then say, but what Dumbleton says? Cowper, however, suggests an ironical equivoque:

A great retailer of this curious ware  
 Having unloaded, and made many stare,  
 Can this be true? an arch observer cries;  
 Yes (rather moved), I saw it with these eyes.  
 Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;  
 I could not, had I seen it with my own.‡

A writer of influence welcomes as "very wholesome" the distaste which English people have acquired for educational establishments where "Christian watchfulness" is set down, among the accomplishments of the place, along with embroidery and the use of the globes. We do not, says he, want to have what ought to be an invisible and unostentatious influence turned into an item of a school prospectus. "When the lady advertised in the *Times* for a trifling loan, 'her only security being a spotless reputation and a rosewood piano,' the lender probably trusted more to the piano than to the rather airy collateral security. He would not think his money any safer for the alleged spotlessness of the borrower's reputation, and people of sense will not think that professions of religious watchfulness are any guarantee for the healthy growth of their daughters' morality or devoutness."§

Addison tells a story of a celebrated French quack who, on his first appearance in the streets of Paris, made his little boy walk before him, and cry with a shrill voice, *Mon père guérit toutes sortes de maladies*, "My father cures all sorts of distempers;" while the doctor himself, as he paced with an even and stately step in the rear, added, in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai*, "The child says true."|| Nor would dupes be wanting to accept the quack's security for his child's proclamation. As such vouchers are always forthcoming on occasion, so, too, are believers in and acceptors of them. Mat-of-the-Mint offers¶ to

\* The Antiquary, ch. xix.

† Ibid., ch. xxxvii.

‡ Cowper, Conversation.

§ *Saturday Review*, vol. xviii. p. 806.

|| The Whig-Examiner, No. 3. (Sept. 1710.)

¶ In the Beggar's Opera, Act II. Sc. 1.

be answerable for the integrity of Captain Macheath; and this to some folks would be *unanswerable*. Worthy people often act on the like principle. Francis Horner detected himself in something of the kind when, himself a stranger to the Lord President, he wrote to that dignity in behalf of Mr. Mans as a candidate for the rectorship of the High School at Edinburgh, and thus refers to the recommendation in an after-epistle to his friend: "But as he has no means of knowing anything about me, I am afraid he will . . . allow no other weight to my testimony than as to one of the gang vouching for another."\* When Viscount Amberley, at the last General Election, rather gratuitously penned a letter to the Westminster electors, answering for the eligibility of Mr. J. S. Mill, the value of his security, under the circumstances, must have tickled the grave political economist himself.

When Jasper Losely, in Sir E. B. Lytton's story, tries to negotiate a bill of Mde. Caumartin's for 500*l.*, Poole shakes his head, and intimates the need of security. "I'll be security," exclaims Jasper. At which the other "shook his head a second time, still more emphatically than the first."† So, again, when young Lionel, in the same story, is defending against shrewd sagacious Colonel Morley the "very good fellow" who has been getting the use of Lionel's name on bills of his, which have not been taken up when due,—the young man's verdant protest, "He's really a very good fellow, and if I wanted security would be it to-morrow to any amount." "I've no doubt of it—to any amount!" assents the Colonel,‡ who, as a mature man of the world, is cognisant of the market value of all such securities.

In the Introduction to his Biographical History of Philosophy, Mr. G. H. Lewes takes occasion to discuss, in his searching, lively way, the explanations offered, in divers quarters, of the phenomena of Table-turning—some attributing them to spiritual agency, others to electricity, &c. The obvious defect in these explanations, he urges, lies in the utter absence of any guarantee; whereas we ought to be satisfied with no explanation which is without its valid guarantee—just as, before purchasing silver spoons, we demand to see the mark of Silversmiths' Hall, to be assured that the spoons are silver, and not plated only. Then turning to the scientific explanation, that in point of fact the table was pushed by the hands which rested on it, he meets the difficulty raised by the persons in question declaring solemnly they did *not* push,—and whom, it is alleged, as persons of respectability, we are bound to believe,—by the query, Is this statement of any value? "The whole question is involved in it. But the philosophical mind is very little affected by guarantees of respectability in matters implicating sagacity rather than integrity. The Frenchman assured his friend that the earth did turn round the sun, and offered his *parole d'honneur* as a guarantee; but in the delicate and difficult questions of science *paroles d'honneur* have a quite inappreciable weight."§ As a pronounced Positive philosopher Mr. Lewes applies the same mode of argument to Metaphysics at large; and treats the me

\* Life and Letters of F. Horner, ii. 21.

† What Will He Do with It? book iv. ch. xvi. ‡ Ibid., book vii. ch. v

§ "We may therefore set aside the respectability of the witnesses, and, with full confidence in their integrity, estimate the real value of their assertion, which amounts to this: they were not conscious of pushing."—Lewes, Biogr. Hist. Philosophy, Intro., pp. xx. sq. Library edition.

physician as a merchant who speculates boldly, but without that convertible capital which can enable him to meet his engagements; who gives bills, yet has no gold, no goods to answer for them—these bills not being representative of wealth which exists in any warehouse. “Magnificent as his speculations seem, the first obstinate creditor who insists on payment makes him bankrupt.”\* Positive philosophy cannot away with any such securities. She regards them as bankers do past-due bills—things beyond use and out of date.

The metaphysician may tell the positivist, when called upon by the latter for some principle of verification, that “Reason must verify itself” (the approved Hegelian reply). But unhappily Reason has no such power, Mr. Lewes and his school assert; “for if it had, Philosophy would not now be disputing about first principles; and when it claims the power, who is to answer for its accuracy, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*”† Bardolph gives his bond, but who will be bond for Bardolph?

## PRIL AND WRIL.

## KING HENRY THE SECOND AND THE CISTERCIAN ABBOT.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Of all the gay monks who were fond of good living  
 (To call their name Legion we have no misgiving),  
 The fathers of Citeaux proverbially bore  
 The palm from all others in ages of yore.

They were quizz'd by outsiders,  
 Satiric deriders,  
 Who for monks had no penchant,  
 Keen, witty, and trenchant;  
 And even a Brother  
 Would run down another,  
 And tell the queer sayings,  
 The mock fasts and prayings,  
 The vigils all moonshine,  
 Their Lenten—rich game and chine,  
 Their penance—stout, beer, or wine.

Hear Guyot de Provins, a monk of Citeaux,  
 Who wrote a droll book seven ages ago:  
 “The abbots and cellarers never want cash,  
 Rare fish they consume, and put sauce in their hash;  
 Their curie is toothy, and as to the ‘potable,’  
 No prince could have vintage more luscious and notable;  
 But such rascals to match you would have to search hard;  
 They have stables in chapel, pigsties in churchyard;  
 They sneer at distress,  
 And their villains oppress,  
 And deserve, at the least, to be feather'd and tarr'd.”

\* Lewes, Biogr. Hist. of Philosophy, Introd., p. xxv. Library edition

† Ibid., p. xxvii.

So Giraldus Cambrensis  
 Describes their offences,  
 In similar terms, making light their pretences :  
 "The Cistercians," he says,  
 "Pass the best of their days  
 In revels, that make them take leave of their senses."

Walter Mapes on their greediness, too, has dilated,  
 In words that had much better not be translated :  
 "Quibus prandentibus voto precipiti,  
 Fauces celerrimæ, dentes solliciti,  
 Sepulchrum patens est guttur, par gurgiti  
 Spumoso stomachus, et rastris digiti."  
 But I must not digress,  
 So I leave more or less  
 For the reader himself to discover or guess.

The Anglo-Norman princes had a passion for the chase,  
 And none more so than Henry, first Plantagenet of race.  
 It chanced one day from serving-men and hounds he got astray,  
 And as there was no royal road, he could not find his way.  
 'Twas a vast solitude,  
 That night-mantled wood,  
 And to get through its windings he tried all he could :  
 The monarch, perplex'd,  
 Was most terribly vex'd,  
 And in anything else but a placable mood ;  
 When, sudden, a light  
 Shone out through the night,  
 And a chorus of laughter came pealing.  
 Said the king, "Here's a row !  
 There are poachers I vow,  
 Who my own royal ven'son are stealing !  
 I will try to find out  
 What this noise is about,  
 And, if robbers, they shall have short dealing."

Another wild chorus, and laughter uproarious !  
 Sure never were poachers so noisy before ;  
 The king was amazed, and bethought himself crazed,  
 But at length he drew near to a stout abbey door.  
 The light now stream'd broadly from casement and hall,  
 And a monk gave admittance at once to the call.  
 "A knight of King Henry"—the porter bow'd low—  
 "Is waiting, lord abbot, your pleasure to know ;  
 He was lost in the woods, and is hungry beside."  
 "Bid him heartily welcome," the abbot replied.  
 "There's enough and to spare,  
 Let him have a good share,  
 He may help us at court in the suit we have tried."  
 The knight bent him lowly,  
 The abbot rose slowly,  
 For of corpulent habit, his movements were staid.  
 "Benedicite ! son,  
 A wise thing you have done,  
 For a stomach whose penance of fast has been made."  
 Now the table was spread,  
 With no herbs or black bread,

But a *carte* full of dishes,  
 Ducks, capons, and fishes;  
 A *curie* delectable,  
 None more acceptable;  
 Rich fruits in profusion,  
 All heap'd in confusion,  
 With pasties and haunches,  
 To suit heavy paunches,  
 Light wines and strong liqueurs,  
 And beer in huge beakers.

'Twas a feast that Carême might have call'd unsurpass'd,  
 And Ude would have own'd himself vanquish'd at last.  
 The monks were right jovial, the knight was the same,  
 They ask'd not his lineage, his rank, nor his name,  
 But the abbot said cozily, eyeing his guest,  
 "We have a good custom here—one of the best;  
 Instead of Washeil, or, I pledge you, Drinchiel,  
 Two passwords we have that we use at each meal;

*Now, when I say 'Pril,'*

*You must answer me 'Wril,'*

*And empty the goblet as fast as they fill!"*

Thus quaffing, and laughing, and chaffing, they stay,  
 Till the stars look'd ashamed, as they faded in day.  
 A few hours' rest, and the knight took his leave:  
 Quoth the abbot, "You are a good 'Pril,' I believe,  
 So forget not the boon that my abbey doth want,  
 Which the king, at your wish, will undoubtedly grant;  
 I will meet you to-morrow, so leave your address,  
*Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris!"*

The monks went to prime,  
 Though in very bad time,  
 The king rode to court,  
 And, as royalty ought,

Held a council upon the affairs of the nation.

Next day came the abbot in search of the knight,  
 And was kept by some courtiers in close conversation,

Till the banquet was ready prepared for that night;

Then placed near at hand,

By the royal command,

He look'd first on the left side, and then on the right,  
 But his friend was *non est*—he had vanish'd from sight.

Bewilder'd he gazed, and the monarch, amused

To see his fat host of the abbey confused,

Laugh'd loud as he cried

To the abbot aside,

"I fear that your friend has your bounty abused;

But he gave me permission his place to supply,

And your suit, it is granted, so do not look shy;

*But when I say 'Pril,'*

*You must answer me 'Wril,'*

*And empty the goblet as fast as they fill!"*

For a moment the abbot was not at his ease,

He fear'd lest his frolicsome ways might displease;

But the king was right merry, and told the whole tale,

And the palace re-echoed with shouts of wassail!

## HOW I LOST MY HEART, AND GAINED MY ELECTION.

BY RABY RACKAM, M.P.

## CHAPTER I.

## HOW I CAME TO STAND FOR BOTTENTOWN.

I WAS seated in my comfortable bachelor's lodgings in King-street, St. James's, by the side of the dinner-table, on which a couple of decanters, with a plate of biscuits and a few dishes of dried fruit and other preserves, were scattered about, with my slippered feet on the fender, a book in my hand, enjoying my ease and dignity, for, having a slight cold, and the weather being damp and chilly, I did not intend to leave the house.

"At all events, I shall be able to have a quiet evening, and get well posted up in the current literature of the day," I said to myself, glancing at a pile of novels, travels, and periodicals on the sideboard just turned out of Moodie's perambulating-cart library.

"Yes, a quiet evening in the first burst of the London season before a fellow is inured to its toils and hardships is a luxury. I must take care that I don't go to sleep, though, and lose it. To secure something, I'll take the light literature first. No chance of anybody coming to look for me here at this hour; that's a comfort." I rang the bell, directed my servant, when he appeared, to place eight or ten of the volumes within my reach, and then commenced what I intended should be a perfect literary debauch. It is the only way to get through one-tenth part of the light literature of the day. I take it occasionally, as I do claret, moselle, or hock, when I cannot digest stronger food. I had, however, scarcely skimmed over fifty pages of the first volume, when a double rap at the door announced a visitor to some inmate of the house. I prayed that it was not to me. I listened nervously. I heard steps on the stairs. My servant Stump appeared. Had he only come with a note? I breathed more freely. Vain were my hopes.

"Mr. Peter Pepys," he said, placing a chair opposite mine, and my old college chum walked into the room. Why could not he have come on some other evening? However, I received him cordially.

"What brought you here, my dear fellow?" I asked. "I thought that you were rustivating in Devonshire, or Cumberland, or by the shores of Loch Katrine or Killarney. I had no very definite notion where."

"Oh no, I wish that I had," he answered, with a lachrymose expression in his rotund countenance which was very ludicrous. Pepys was a little man, very fat, with a fair fresh complexion, which gave him wonderfully youthful appearance, though he was upwards of forty. He did not go up to college till he was thirty, and he then passed nineteen. "I wish that I had," he repeated with a sigh. "No! come, my dear Rackam, to open my griefs to you. My griefs—the common griefs of all the land," as Shakspeare has it—that is to say,



the bachelors in it. It's fashionable to quote Shakspeare, you know. Well, the long and the short of the matter is this, I wish to marry—my mother wishes me to marry. I intend to marry. My friends advise me to marry, and are always at me on the subject; and yet, in spite of all these favourable circumstances, with ample means to support a wife, somehow or other I cannot get married."

"You must set the wrong way about it, old fellow," I observed. "Have you ever asked anybody?"

"Of course I have, scores of girls, time after time," he exclaimed, in a tone of rebuke, as if surprised that I should put such a question. "They all make the same answer, that they don't know enough of me, or else they laugh in my face, as if it was a good joke, and that I couldn't be in earnest. It's no joking matter, let me tell you, when a fellow is being edged on by his mother, and aunts, and cousins, and college friends, and a dozen other people besides, to go and do it, and yet can't manage it after all. What do you advise?"

"Select an object on whom to fix your affections, and take longer than you have hitherto done to lay siege to her heart."

"Ah! I thought you'd say that, but that's the very point where I find a difficulty," exclaimed poor Pepys. "Now, if you, as an old friend, could find somebody for me, and back me up, and speak a word in my favour, I might then go on and say, *Veni, vidi, vici*."

I promised that I would think over the matter, and do my best for him, and he was on the point, as I thought, of taking his departure, when again a knock was heard, and Stump entered soon after to inform me that Mr. Lucas, of Brett, Lucas, and Sarker, solicitors, wished to see me on particular business.

"Never mind me, let him come up," said Pepys—I was in hopes that he was going away—"I can take the sherry and a plate of biscuits and one or two of those books into a corner. I shall be perfectly happy till your man of business has had his say." Without listening to a word of expostulation, he took up the books and did as he proposed.

Mr. Lucas, who was a bustling, active man, on being admitted, and taken his seat near the claret bottle, from which I begged he would help himself, produced several bundles of parchments and papers, and informed me that my father's friend, Mr. John Simpson, had died, leaving me his sole executor, that he begged I would look over the papers and documents he had brought, and sign those which required signing, and that I should find that I had been left a legacy of five thousand pounds. This last announcement considerably softened the exasperation I had felt on the appearance of the lawyer at that unseasonable hour; but it was a tough job he had brought me even to glance over the documents he spread out before my bewildered sight. Pepys meantime, with a candle at his elbow, was munching away at the biscuits, sipping his wine, and laughing heartily at the book he held in his hand close up to his button nose. At length Mr. Lucas had finished with me, and taking one more glass of claret, he gathered up his papers, and depositing them in the ample pockets of his coat, begged that my servant would call a cab for him.

"Now," I thought to myself, "Pepys will soon finish what he has

got to say, and be off, and leave me at rest." But no! Before he had shut up his book and resumed his seat by the fire, a thundering rap sounded on the street door, and Stump entering, said:

"Several gentlemen from Rottentown wish to see you, sir, on important business."

What could they want with me? I had once in my life passed through Rottentown, so I knew its name, but I had not the slightest connexion with it that I was aware of. I, however, begged that the gentlemen would walk up, and told Stump to replenish the decanters. Five personages, four of them in black or brown suits, and one in a blue coat and brass buttons, entered the room, and took the seats Stump placed for them. They all looked at me and coughed, and then four of them glanced at a gentleman in a satin waistcoat with a heavy gold chain, of obese figure, and his short white hair standing up, as if he was in a mortal fright, round the crown of his head. He was evidently the most important personage, and the intended spokesman of the party.

"We have called on you, Mr. Rackam, because, sir, we understand that you are a gentleman of unpledged and unbiased principles, without incumbrances, and ample means, and that you desire to have the honour of representing a free and independent constituency in the great legislative assembly of our beloved country, that is, in Parliament; and I beg to inform you that we, that is, my associates here, these gentlemen and I, represent the constituency, that is to say, the vast majority of the free and independent constituency of the important, I may say very important, borough of Rottentown."

I bowed at the conclusion of this exordium, and the speaker continued:

"Now, Mr. Rackam, my colleagues and I conceive that you possess precisely the qualifications which the candidate for our suffrages, that is, the suffrages of the free and independent electors of Rottentown, should possess—ample means, free and independent principles, which will enable you to advocate our cause, that is, the interests of our borough, in Parliament, and a fluency of both pen and mouth which will enable you to express on all occasions, with ample force, the opinions you entertain."

Again I bowed, and thanked the speaker for the opinions he and his fellow-townsmen entertained of me.

"Yes, Mr. Rackam, what friend Busby says is all true, and I do believe that we hit the right nail on the head when we came to you," chimed in a gentleman in a brown suit, who had evidently been very anxious to speak from the first, and now from my manner had gained confidence. "What we want, do you see, sir, is a gentleman with a long purse, who is ready on all occasions to open its strings—ha! ha! ha! Of course we don't want to have anything like bribery and corruption; we are above all that sort of thing, are the free and independent electors of Rottentown. The fact of the case is this: our late member who proposes again standing, Sir Diggery Dykes, does not possess the qualifications we desire. The baronet is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but his purse is shallow, very shallow, if we may judge by what comes out of it; he is never willing to pull open its strings; and he has besides, ten or a dozen children, big sons and daughters, whose interest

are dearer to him than are those of the electors of the free and independent borough of Rottentown. We therefore consider that Sir Diggery is guilty of a crime, a political crime, and we moreover conceive that he does not pay that respect to our opinions which they deserve, or attend to our interests—the interests of the borough of Rottentown—as he ought, and we have therefore come to the resolution that he shall no longer represent us, but that we will obtain the services of a man with money, and with wits, who will look after our interests, and who has his way to make in the world. We have therefore called upon you.”

I saw at a glance the character of my visitors, and knew perfectly what they were saying meant. I therefore thanked them with all the cordiality of manner I could summon to my assistance to hide a certain amount of disgust which was, in spite of my knowledge of mankind, rising within me, said that I would give the matter my serious consideration, and that, though I would not pledge myself, I thought that I should be in a position to accept their flattering offer. The representatives of the free and independent electors of Rottentown were not so easily got rid of. They had come up to London to secure a candidate with money, and they were not going back again without having nailed him. They knew well enough what they were about. As to getting into Parliament for such a place as Rottentown without bribery in one form or another, I knew was out of the question, and I did not expect to find any other seat vacant. It was not a question between bribery and no bribery, but between a seat and no seat. I begged my new friends to help themselves to wine, while I reflected on the matter. They cast significant glances at each other as they poured out the claret and nodded and hobnobbed round, while such facetious twinkles came into their eyes, that I thought the youngest, at all events, would have exploded with laughter. Pepys, who had been an unobserved spectator of what was taking place, at length came to my aid.

“You had better,” he whispered, in a very low tone. “A larger place may be more free from corruption; that is to say, there may be more honest men in it. Here, granted, all are rogues, that is to say, begging their pardons, have itching palms; but supposing they number five or six hundred, in the large place there may be a thousand or sixteen hundred who must be bought, or they’ll have none of you.”

“Well, gentlemen, my friend here has brought forward several arguments which induce me to accept your flattering offer, and I will therefore present myself before the free and independent electors of Rottentown as soon as you may judge it expedient that I should do so.”

“The sooner the better! The sooner the better!” exclaimed the deputation in chorus, rubbing their hands at thoughts of the golden shower about to find its way into their pockets.

“And now, sir, let me recommend to you an agent, an excellent trustworthy agent,” said the gentleman in the satin waistcoat, “my friend Mr. Nibbles; you may place the most unbounded confidence in him; you will find him energetic and persevering, sagacious and undaunted. I don’t overpraise him, for he has never failed to bring in the candidate who has had the wisdom to retain his services.”

Of course I at once engaged Mr. Nibbles, and no sooner had I done so than three more of my visitors, the representatives of the free and independent electors of Rottentown, offered for a consideration to aid me in my canvass.

"We are a mercantile community, you will understand, Mr. Rackam," observed the first speaker, "the great man of the party," who was, I afterwards learned, a Mr. Doublewell, an ex-mayor of Rottentown, when he found that I was fairly booked. "We do nothing without money. Money is the life-blood which circulates in our veins, warms our hearts, gives us life and spirit. Without it what should we be? savages, positive savages. . . ."

Much more Mr. Doublewell said of the same tenor. In fact, he let the cat very soon out of the bag. He and his companions possessed a commodity of marketable value, and they had come up to town for the purpose of getting the best price they could for it, and of seeking, besides, employment for themselves. All preliminaries having been arranged to their entire satisfaction, after they had finished a couple more bottles of claret, with warm shakings of hands, as if they had become suddenly my dearest friends, they took their departure.

"I've done it," said I, as I sank back into my chair exhausted.

"No, you've only taken your first step into the dirt," observed Pepys, who had a quiet vein of humour in spite of his simplicity of character. "But never mind, think of the bright hill beyond, up which you must climb after you wade through the mire. Most of the honourable gentlemen, your companions, will have had to go through it, and they don't find that any of the filth sticks to them."

My friend remained talking over my prospects in my proposed career as a senator, and, as may be supposed, I got through a very small amount of light literature. Henceforth, Blue-books, Hansard's Debates, and the *Times*, were to be my chief objects of study, unless—and after the assurances I had received I could not contemplate the possibility—I was defeated.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY JOURNEY TO ROTTENTOWN, AND MY ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD.

I HAD promised to be at Rottentown on that day. My supporters were to meet me at the station, and to conduct me in a triumphant procession, in anticipation of my success, into the town. I looked at my watch as I entered the cab—it was a question whether I should catch the train. I promised my driver five shillings extra if I was in time, and told him not to spare his horse. He didn't, though I believe he knocked over a couple of elderly gentlemen and an apple-woman: but that only made him flog on his horse the harder, without looking hind him to see the mischief he had done. He was evidently well accustomed to the sort of thing, and of course to me it was a matter of slight consideration compared to the risk of disappointing the free and dependent electors of Rottentown. Cabbie won his five shillings, and took a different route homeward. I jumped into a carriage, and h

scarcely settled myself or ascertained who were my companions, when off dashed the train; it was an express—a candidate for parliamentary honours should never dream of going by any other. When at length I had got my writing-desk and hatbox stowed under the seat, and my umbrella placed in the net over my head, and did look round, I saw seated in the compartment opposite my right-hand neighbour a young lady; a very sweet-looking pretty girl. She was elegantly though quietly dressed, and the expression of her countenance gave me the idea that she must be a person of refined mind. I came to this conclusion before I had been five minutes in the carriage. As yet I had not spoken. She took a book out of a very elegant travelling-bag, and began to read. I could not, without rudeness, interrupt her. Yet she might go on reading till we arrived at the station where she was to go out. Perhaps, however, she was going some distance. The more I looked at her, the more I admired her. I longed to hear her speak. I have known pretty women with rough harsh voices, which have detracted greatly from the effect of their beauty. Should her voice be as sweet as her face, it would be all up with me, I felt. At last I got a glimpse of the pages of the book on which her eyes rested. It was poetry. Wordsworth, Tennyson, Scott, Longfellow, a great or a minor poet, I could not make out. I fancied that, if I could, I should learn something of her character. She was much interested in what she read—was taking it all in—was she learning it by heart? She turned the pages over very slowly; sometimes she looked back, and was evidently dwelling on a passage. She was clearly no careless reader. I tried not to be discovered looking over the page. Suddenly it struck me that it was a book of plays. Could she be an actress learning her part? So attractive a person would be certainly known. I tried to recal the features of every pretty actress I had ever seen on any stage. I had never seen her on one, I was convinced. I had never seen her anywhere, except in my boyish day-dreams, possibly. She might, perhaps, be getting up a piece in private theatricals. Still she did not look even as if she would do that. I wished that she would shut her book and give me a better chance of finding out something about her. Perseveringly she read on, not, however, fatiguing her eyes, but never lifting them up so as to allow me a chance of making an observation or attracting her attention. It was very tantalising. She might at any moment leave the train, and I should perhaps never discover even her name. I began to regret that I had engaged to be at Rottentown at a certain hour, otherwise I might have got out wherever she did, and probably have been able to learn all about her. I felt, as I looked at her, that I could be guilty of all sorts of romantic extravagances; indeed, I hardly know what I was not capable of doing. At length we approached a station; she lowered her book, and, leaning forward, looked out; I thought, eagerly, as if to ascertain whether it was the one at which she was to stop.

"This is Barton," I said, looking at my time-table. She sat quiet, but the gentleman opposite to me started, exclaiming:

"Why, that's the place at which I have to get out."

While in a bustle collecting his property he displaced a parcel, to which was attached an elegant parasol and umbrella, over the young

lady's head. He had just time, aided by a railway porter, to jump out, when the train started again.

"Would you not like to take the seat near the window? We shall soon pass through some pretty scenery," I said, bowing to the young lady.

She thanked me with a sweet smile, and, greatly to my satisfaction, moved into the seat I recommended. I had fortunately been down the line three or four times, and remembered several places worthy of notice. She listened with evident interest to all I said, and made some intelligent remarks in return, but said nothing to enable me to discover who she was, or where she was going. She talked on, however, as if she had no intention of getting out immediately. Our conversation grew more and more animated. By chance I happened to look up, and there on the parcel above her head—it must be here, I knew—my eye caught the word *Bubbleby, Rottentown*. She couldn't be a *Miss Bubbleby*. She didn't look as if she could by any possibility. Still she might be going to *Rottentown*. I soon ascertained that she was. She smiled and looked pleased, so I flattered myself, when I told her that I was also going there; but when I added that I was a candidate for the honour of representing the immaculate borough in Parliament, she almost laughed in my face. Something connected with the subject seemed to tickle her fancy amazingly. To my reiterated "What? what?" she made no reply, but only laughed the more. I felt that it would be impertinent to ask her to be more explicit.

"I hope and trust that I may rely on your support," I said, with the most insinuating manner I could assume.

"That depends on circumstances," she answered again, laughing. "I may possibly not be altogether free to support those I wish. You shall have my good wishes, at all events." Again she laughed, rather more gently than before. She, however, volunteered to give me a good deal of information likely to prove useful about the people. After this our tongues never ceased moving till we reached *Rottentown*. Her book was soon consigned to her travelling-bag. It was poetry. Not *Tennyson*, nor *Longfellow*, nor *Wordsworth*, nor *Byron*, but some nameless poet who, she asserted, equalled any of them.

"I always take poetry to read in a railway carriage," she observed. "I can glance at it, think over it, enjoy it thoroughly, and yet not tire my eyes or get a headache. If not poetry, the lightest of light novels, or any other nonsense over the pages of which the eye may range and pick up the ideas contained in them as a bird on the wing collects its food."

"Talking, however, is pleasanter when one glides on as smoothly as we are now doing," I observed.

"Perhaps—yes—so it is," she answered, smiling sweetly. Her voice was everything I had expected from her face, so soft, and gentle, and full. She sang. I was very certain she did—she confessed that she did, and from the songs she mentioned I knew what rich a warbling notes she could put forth. Had I only heard her speak without having seen her, I should have known that she was sweet pretty. I almost groaned when at length the train reached station at *Rottentown*. I handed her out, and, thanking me for attention, she hurried off towards a group, the principal person

which was a stout, pursy, unrefined elderly gentleman, who was, I soon afterwards learned, Mr. Bubbleby. Could it be possible that he was the father of my charming travelling companion? It looked like it. He seemed to receive her most affectionately as she ran forward, and so did the elderly ladies who were with him.

"Bubbleby!—Bubbleby! What a horrid name," I kept repeating to myself, "and yet what an exquisite creature she is!" With what grace she moved along the platform! How elegant she looks now, standing among that group of semi-savages! She saw me looking at her, but she again quickly turned away her head. All thoughts, however, even of her, were for the moment put to flight by the appearance of my self-constituted supporters on the platform, and I had forthwith to go through an ordeal of hand-shakings with my six previous acquaintances and a host of strangers, who were formally introduced by them as gentlemen of influence, ready, if I did not disappoint their expectations, to afford me their cordial support. This was liberal and kind, but I was puzzled to know exactly what they did expect of me. I therefore thought it prudent not to express any decided opinions till I had consulted my trustworthy agent.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MY FIRST ENTRY INTO ROTTENTOWN, AND MY ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS.

My numerous friends conducted me from the station amid the vociferations of some hundreds of big and little blackguards, nursemaids and children, and a wretched band of cracked wind instruments, with a huge drum, the beater of which looked very like a Punchshowman enlisted for the occasion, to a carriage drawn by four greys, the post-boys wearing huge rosettes of all the colours of the rainbow, Mr. Doublewell and Mr. Nibbles, my trustworthy agent, getting inside with me, while four others mounted on the box and dickey, pulling out of their pockets and fastening on to their coats huge rosettes of the same parti-coloured tints. My companions inside adorned themselves in the same manner. The shouts of my disinterested supporters were at that moment redoubled, and, looking out of the window, I observed a dozen or more silken banners of all colours just unrolled and waving in the wind on poles in the hands of as many ugly ruffians.

"Fall in, fall in, if you please!" shouted Mr. Nibbles from the windows of the carriage; and the band and a dozen of the banner-bearers took up a position in front of the horses, and the remainder followed, and the blackguards—or I should properly call them roughs—marched on either side as a body-guard, and the little boys came behind shouting and playing tricks to each other and to everybody they passed, and the nursemaids and children kept at a respectful distance, and thus I approached the ancient borough of Rottentown.

"I hope, Mr. Backam, you admire our colours—your colours, I should say—but yes, our colours; we are all one now, united by one absorbing interest," observed Mr. Nibbles. "Secured a couple of votes by them. On the day of nomination we shall have ten times the number displayed. Mr. Threadneedle, the principal haberdasher and

man-milliner in our free and independent borough, had a lot of coloured silks, and satins, and ribbons, which he could not dispose of—rather damaged, probably. He told me this in confidence, jumped at the idea when I suggested that our colours should be those of the rainbow, and assured me that he and his partner would assuredly vote for the candidate who displayed them. I instantly purchased the whole lot, and gave orders that they should forthwith be made up."

Of course I could only highly approve of what my agent had done. "No bribery and corruption, at all events, in that case," I observed. "You will please to remember, Mr. Nibbles, that I can sanction nothing of that sort."

"Oh, certainly not—certainly not," answered Nibbles. "We have nothing that can come under that name in Rottentown, whatever may be the case in other places—have we, Mr. Doublewell?"

"Certainly not—certainly not," said Mr. Doublewell, with an air of conscious rectitude.

"Of course not," observed Nibbles. "By-the-by, Mr. Rackam, you, I think, said, on some occasion, that you liked salmon. I have ordered one for dinner to-day, and probably you will like to send a few to friends at a distance and others, as a mark of your esteem to gentlemen residing in this free and independent borough. Confident that this would be the case, I purchased twenty this morning from a worthy voter, had them all packed and ticketed, with Mr. Rackam's compliments. All you have to do is to write the addresses, and I will take care that it is publicly known how they are all disposed of. No bribery and corruption there, eh, Mr. Doublewell?"

"Not a particle, not the remotest approach to such a thing," exclaimed Mr. Doublewell, shaking his head with indignation at the thought. On this I begged him to accept one of the as yet unseen salmon, which he did with becoming modesty and due expression of gratitude. While I was considering to whom I should send the salmon, having settled that Pepys should have one, the cortège halted before a public-house—the "Pig and Whistle."

"We have entered within the precincts of the borough," observed Nibbles. "Mine host is devoted to your service. He has a dozen casks of first-rate ale on tap, which Messrs. Pollard and Drains have just sent him as by my directions—a portion of a hundred casks. It may not affect them much, but their collecting clerk has a vote, and he will be secured. You see, Mr. Rackam, it requires a knowledge of diplomacy to manage these gentlemen; some of them are sensitive, very sensitive; their feelings would be very much hurt if it was supposed that they were capable of being influenced by pecuniary considerations, and yet they are well aware of the marketable value of their votes, and, for the sake of their wives and families, are naturally averse to throwing away what they consider should bring them in twenty or thirty pounds each time the borough has to return a fresh member. It gives them, of course, a leaning towards triennial parliaments, probably they would not disapprove greatly of annual elections. the franchise is extended, so will this very natural sentiment; for, you see, Mr. Rackam, we must take men as they are, not as poets and sentimentalists consider they ought to be; and, at all events, we agree



shall reap a frequent golden harvest, instead of the moderate crop which occasionally falls to our lot, except, to be sure, the measure should kill the golden goose, and none but needy men or adventurers should be found ready to seek the honour of representing us."

"In my humble opinion, votes now worth fifty pounds wouldn't be worth five shillings. I shan't advocate the measure," said Mr. Doublewell, in a dignified tone. "The principal employers of labour in each borough and county would carry the day. They would then find it worth their while to direct their workmen how to vote: at present it is a matter of less consequence."

While this conversation was going on we were stopping before the "Pig and Whistle." The standard-bearers and musicians were rushing in and out, quenching their thirst at my expense, Punch's band-master being very conspicuous. He had now mounted my colours as if he was a voter, though the fellow had been a vagabond all his life, and probably had never slept in a bed, and but seldom under a roof, since he was born. The roughs soon got possession of the bar, and kept the landlord actively employed in supplying their wants. After a time they reappeared in uproarious spirits, and the march was continued. We made two other similar stoppages before public-houses, greatly to the satisfaction of my attendants, and at length reached my hotel, the "Lion." A balcony over the chief entrance to my hotel was draped with the damaged silks and satins purchased of Mr. Threadneedle, and from thence I found that I was expected to address the electors, or rather the roughs, for those gentlemen had taken care to occupy the greater part of the space in front of the house.

"It will be as well, Mr. Rackam, to be as indefinite as possible with regard to principles," observed Mr. Nibbles. "They don't care one rap about them. Talk as much as you like about what you'll get done for the town, for though nine-tenths of your hearers won't benefit in any way, it may influence some of the principal people, shipbuilders and shipowners, merchants and tradesmen, who expect to have something done for them. The great majority think much more of the bird in the hand than the two in the bush."

After I had received these and sundry other hints, and taken a slight refreshment with a glass of gooseberry wine, which I was assured was first-rate champagne, I heard my name vociferously called by the mob outside, who were growing impatient. As I stepped out on the balcony, shouts and cries rent the air, and dirty hats and caps innumerable were thrown up into it, and grinning and bleary-eyed countenances were turned up towards me; for a considerable amount of beer had already been consumed at my expense. I bowed over and over again as if some most elegant compliment had been paid me, and waved my hand and pretended to speak, but it was some time before a word could have been heard. At length, by the exertions of Nibbles and my other supporters, the mob was silenced, and I began:

"Free and independent electors of Rottentown, it is with sincere gratification that I find myself at this happy and auspicious moment standing before so enlightened, so intelligent, so noble-minded an assemblage of my countrymen. How dear are the associations which that term conjures up in the heart of the exile—countrymen! Yes, country-

men, you are my countrymen, and you I desire to represent in the legislative assembly of the nation; yes, to represent those opinions you hold, those principles you have adopted, which are, I know, so dear to your hearts, so dear to the hearts of all free and independent electors of all the boroughs of England, including Wales. I may say, of Scotland and of old Ireland too, that green isle of the ocean, ever beautiful, ever faithful, ever true to her principles and to her honour."

I threw in this in consequence of seeing some indubitably Hibernian physiognomies, with crushed hats on their heads and shillelaghs in their fists.

The words—for there was not the shadow of a meaning in them, but that was all the better—were responded to with shrieks of applause, and I felt sure that I had gained their co-operation, should it be necessary to let slip the dogs of war to pound my opponents. I continued:

"Yes, free and independent electors of Rottentown, these are the principles I have adopted—your principles—the principles, I may say, of all the land; that is to say, of all the free and independent electors of all the land, from north to south, from east to west. These broad, noble, generous principles you all understand. I need not further enter into them; they are patent to all—clear to all—even to the meanest understanding. Not that I suppose any one I see before me has a mean understanding—far from that—very far indeed—no; I said what I mean—that all I see before me are enlightened and intelligent; they all know what is good for the country, and what is good for themselves. Putting aside for the moment what is good for the country, we will consider what is good for a very important part of it—the free and independent borough of Rottentown." (Loud cheers, and "Hear! hear! hear!" broke on my well-pleased ears.) "What is good for a part must be good for the whole. Now there can be no doubt that it will be most desirable—most satisfactory—most advantageous, if this fine, beautiful, excellent port were to become the port of departure of our fleets of steam-packets, which carry the epistolary correspondence relating to the mercantile affairs of England to all parts of the world. Again, I see, by the expenditure of certain sums, it may become one of the most delightful, salubrious, perfect bathing-places on the coast, or on any other coast of old England, including Wales, Ireland, or Scotland, by the establishment of a large hotel and public gardens, a band clothed in handsome uniform—such a band as I see before me, enlarged, increased in numbers if not in proficiency; such a band as that which honoured me by playing before me as I entered the town, by which crowds of the fashionable world will be attracted hither. The establishment of dry docks, by which not only British ships, but those of foreign nations, will be induced to visit this admirable, this excellent, this unrivalled port."

The applause here became most uproarious. Some daring and unwary persons, who had ventured to mingle with my supporters, endeavour to put questions which it might have been rather difficult to answer. One asked me to explain definitely the principles of which I boasted another inquired whether I pledged myself to carry out, against r'

opposition, the schemes of which I spoke so glibly. Fortunately, my supporters considered these questions insulting to themselves as to me, and the speakers had their hats speedily knocked over their eyes, and were summarily ejected from among the crowd.

I said a great deal more to the same effect, encouraged by the plaudits of my hearers. I spoke for two hours, and might as easily have spoken for two more.

"I don't think that they'll get much small change out of that, sir," said Nibbles, when I had done, and after bowing with my hand on my bosom for five minutes longer, had entered into the room and thrown myself on a horsehair sofa.

"You are pledged to nothing, not the shadow of a pledge. The Conservatives will think that you are with them, the Liberals on their side—stick to that on the hustings. When asked what your principles are, also refer to this speech, assert boldly that you have fully explained them."

Taking a hurried dinner, I sallied out with Nibbles, accompanied by Mr. Doublewell and two or three other friends, to commence my personal canvass of the electors. Nibbles had first gone over to the bank, and returned with his pockets stuffed to repletion with neat pretty little rolls of gold coin.

"It is all very well to praise the children, kiss the babies, make promises and polite speeches, and to undertake to get everybody everything, but, after all, these are the things which tell," he said, significantly touching his pocket. "I'll give you a hint when to lay it on thick, and when to do little more than ask for the vote."

I found that after a succession of hurried visits to the least honest and most ignorant of the voters his pockets had considerably diminished in bulk, whereas some of the more respectable tradesmen and others took compliments and flattery instead of coin: the higher my hopes for constituents rose in the social scale, the more refined were the compliments they required, or the larger the bribe. Some were content if I would undertake to find appointments for sons or nephews. To be sure, they had often before been deceived by former members, but I promised so fairly, and really did intend to do my best, that they were ready to trust me; at all events, they knew that I was as likely to be as useful to them as any other member. At length we reached a large handsome house, everything about it being in excellent repair, denoting the comfortable circumstances of the inhabitants.

"This is the residence of Mr. Bubbleby, one of the most influential of our townsmen," said Nibbles, and my heart began to beat quicker than usual as I thought of my attractive companion on the railway. "I scarcely know what course to recommend. He is peculiar, sharp as a lynx, can see as far into a two-inch board as most men, and yet in some things people can get round him. You must judge after a little conversation how to proceed. I must keep in the background. Should he be out, and his daughter only be at home, then you may lay it on thick."

"Then there is a Miss Bubbleby?" said I.

"Yes, there is a Miss Bubbleby," said Nibbles.

At that moment his hand was on the door-bell. Mr. Bubbleby

was out, so was Miss Bubbleby. "I would," I said, "do myself the honour of calling again." I was going to make further inquiries concerning the Bubbleby family, when a voter passing, Nibbles made chase to bring him to. I had to lay it on thick with him; but, somehow or other, a roll of gold found its way into his pocket. Altogether this commencement of my canvass was considered very successful. It cost me, however, a good deal more money than my disinterested visitors had led me to expect. However, now was not the time to think about that. The day of nomination was drawing on. A sharp contest was expected. That my supporters knew all along there would be. Greatly to their satisfaction, Sir Diggery Dyke was resolved to fight it out bravely to the last, though not having lately had a legacy left him, and having two sons at college and three in the army or navy, he had not as much money to throw away as I happened just then to possess. From what I heard, I fancied, however, that my success was certain. Doublewell, indeed, asserted that Sir Diggery hadn't the shadow of a chance. The town-hall was out of repair. Among other promises, I had undertaken to have it restored. Hustings were, therefore, erected outside of it. Nibbles observed that he had taken good care that this circumstance should be greatly to my advantage.

Sir Diggery and I stood together on the hustings with our respective supporters. We bowed politely to each other, and then a resident gentleman in the neighbourhood having proposed him, and another of equal respectability having seconded him, he advanced to address the assembled multitude. Scarcely, however, had he opened his mouth, than such shouts and shrieks and hideous noises of every kind assailed him, that he was unable to make himself heard, though he shouted at the top of his voice, and stood undaunted with his hand in the breast of his buttoned-up coat, like a stout old English gentleman as he was. He went on, however, and the speech he was supposed to have made appeared in the local papers which supported him on the following day. He was described to have spoken of his past services—of patriotism—his desire to continue in the same course as long as strength was allowed him. The roughs, however, at length compelled him to bring the address, which no one had heard, to a conclusion. My address, though little differing from the rigmarole I had uttered from the window of the "Lion," was received with loud applause. The show of hands—unwashed hands, that is—was greatly in my favour. Notwithstanding this, Sir Diggery, as it was expected he would, I knew, demanded a poll. I was in for it. The amount of my legacy was fast disappearing.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### GOING TO THE POLL. HOW WE MANAGED MATTERS AT BOTTENTOWN.

SUB-AGENTS of all sorts were engaged to look after voters. C. riages were hired to bring them up to the poll. The services of the most notorious ruffians were secured to prevent, by every possible means, those of my opponent from appearing. Some were locked others made helplessly drunk, some drawn off to distant places to

telegraphic messages or letters through the post. Pepys arrived in the height of the excitement; he thought I should want him—so I did very much. He was greatly astonished at the mode of proceeding I described to him, and rather disgusted that I should connive at it; but I told him that I positively couldn't help it. I was in the hands of Nibbles, Doublewell, and others, and, did I not wink at it, I should not have a chance of success. He shrugged his shoulders, observing, "I thought that we were living in the enlightened half of the nineteenth century." There was to be a ball in the evening at the Assembly-rooms, for which I had taken a large number of tickets, and, by the advice of Nibbles, personally distributed them to those to whom he considered they would prove acceptable. The fortunes of the day varied considerably. Nibbles was indefatigable; he was everywhere watching over my interest: he had led me into the battle, and he certainly was doing his best to secure the victory. The day was wearing on. In spite of all that had been done, Sir Diggery was in the majority. Nibbles rushed into the room where I was sitting with Pepys.

"There is a chance—a very great chance for us yet," he exclaimed. "You know Mr. Bubbleby. I told you that he was an eccentric man. He has a daughter—I will not describe her. His great wish is to get that daughter married to a gentleman—to a man of independent fortune. He influences some twenty voters or more; not one of them as yet has gone to the poll. For some reason or other, he is holding them back. He has a luncheon at his house to-day. Doublewell will take you there. He will be delighted to see you. Lay it on thick with the young lady. Make up your mind; it's worth the sacrifice, if there is any. Show him that you intend to propose. Tell him so, in fact, if you resolve; the twenty votes will be yours, and your election secured. Sir Diggery's party have been bribing right and left, so you need have no fear of a petition. The money comes from a London club, not out of his pocket, and his agents have been careless. Come along."

Of course, Pepys and I jumped up. We found Doublewell waiting for us, and, escorted by a body of my roughs or rather ruffian supporters, we reached Mr. Bubbleby's mansion. We were shown into the drawing-room, where a number of people were assembled, and cordially received by the master of the house. Pepys and I were introduced to a fattish; rather comely lady of very uncertain age, whom I took to be Bubbleby's sister. After paying her a few compliments, I left Pepys to win her to our cause, while I passed on to my fair unknown travelling-companion, whom I saw seated on a sofa at the other end of the room looking up archly at me as I entered. A slight blush tinged her cheeks as I approached, but she quickly regained her composure. I soon found myself seated by her side, engaged in an animated conversation on all sorts of subjects, forgetting everybody and everything else in the room, and talking as if we were old friends.

"If it would not appear so odd, I'd jump up and tell Bubbleby that I'd marry her forthwith," I said to myself. "How is it that he is so anxious to get her off his hands? I should think that, if she wished

to marry, she might have suitors in abundance at her feet. Probably Bubbleby's acquaintances are not of a class to please her, that's it. There is nothing very surprising in that, after all. I have known several similar instances, when retired tradesmen, as I take Bubbleby to be, have been ready to give their daughters handsome fortunes, provided they married gentlemen. She has evidently had a good education, and is most thoroughly the lady—a sweet creature, too. I'll do it." I was afraid, however, that I should not have time before luncheon. I saw Nibbles, who had gone out of the room, return, looking fidgety; so, seeing Mr. Bubbleby standing alone at a window, I resolved to do the thing forthwith. I was young and impulsive. "I have a few words to say to Mr. Bubbleby about the election business," I remarked. "I will take the opportunity while he is alone." I thought that my companion gave an inquiring glance at me as I rose to leave her. No one was within hearing. I opened the business at once to Bubbleby. I told him that I was a bachelor, disengaged, free of heart; that I purposed marrying; that I was looking for a wife with a good disposition, amiable manners, sense, virtue, and personal attractions; that I should not despise fortune, but that my own income was amply sufficient to enable me to dispense with it. "Indeed," I added, "I believe, Mr. Bubbleby, I have found a lady possessed of all the qualities I have mentioned, and of many others. She is in the country; she is in Rottentown itself, in this house, in this very room!" I was unwilling to startle him, so I gradually worked up to the point. "In fact, Mr. Bubbleby, she is your incomparable, your charming daughter!"

He gave a sort of start and a look of surprise, but only said, "Oh!"

I went on, for I was wound up. "I feel, too, that by being united by marriage to your influential, most respected, most honourable family, I shall so completely identify myself with Rottentown, that I may hope from this time forward to represent its free and independent electors in Parliament, and to be the exponent of their wishes, and the firm, unwavering advocate of their interests."

"Ah, there's sense in that, to be sure," observed Mr. Bubbleby, dryly. "I'll speak to Deborah, and hear what she says; but it strikes me that you have not had much opportunity of learning her sentiments—have you?"

I answered quickly: "With some persons, where souls are in unison, and heart beats responsive to heart, a few hours—nay, a few minutes are sufficient to explain sentiments which, between unsympathetic beings, it might take days and weeks to enable them to come to a mutual understanding, or, more probably, they might never come to an understanding at all. Such, Mr. Bubbleby, I assure you, has not been the case between your charming daughter and myself."

I did not, for an instant, suppose that old Bubbleby would understand what I was saying—in fact, I did not myself; but time was pressing. I saw Nibbles at the other end of the room beckoning to me. It was necessary to get Bubbleby to direct his people which side to vote. Others, too, were holding back, for as he invariably managed to vote with the majority, they also wished to take the same side, that they might have a better claim than otherwise on the good offices of the sitting member.

"Well, Mr. Rackam, I tell you frankly that I shall have no objections to have a member of Parliament for a son-in-law, and I will promise you my best services with Deborah. Of course I understand your motives; they are those of a man of sense, of the world, and I respect you for them—no nonsensical sentiment. You want a good steady-working, matter-of-fact housekeeping wife, who'll look after the babies and servants while you are attending to your legislative duties. You'll find Deb all that and more, that I can tell you; but you must not expect her to jump down your throat, for though she is as ready to get married as any lady of a certain age, yet, for the very look of the thing, she wouldn't wish to do that."

These remarks of Mr. Bubbleby's puzzled me as much as mine probably had him. I hadn't time to ask him for an explanation before he hurried away across the room. I thought that he would at once have taken his daughter aside to learn her sentiments. She kept her seat, however, on the sofa, trying, I thought, to look unconscious. However, as I felt that I had no time to lose, I returned (where my inclinations led me) to her side, and endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as I could, but to talk on indifferent subjects. It was rather difficult, though. Should I confess that I had proposed for her to her father, or should I forthwith make her an offer, and say nothing about having spoken to him? I watched the old gentleman go up to his sister, to whom Pepps had continued paying the most devoted attention. Greatly to my friend's disappointment, Mr. Bubbleby led her from the room. Of course he has gone to consult her how best to break the subject to her niece, so as best to secure success; for he was, I saw, evidently anxious to bring the matter about. I, however, thought that I was taking the best means. "I should never wish anybody else to make an offer to a girl, even her father, for me. I'll do it forthwith. I shall have then by far the best chance of success. Here goes." These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind. As people would have observed me, I couldn't take her hand, and all I could do was quietly to look unutterable things. I had no fancy, either, to make a set speech. I would blurt out a few rapid words expressive of the depths of my feelings, the vehemence of my passion, the agitation I was in. "I am about to say what may appear strange and precipitate," I began. "I spent the greatest part of one day in your company. I have now spent but a few short hours, minutes I might say, but they have been sufficient to make an impression on my heart which no earthly power can obliterate. Even at the risk of offending you, I tell you frankly, honestly, that I love you not only far more than I have ever loved anybody, for my heart has never been touched in spite of the galaxy of beauty by which I have often been surrounded, but more than I feel I shall ever love anybody else should you refuse to become mine. As my excuse for venturing thus hurriedly to speak to you, I confess that I have ascertained that you are heart free, and Mr. Bubbleby assures me that he has no objection to offer to our union. May I therefore hope that you will lend a favourable ear to my proposal?" I had already made a far longer speech than I had intended, but I might have continued, had not her look of astonishment made me cut it short.

"I am at a loss to conceive what right Mr. Bubbleby has of venturing to speak of disposing of my hand," she exclaimed, in a tone of indignation. "I confess, Mr. Rackam, that I was pleased with your conversation in the railway carriage. I was agreeably surprised at finding you here. I sincerely hope that you will gain your election, and I cannot say what might have been the result had you taken more time to press your suit; but I must protest against Mr. Bubbleby's interference. He is the guardian of my fortune, but has not the slightest claim to a right of disposing of my hand or my affections."

"What! are you then not Miss Deborah Bubbleby?" I asked, with a tone and look of astonishment which must have been even far greater than that exhibited by her.

"No, my name is Angelina Fairfax," she answered, and I thought that she would have burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "That stout young lady, as she still calls herself, to whom your friend has been paying such devoted attention since he entered the house, is Miss Deborah Bubbleby. Her papa, I see, has just taken her out of the room."

"Good gracious!" was all I could exclaim.

"What! I hope that you have not made an offer to poor Deborah through her father," she said, in a tone, I thought, of real concern. "She is not a person likely to let you off, even though you made it under a mistake, I can assure you."

"Yes, but I have, though," I exclaimed. "Miss Fairfax, I must throw myself on your mercy. I have been precipitate, thoughtless. I have made a fool of myself; but pray don't suppose that I had any intention of making a fool of you. I thought that you were Miss Bubbleby, and I was told that for some reason Mr. Bubbleby wished to get his daughter married. I saw you; I admired you. I felt that you were in every way calculated to make me happy, that you were worthy of being my wife. I purposed prosecuting my suit, and not resting till I had won your hand under all circumstances. I saw that you must be living here in an uncongenial atmosphere, and I confess (and here I fear that you will blame me) that, as I heard that old Bubbleby (it is a satisfaction that I may call him old Bubbleby to you) would be certain to give his support to a future son-in-law, I ventured to ask him for your hand in the hopes that he would direct the people he influences to vote for me, as I understand that it is a near-run thing, and that there is a great chance of Sir Diggery getting a majority. I throw myself on your mercy. I trust to your kindness. Can you help me?"

"What, to marry Miss Deborah Bubbleby?" she asked, archly.

"No! no! in mercy no, on no account," I exclaimed, with a vehemence which had a great effect, I am sure, "but to help me first to gain my election, and then to get out of this horrible mess. I'd die ten thousand deaths before I would link myself to that piece of yellow haired obesity; and yet at the last moment it would be provoking lose my election after having gone such lengths to secure it."

I guessed that the fair Deborah was no favourite of Angelina, and that I might venture to make this remark, though she scolded for doing so.

"You are not complimentary to your intended—for she is y



intended at present, remember," she observed, laughing merrily. "However, I will do my best to serve you. Tell your agent, Nibbles, that he must go to Mr. Bubbleby, explain how closely run you are, and press him forthwith to order up his men to the poll. Let him speak of the moral effect his example will produce, and the number of voters he will thus influence. He is very vain on that subject. You see that I have already picked up some information about electioneering matters."

"Indeed you have," I said. And I should like to have added, "and will make a first-rate wife for a member of Parliament." Perhaps I looked it. I told Nibbles what to do.

"All right," he answered. "If we manage properly, we shall gain the day; but we must not be too secure. I must call up our cherubs, however, and keep all our opponents off the ground till the time for closing the poll, for even with Bubbleby's men we shall have none too many votes to spare. You can see the fun from a side-window of the breakfast-room of this house; but I would advise you not to appear on the ground. It might be unpleasant if Sir Diggery's men got hold of you. Still, you will sanction what I think necessary?"

"Of course—of course," I answered; and Nibbles sprang to the door and seized Bubbleby, who at that moment entered, by the button. He spoke earnestly to him, and then led him to a table, at which he made him sit down and write a few words on a number of slips of paper.

Miss Bubbleby had not returned. I saw Pepys standing by himself. I rushed up to him. "Do me the greatest possible favour, my dear fellow," I whispered. "Tell Miss Bubbleby that I am of a bashful, retiring disposition; that I never like to appear in a delicate position in public; that it's all right, you are certain, and that you, at all events, will make it all right. Now don't you, as you love me, forget that—that you will make it all right." A bright idea had that instant struck me. My old friend had confessed to me that he should like a substantial wife—that he had a horror of a scarecrow—that he had the taste of George the Fourth. Here was a lady exactly to suit him—could I transfer her affections, supposing I had excited them, from myself to him. He wanted a wife. It must be managed. Angelina would do it, if I could not. Pepys promised all I asked. He would do anything to serve me. I knew that he would; he was such a good fellow. He didn't know exactly, just then, what I was going to ask him to do. I hurried back to the sofa. I told Angelina what I had done, and the hopes I had conceived.

"I think, then, that I can manage Miss Bubbleby," she said, in a tone of confidence which was highly satisfactory.

Just then, however, Miss Deborah Bubbleby herself entered the room, and as she did so, cast on me a look of affectionate regard which was painfully perplexing. I thought, indeed, that she was coming to sit down on the sofa by my side, as if she had a right to be there. I caught Pepys's eye, and signed to him to go to my assistance. He took my hint, and sidled up to the fair Deborah, and endeavoured to renew the attentions which he had before been bestowing on her; but a change had too evidently come over her feelings. They were clearly engaged with the future member for Rottentown, and she kept

casting side ogles at me, which I would have undergone much to have avoided.

"What can I do? My dear Miss Fairfax, do advise me," I exclaimed, in a piteous tone of despair. "Luncheon will be announced directly, and she will be expecting me to take her in, and I shall break down if I begin to talk to her, and she says 'anything tender. Still I confess that I should not like to have an *éclaircissement* till I have secured old Bubbleby's votes."

Angelina seemed highly amused at my perplexity; still there was a tone of gentleness in her voice which was satisfactory and encouraging.

"I will try and turn the tide for you if I can," she answered. "Your friend Mr. Pepys has been paying her great attentions, and is, I suspect, a gentleman more likely to suit her fancy than you are. I will tell her what a great man he is—how nobly descended—what a fortune he possesses. I suppose that I am right?"

"Oh yes, yes; you cannot praise him too highly," I eagerly put in. "Say that you know he wants a wife, and that if she wishes him to be a member of Parliament, I will resign, any day he desires me, in his favour, after I have taken my seat. I know that he would be hung sooner, so I am quite safe. If you will take the lady in hand, I will manage my friend, and I have great hopes that all will be right in the end."

Just then a gentleman hurried into the room, exclaiming, "The fun is growing fast and furious. You'll see it from the breakfast-room windows." Of course every one hurried to the room mentioned. I saw Angelina take Miss Bubbleby aside, and I, seizing Pepys's arm, led him to a stair window, from whence we could see all that was taking place outside. I need not repeat all the arguments I used. He confessed that he thought Miss Bubbleby a very fine young woman, and when he heard that she had a good fortune, and that if he did not take her off my hands I should be very miserable, he at once consented to propose forthwith.

My mind thus relieved, I could watch with interest what was going forward outside. I observed my rainbow colours everywhere, my roughs blocking up every approach to the polling-booths. If single individuals of the opposite party attempted to work their way up to the booths, they had simply their hats driven over their eyes, and were handed out again, in spite of all their efforts; if they showed fight, they were pretty hardly dealt with, while several were forced back into a public-house, where several of my agents were stationed. Most of them came out again with my colours in their hats, and were allowed to go forward and vote for me. We were soon called away, however, by a summons to luncheon. I kept in the background till the faithful Pepys had secured the left arm of Miss Bubbleby, who received his advances most courteously, I may say affectionately and was all ears and eyes for him at table. I sat next to Angelina but avoided being demonstrative. Bubbleby looked rather astonished but "It's all right, papa dear," from his daughter, seemed to satisfy him. The repast was a very grand one. It was the dinner of most of the party. Many of them wished it over, that they might go on and enjoy the humours of the election; so did I, for a different reason.

Nibbles sent in two or three times, announcing the progress I was making—twenty, thirty, and at last forty ahead.

"I feel now nearly certain of success in one point. I wish that I could be as secure in another, Miss Fairfax," I said, in a low voice.

"Pray do go on with your luncheon, Mr. Rackam; if we talk of that just now, we shall spoil our appetites," she answered, smiling.

The repast over, I rejoined her at a window where she was standing. Just then an attempt was made by a party of Sir Diggery Dyke's supporters to force their way up to the booth. I saw Nibbles rush out and give the word to some of the leaders of my roughs, or cherubs, as they called themselves. He knew what I did not, that in the midst of Sir Diggery's men were a reserve of voters kept back in the hopes of turning the scale at the last. It was very important to drive these out of the field, while at the same time it was equally so to bring up every man I could muster. I saw shillelaghs and bludgeons flourishing in the air, and Irish and English shouts united in one discordant yell as a furious onslaught was made by my cherubs on the approaching party of my opponent's supporters. In vain the latter attempted to push on; they were driven back step by step, with cracked heads and broken shins. Some were seized and carried off to be shut up in solitude, or to be made gloriously drunk till the hour for polling was over, while the greater number were put ignominiously to flight. Still it was known that they would soon rally, and under fresh leaders make another attempt. Nibbles came in and told me that I must get Bubbleby to go personally and bring up his voters, many of whom were hanging back.

"I will look for Mr. Bubbleby, and tell him that you are anxious to see him," said Angelina, hurrying off.

"I hope, Mr. Rackam, that you have not made a mistake, and proposed to the wrong lady," said Nibbles. "I beg your pardon for mentioning it; but the fact is, Mr. Bubbleby will in no way be particularly pleased to have his ward marry, but even at this moment he will secure your election if you will promise to marry his daughter."

"Not the slightest offence, Nibbles," said I. "You may assure Bubbleby that his daughter will be married within a few weeks, if she wishes it. It will be all right, tell him. Only get him to bring up every voter he can command."

I had the satisfaction soon afterwards of seeing Bubbleby, escorted by a strong body of my rainbow cherubs, hurrying along the street. Meantime, Pepys joined me, and as I passed the dining-room I saw Angelina earnestly talking to the fair Deborah. The worthy Pepys assured me that had he hunted all the world round, he could not have found a lady more exactly suited to his taste. I urged him to wait till Miss Fairfax came out of the dining-room, and then to walk in boldly and make his offer. Angelina soon appeared, and the fair Deborah was left alone. Pepys hurried into the dining-room, and, as he did so, Miss Fairfax and I, who were passing along the passage, shut the door, so that he might have less chance of interruption. On reaching the window in the breakfast-room, great was my satisfaction to see Bubbleby himself, with a long tail of followers, working their way up to the polling-booth.

At length the hour of closing arrived. Loud shouts rent the air.

My name was called by hundreds of mouths. At the close of the poll I had a majority of thirty votes. I rushed out, mounted the platform, and made a magnificent speech (so the *Rottentown Herald* afterwards asserted) to the free and independent electors of Rottentown, who had in so liberal and disinterested a manner thus placed me triumphantly at the head of the poll. I need not enter into further particulars. I was now an M.P. I rushed back to the house to receive the congratulations of Angelina, which I valued, I told her, more than all the plaudits of the multitude. Soon afterwards I encountered Mr. Bubbleby himself. He looked very pompous; an angry frown was on his brow.

"So, Mr. Rackam, you have befooled me!" he exclaimed. "You led me to suppose that you purposed marrying my daughter, and now I find from her that you have no such intention. I will see what the law can do."

"My dear sir, don't on any account," I answered. "I was not aware at the time that my noble-minded friend Mr. Pepys had already lost his heart to your daughter, and I now find that their affections are mutual. What could I do? You would not have me make my friend miserable for life? I forthwith resolved to yield her up to him. I acted on that proper impulse; and, if I mistake not, he has already told her of his ardent passion, and entreated her to become his. Ah, Mr. Bubbleby, you do not know my noble friend's excellent qualities, the depths of his love and tenderness, how admirably calculated he is to make your daughter a happy woman." Just then the gentleman and lady I was speaking of entered the room arm in arm, looking most lovingly at each other. Angelina was at the window. I led her forward. She made no resistance. "The truth is, Mr. Bubbleby," I continued, "there was a slight mistake; this is the lady to whom I intended to offer my hand, and I trust that she intends to accept it."

"Yes; and I hope that my once kind guardian has no insuperable objection to my doing so," said Angelina, in a gentle voice.

"No, not if my daughter Deborah is content to take Mr. Pepper there."

"Yes, dear papa, perfectly content; and he has promised to marry me in a fortnight—won't that be nice?" whispered the fair Miss Bubbleby. "But call him Pepys, if you please, papa; that's his name."

Thus I was indeed a happy man, to have found a wife for myself, another for my friend, and to have become a member of Parliament—all in one day. All further speech-making was cut short by the arrival of Mr. Doublewell, Nibbles, and a large body of my constituents, to congratulate me in private on my triumphant success, for which they took care to claim for themselves no inconsiderable amount of credit. I found that the modest four or five hundred pounds which they had assured me would cover all the expenses of my election, had swelled up to as many thousands; but as Angelina had a good fortune of her own, I had no cause to grumble, especially as it was in consequence of my becoming a candidate for the honour of representing Rottentown that I became acquainted with her, and gained, what prize far above my parliamentary honours, that admirable thing—a good wife.

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